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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Garson Goes To Ottawa

WHY has Mr. Garson decided to resign as Premier of Manitoba and go to Ottawa this week? Prime Minister King has been trying to get him to Ottawa literally for years. Why has he chosen this time to go? We cannot read his mind, but we can think of some reasons that would have led us to the same decision if we had been in his shoes.

To begin with, he must think that the Liberals have a very good chance of winning the next federal election. From his vantage point on the Prairies he is not discouraged by the rallying of the Progressive Conservatives and by their choice of Mr. Drew as a leader — perhaps he is actually encouraged, because Mr. Drew, of all Conservatives, has never been too popular in the West.

It is possible, too, that he is more ready to listen to a call to Ottawa from Mr. St. Laurent than from Mr. King. Even Mr. King's admirers would readily agree that, from time to time, he had put loyalty to party (as he saw it) above loyalty to persons, and this has led his cabinet ministers to respect him more than they love him. The same may be true with Mr. St. Laurent, but in a quite different sense. From now on the ministers will know rather better where they stand and where their leader stands and some of them will probably be rather more free from interference.

It is no accident, we would guess, that Mr. Garson joined the cabinet about the same time as Mr. Pearson, who also could have joined it a long time ago if he had wanted to. The same sort of reasons would be at work — although Mr. Pearson has, in addition, his very keen desire to see Western Union and the Atlantic Security pact successfully launched this year and next. With Mr. Pearson in, Mr. Garson could scarcely afford to stay out. At the Liberal Convention last summer both were considered as most likely dark horses in the unlikely event that Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Gardiner would put each other out of the race.

The next race is not likely to be many years away. Mr. St. Laurent who never pretended to love the glare of politics shows no sign of liking his new job any more than he expected to and, if he can lead his party through a successful election and a couple of sessions of parliament, he might very well step aside. Apparently Mr. Garson is quite willing to step into his place.

A Poll of the Polls

LIKE everyone else on the day after the great Dewey debacle we were talking about the public opinion polls and why they had been so wrong. Everybody had a different reason. But on one point everybody agreed, no matter whether they had favored Truman or Dewey:— they were *glad* the polls had been wrong.

In our own amateur way we began to take a public opinion poll on why public opinion polls are unpopular, and we found that there are four views on the subject.

Some people frankly dislike and distrust experts of all sorts. The pollsters set themselves up as experts. They were pretty arrogant about their claims and quite condescending about ignorant, unscientific mortals, like Harry Truman, who just did not know when they were licked. This sort of pride naturally produces a strong prejudice.

A second group have no rooted objection to experts as such but they do like to believe that they themselves are human beings, with minds of their own, and not just a group of guinea pigs whose actions and opinions can be foretold with accuracy.

Another group, mostly businessmen, are glad that the limitations of "public opinion surveys" have been so clearly exposed. These surveys have grown to be something of a racket. Nowadays a businessman can scarcely express a view about his own market or his own customers without having someone tell him that he ought to have his opinion checked by a survey; and, of course, such a survey is no good if it is cheap.

Finally there are the people who are concerned with political matters, with how democracy works. Some of them have been worried that the polls were pushing voters onto bandwagons—that if all the polls said Dewey was going to win then everyone would vote for Dewey in order to be on the winning side. Fears of this sort are now laid to rest for a long time, perhaps forever. Other people were worried that polls would hold back real political leadership—that, if the sheep were given a way of telling their views on day-to-day affairs, the shepherds would follow the sheep instead of guiding and leading them. But this can scarcely happen if it is clear to all that the sheep are sufficiently human to change their minds and that the transmitting machine which is supposed to carry their voice is likely to produce considerable distortion.

—Photo by Salmon Studios.

Study in concentration. A small, exacting audience previews the Montreal Junior League's forthcoming Revue. Here are Mrs. J. S. Connolly, Barbara Whitley, Eileen Peters and Mrs. Meredith Smith. For other pictures of the League's many activities see pages 2 and 3.

Theatre and Pacifism

THE theatre-going public may as well face the fact that the theatre, like every other means of communication of ideas, is going to be used as propaganda by all sorts of propagandists. The theatre propagandists, on the other hand, may as well face the fact that the public will not go to the theatre to be propagandized unless it is also entertained at the same time.

Madeleine Carroll's new vehicle, "Goodbye, My Fancy," which opened in Canada recently and is on its way to New York, is another of the long series of plays about the wickedness of university governors and the weakness of university presidents. That is old stuff and quite all right with us; it may be a little hard

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FROM GAIETY TO GOOD WORKS

A Camera Follow-Through On Montreal's Junior League

Pictures
SALMON STUDIOS

Story
EDITH J. CLARK

1 Our cast assembles. At rehearsal, meet ballerinas Mary Pitts, Marlee Dohan and Virginia Dobson.

2 Musical director "Rusty" Davis, ballerinas, and Dorothy Walter, Anne Johnson, Shirley Boyd, Joyce Macario, Jocelyn Carter.

3 Eager helpers back stage. Mrs. J. S. Connolly perches on a ladder to take notes as Mrs. Cedric Hands, Chairman of the Junior League Revue, advises.

4 Lipsticks and pins are borrowed in the dressing room. Added to our cast in this picture is Madeleine Gohier.

5 Junior League President Marlee Dohan adjusts her slipper before twirling in a practice pirouette.

6 Now the curtain rises on a Gay Nineties pair. Here again are Madeleine Gohier and Virginia Dobson.

SHOW business enthusiasm reaches an all-time high in Montreal this week as preparations get under way for the first *Junior League Revue* since 1934.

As excited Leaguers dash to their respective assignments, Montrealers admiringly recall numerous outstanding League billings of past years. They remember the great success of *Out of the Red* which packed the theatre to capacity nightly in 1934.

The forthcoming *Revue* will nab as many orchids, and maybe more, according to Show Director Frank Lloyd who has toured the entire United States producing musical revues for American Junior Leagues.

Proceeds from the *Revue*, to be held on three consecutive nights, Nov. 18, 19 and 20, under distinguished patronage will go toward the League's most valued projects.

These are the St. Sauveur des Monts Junior League Camp which is entirely run and maintained by the League, and the St. Andrew's Youth Centre, a recreation and study centre for children in the congested Montreal districts. The Youth Centre is partially supported by the community and partially by the League. The Junior League Camp at which 300 girls are given a three-weeks' summer holiday required $15,000 this year. And the St. Andrew's Youth Centre, boasting a membership of 338 children, will require $8,000 in 1949 from the Montreal League.

7 The corn-husker skit is another popular turn. This time Mrs. Lindsay Mussells and Mary Pitts.

8 League Trio, Joyce Macario, Anne Johnson and Shirley Boyd perform to rhythm of guitarist Ralph Hill.

9 And now the good works. Swimming pool at the League's camp in the Laurentians for Montreal youngsters.

10 We meet our cast again. Ann Johnson at the Children's Memorial Speech Clinic. Billy has been deaf since birth.

12 More of our friends. Shirley Boyd with Mrs. Steven Lyman and Janet Campbell conduct a puppet show at Children's Memorial Hospital. "Homebounds" find the League's newest project a very rewarding work.

11 Madeleine Gohier abandons "Gay Nineties" costume of the Revue for work in Children's Memorial Hospital.

13 Mary Pitts' volunteer project work calls for nimble fingers. Here she instructs a weaving class at the St. Andrew's Youth Centre, a recreational and study retreat for children from 7 to 17.

Ottawa View

Continuity Welcomed

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

This article covers political meanings for Canada in the U.S. election. Economic consequences of the event are discussed by Associate Editor Wynne Plumptre on Page 18.

THE DEMOCRATIC victory was received with relief and even jubilation by many Canadians and yet it is not easy to find much explanation on the surface. There had been no prescience in Ottawa over the unexpected result: people here took it for granted, just as they did everywhere else, that Dewey would win. This verdict had been accepted in advance, and there was no noticeable apprehension about a prospective Republican regime in the United States

If in the past that party had been associated with high tariffs and isolationism, there was now a widespread belief that Dewey's foreign policy would follow the same broad pattern as Truman's, and it was assumed that the events of the past few years had converted the Republican party also to the idea that multilateral free exchange of commodities and services was essential for a prosperous United States. At any rate the probable eclipse of Truman and, until a few weeks ago, the prospect of a Republican Congress, had been faced at Ottawa without open concern, though the memory of the Fordney-McCumber and Hawley-Smoot tariffs and their impact upon the welfare of Canadian exporters was still green.

Looking back now, it would not seem far wrong to say that Ottawa was resigned to such losses as might follow upon a Republican victory. Canadians presumably hold no hard feelings against that political party as such: it is just that in recent years Canadian relations seem to have been happiest when the Democrats were in power at Washington. And quite apart from the differences between the two parties, there was a sense of relief at Ottawa last week that there is to be no break in the continuity of American policy over the next five or six months.

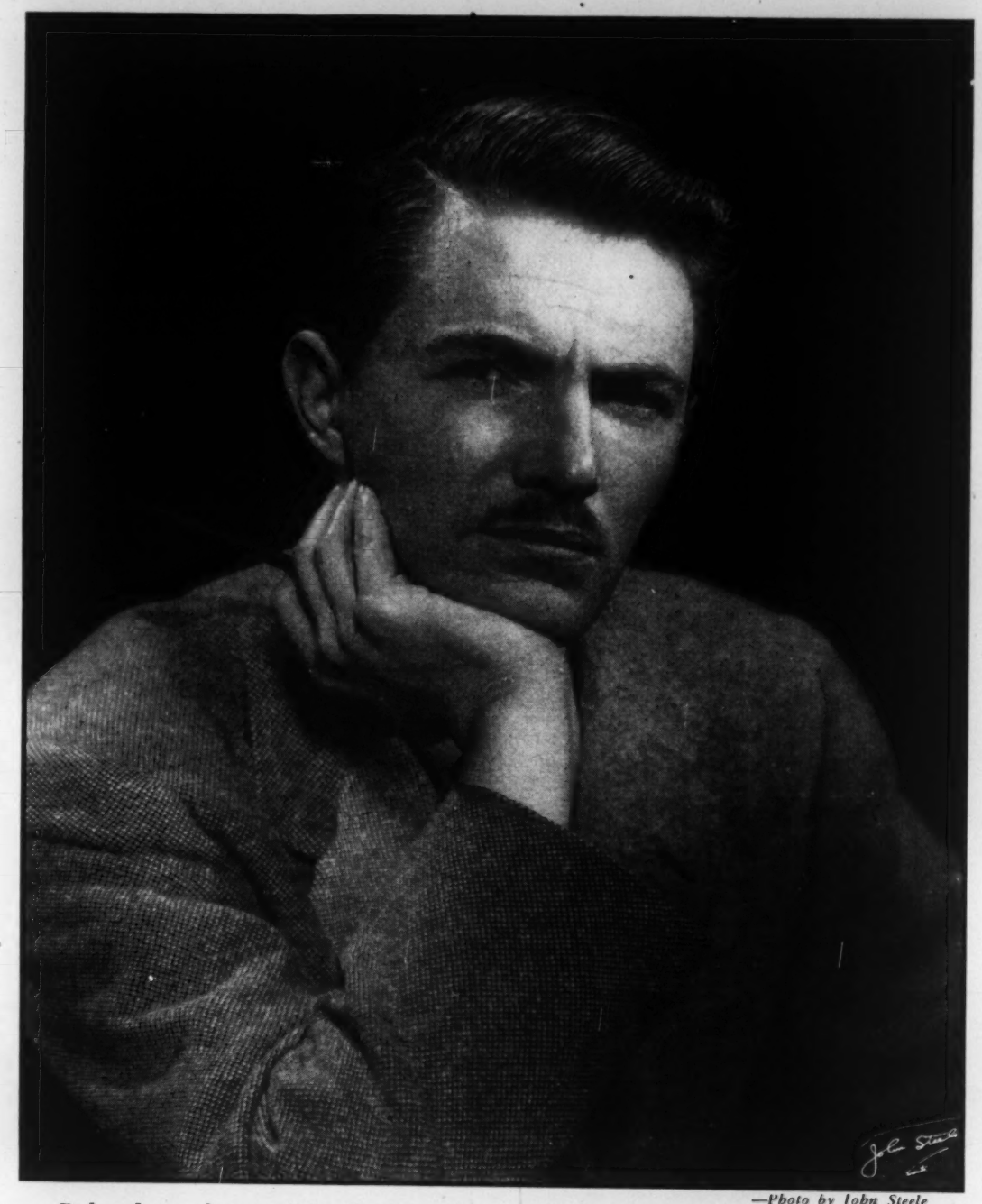
No Need For Delay

Continuity of U.S. policies which have been accepted by Canadians as constructive, affecting foreign affairs, international trade, North American defence, for example: this of itself is a welcome development. Continuity of personnel is also important. It is only necessary to consider the probable state of affairs for the next five or six months had the Republicans been returned to power after 16 years. There would in all probability have been a thorough house-cleaning among the top-ranking civil and military officials in all the main spheres of international negotiation. There would have been rapid changes in diplomatic appointments. There are always in negotiation a great many important matters between this country and the United States. These would inevitably have been halted, or materially slowed down, until such time as the new administration took effective office in the United States. And the new officials, no matter how efficient and intelligent, would have needed a few weeks to find their feet. Such delays and re-adjustments have been avoided.

Of course this kind of reasoning must not be carried too far, otherwise it would suggest that voters should never change the party in power because the shift tends to slow up the progress of government activity. Sometimes voters get the impression that it would be a very good thing to halt the activities being carried on by governments, because they appear to be carrying the country in the wrong direction. There are many aspects of American government policy and perhaps of Canadian relations with the United States which might conceivably benefit from a complete change of party leadership, even if that inevitably spelled some hiatus in current negotiations. But these are still highly critical times, and the gains to the world of an unchecked and unswerving policy in the United States may well outweigh, at the moment, any other consideration.

North American defence is an illustration. Without suggesting for a moment that a Dewey administration would have abandoned the co-operative arrangements which have been worked out between Canada and the United States, and which involve continuing negotiations, it is still possible to feel a sense of relief that what is now being done will not be slowed down and thus in part jeopardized because of a drastic shift in U.S. personnel conducting the negotiations.

The favorite line of Soviet propagandists is to picture the U.S. as a reactionary plutocracy operated from Wall Street and using its gold to extend its imperialistic domain over the war-



—Photo by John Steele

Pickwick on the air. John Drainie, Vancouver-born actor and announcer who plays Mr. Winkle in the popular new C.B.C. series. He also leads in Sunday's Stage 49.

ravaged countries of Europe. A Republican victory under Dewey would have been exploited, quite falsely of course, as a sharp shift to the Right, and a return to the policies of the Depression Thirties. Such Europeans as are allowed to learn the details of the Truman victory in the United States are bound to be enheartened by it, and rendered less susceptible to the misrepresentations of the Kremlin. Anything which helps restore Europe benefits Canada.

Three political parties in Canada have in turn reacted publicly to the Truman triumph: each of them, naturally, announces that it finds good omens there for its own fortunes in the forthcoming general election in Canada. They cannot very well all be right. A sweeping Dewey victory for President, especially if it had been accompanied by the return of a Republican Congress, would undoubtedly have been hailed as a bright sign for the avowed party of private enterprise in Canada; indeed, a leading Conservative editorial writer anticipated a Dewey victory with the observation that Drew and Dewey would be able to get along together very well. Such a combination in Canadian-American relations has been pretty well washed out by the announcement that Dewey would not be a candidate in 1952. The new leader of the Progressive Conservative party will thus never have the opportunity of seeing how well he and Dewey would have teamed up, though of course he may have an opportunity to deal with Truman, Stassen or somebody else.

It Helps the Liberals

It would seem to be a fair comment that Truman's victory, so far as it has any influence on Canadian politics at all, helps the Liberals and the C.C.F. but hurts the Conservatives. It certainly gives little encouragement to those who believed that the voting public was fed up with government intervention and high taxes, and would stampede towards a party which proposed to free industry entirely from controls, reduce government intervention and slash taxes. Truman's determined opposition to Congress on the issue of reducing income tax in the United States does not seem to have hurt him at the polls. Another lesson which Canadian political strategists are likely to take from President Truman's book is that labor is a great and growing force in North American politics. Truman's own courageous intervention against labor leaders on at least two occasions demonstrated that a policy favorable to labor does not necessarily mean trucking to irresponsible labor dictatorship.

But the sort of "New Deal" philosophy which the Liberal party enunciated in the White Paper of 1945 and in the Proposals to the provincial governments later on in the same year looks even better since the United States elections as a platform which will appeal to the masses of the voters. The Truman domestic policy, based on the earlier philosophy of Roosevelt and his associates, has many points in common with that of the Mackenzie King regime in Canada, and the Liberal party strategists at Ottawa are pretty sure to be strengthened in their conviction that they are on the right track for preserving and maintaining party support.

Are Pollsters Dangerous?

Among the elements of relief at the Canadian capital was, of course, widespread pleasure at the discomfiture of the pollsters. While there is no disposition to challenge the usefulness of straw-votes when employed with discretion, I find from time to time a grave concern over the threats which public opinion polls may hold for the workings of the democratic system. If a poll can be represented as forecasting beyond probability that a certain result will occur, and if enough people believe it, then it may move from the legitimate sphere of prediction to the improper and dangerous sphere of influencing the hitherto free election of representatives.

The result of polls depends to some extent on the way they operated, the questions which are asked, how they are asked, and who is asked. Manipulation of such details in the hands of unscrupulous pollsters might give them such powers as no one ought to possess in a democratic state. The failure in the United States may result in a frenzy of effort to make them more scientific and thus more accurate.

But Truman's refusal to believe them, his plucky determination to prove them wrong, may very well focus attention on the menace which may conceivably be contained in their unregulated operation. If once the people come blindly to accept them, and be governed by them, they my well stifle and paralyze political activity. Such considerations as these, no doubt, lie beneath the widespread relief at their exposure last week.

Passing Show

SOMEBODY in Toronto has formed a Provisional Peace Committee, which to us seems very unnecessary seeing that the present peace is just about as provisional as it could possibly be.

•

It has been calculated that U.N. costs every body in the world ten cents per head per annum. Only the Russians seem to be getting their money's worth.

•

From some of the complaints we hear about the lack of religious broadcasts on the air we are almost forced to the conclusion that there is no other way of hearing about religion.

•

Mr. Dewey's victory was "in the bag" but

escaped.

•

The dawn which comes out of China 'cross the bay seems to be a red one.

•

A million Americans voted for Wallace which only proves that Mr. Truman should have had a million more votes.

•

U.S. Department of Agriculture experts are forecasting six years of prosperity and full employment. These things are usually done in sevens.

•

Nature Observation

There seem to be two kinds of taxicabs in Toronto, one labelled on top TAXI, and the other IXAT. Somehow we can never catch an ixat; they're always going the other way.

•

"Dewey is one of the ten best-dressed men in the United States."—AP despatch from New York on October 31.

And one of the best dressed-down on November 2.

•

Our theory is that the Americans got so mad with the pollsters telling them how to vote that they just went out and voted differently.

•

How about a movement for having the provinces respect the autonomy of the Dominion?

•

Lucy says the American pollsters were suffering from Delirium Trumans.

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The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

on the governors, but they can usually look after themselves. But the particular wickedness of the university governors in this play is that they refuse to allow the screening for the students of a film designed for the express purpose of proving that the United States ought never to go to war again.

We do not know whether Mr. Michael Kanin and his associates, Messrs. Aldrich and Myers, are pacifists or not. We do not know whether Mrs. Fay Kanin, the authoress, or Madeleine Carroll the star, is a pacifist or not. But the play which they are putting before the public—and which has not much except its teaching to commend it — is expressly and carefully designed to convey the idea that war is immoral, that it can be proved to be immoral by films exhibiting its horrors, and that such films are being kept from the public whenever possible by authorities whose bias in the matter arises from the fact that they are financially interested in the manufacture of armaments.

There was a good deal of that sort of thing exhibited on the American stage between the two wars, and its exhibition had quite a lot to do with the fact that the United States was unable to enter the war until it was actually attacked and was none too well prepared for it even then. We have not the slightest desire to suppress such plays either in Canada or anywhere else; but we think it is important that playgoers should be well informed as to the character of what they are invited to see and the motives of the inviters. There is only one group of countries which stands to profit from the propaganda of pacifism on this continent as Germany profited by it in 1939, and that is the group whose policies are determined for it by the Cominform.

Brain Teasers

SINCE we began our crossword puzzles last Spring some of our friends have told us that they are a bit too easy and others say they are a bit too hard but everyone seems to enjoy them. In this issue, to add a little piquancy to the weekly dish, Mr. and Mrs. Crerar have hidden a question in their puzzle. If you decipher the question, and if you send us one of the best answers to it, we shall be glad to send you one of the special prizes we are offering. But, whether you want a prize or not, send in an answer anyway. We want to know whether you are interested in the puzzles and whether you would like us to go on with them.

Labor and Literature

IT IS with the utmost delight that upon the eve of the introduction of Newfoundland into the little group of provinces-that-are-not-as-large-as-Quebec-or-Ontario we salute the reappearance of *Protocol*, an "advanced" literary quarterly published in St. John's and good enough to hold up its head in the company of any other advanced magazine in this hemisphere. Its revival is timely, and serves notice that older Canadians need not expect these newer Canadians to contribute nothing to the national life except codfish, iron ore and a place to land airplanes at.

Protocol invites contributions (and is frank about not paying for them) from "any serious young writer in English, either of 'leftist' or 'pure artistic' persuasion". Our delight is not mitigated even by the slightly narrow terms of that invitation; we thoroughly approve of the young leftists of any province finding literary expression for their leftism, and our only regret is that our own C.C.F. will almost certainly get hold of those of Newfoundland and set them to work at more practical jobs like getting themselves elected to legislatures and Parliament.

From the "Notes on Contributors" of the fifth issue (there has been a hiatus since the first four issues, which began in 1945) we gather that most of the unexpatriated contributors (the expatriates are apparently in Los Angeles, which must be quite a change!) are labor leaders of some prominence; one was also Newfoundland's greatest athlete a decade or so ago, and one who is not a labor leader is also a painter of symbolic pictures. We warn Canadians of the older provinces to watch out for the writings of John Avalon, the two Horwoods (founders of the magazine), William Noble and Gregory J. Power. The combination of literary expressiveness and actual experience of work in the cause of labor is uncommon in Canada, and promising.

Republican Defeat

THE American elections are not so much a personal triumph for Mr. Truman as they have been generally represented to be in the first flush of admiration for the courage and energy which he showed in his campaign. Nor are they a personal defeat for Mr. Dewey, whose campaign was probably as effective as any Republican candidate could have run. They are a complete and shattering defeat for the whole Republican policy of opposition to the New Deal.

We make no apology for having accepted, in our last pre-election observations, the universal conclusion of the poll-makers and the political experts (Mr. Truman alone excepted) that after sixteen years of power the Democratic party was bound to be pretty generally swept out. We did however, make one reservation, and that reservation we believe contained the seeds of the truth as it emerged last week. "The one element of uncertainty in the contest," we said, "lies in the fact that they (the Republicans) may not have concealed that opposition (to the New Deal) sufficiently well. The Common Man has been told ever since the Hoover regime that this is his Era with a capital E, and that the New Deal is what made it his Era; and if he gets the idea that Mr. Dewey represents the kind of people who will take his Era away from him he will vote for Mr. Truman, who is at least the ostensible heir of the people who gave him his Era."

It was not Mr. Truman nor Mr. Dewey who was the issue, it was the Democratic and Republican parties, and particularly the behavior of the Republican party during the recent period when it has had its way in Congress. It was against that party and that Congress that Mr. Truman directed the whole force of his attack; and he was right, for that was what made the Common Man suspect that the Republican party was out to take his Era away from him. The Taft-Hartley Act is merely one of several measures which nourished that suspicion. It was in many respects a desirable and even necessary piece of legislation, but even the campaigning Republicans had to admit that it needed amending, and the party would certainly have been much better advised to be in less of a hurry about it. But the basic cause of the Democratic triumph is the fact that the Republicans could not conceal the deep and abiding hatred which their predominant elements feel to this day for the author of the New Deal and all his works.

It is a defect of the political mentality of Americans generally that the party out of power seldom recognizes how much of the policies of the party in power is necessitated by the compulsion of the times—how many of the same things they, the opposition, would have had to do had they been in power themselves. The Republicans, it has seemed to us, have not yet learned what a vast distance the world has travelled during the sixteen years since they last held the Presidency of the United States—how many things that were possible in the first years of Mr. Hoover are not possible now. They received last week the most dramatic lesson to that effect that was ever offered in their country. The party opposed to them had been in power for sixteen years; it appeared rent asunder by the defection of two strong groups of its supporters in the Dixiecrats and the Wallaceites; it was led by a man who came to the leadership by accident and whom nobody regarded as a strong personality; and finally it had been consigned to defeat by the unanimous verdict of all the experts. Today they see it triumphant over all these handicaps and all set for what may well be another long term of power, — and will be another long term of power unless the Republicans can learn the lesson.

Heavy Sentences

THE imposition of penitentiary sentences ranging from two to ten years, and in all cases accompanied by ten to twenty lashes, on five young men convicted in the magistrate's court at Milton, Ont., on charges arising out of the wounding of a Bronte druggist, appears to us a suitable subject for an appeal to a higher court. Four of the five were not represented by counsel, and it seems questionable whether the degree of responsibility borne by each of the five was conclusively established.

It is our strong feeling that sentences of this kind should not be handed out—unless in cases where there is no possible question not only of guilt but of the precise degree of guilt—without the adequate presentation of the case for the defence by qualified lawyers. Young men of less than twenty-one years are not competent persons to conduct their own defence.

Strange Cahoots

THE Toronto Hotel Proprietors' Association should get a new adviser on public relations. The advice it is acting on at present is terrible; indeed it could not be worse if an emissary of the prohibitionists had fifth-columned his way into the Association's inner sanctum. (Is it possible, we wonder, that that can be the explanation?)

It is the pet delusion of the prohibitionists that the fewer the "outlets" for the sale of alcohol the smaller are the sales and the less the resultant evils. The T.H.P.A. has now rallied to the support of this doctrine with horse, foot and artillery. It announces that there are too many licences in the city of Toronto, and demands that no more licences be granted. (What stopped it from demanding that some of the existing licences be cut off we do not know, unless possibly the fact that some of those cut off might belong to members of the Association.) It says that "competition has resulted in illegal and unethical practices," such as "sale and service to minors, sale and service to intoxicated persons, and sale and service before and after regulation hours."

We shall not dispute with the T.H.P.A. the existence of these evils. The T.H.P.A. ought to know, since if they exist they exist in the premises of members of the Association, and the law-breaking is performed either by those members or by their employees. But to blame them on competition, and to assert that they are due to the number of the competitors, is simply childish.

Illegal methods such as those described are not resorted to for the fun of the thing, they are resorted to for the sake of the profit which they bring. It is the suggestion of the T.H.P.A. argument that some at least of their members need this additional profit in order to break even. The licensing authorities do not guarantee a profit when they grant a licence, and if any licence-holder finds that he cannot break even he always has the option of withdrawing from the business and saving the licence fee. But it is not at all unusual for people to break the law—when it is not adequately enforced—for the sake of the profit that they can make, even when they are not running in the red or anywhere near it; and the T.H.P.A. offers no evidence whatever that any of its members would actually lose money if they did not break the law. For ourselves we are strongly disinclined to believe anything of the kind, and we fancy most of our readers, at any rate those who occasionally visit the beverage rooms and the cocktail lounges, will agree with us.

The truth is that there are not too many licences but too few, a condition which causes an immense capital value to be attached to the possession of one. In consequence the licensing authorities are reluctant to cancel or suspend a licence even when they are satisfied that the law is being broken; and they make no violent effort to learn whether the law is broken, and the T.H.P.A. has evidently not the slightest idea of helping them. In comparable American cities the licensed premises are sufficiently numerous that they are very seldom overcrowded, and one can consume one's beverage in peace and spacious surroundings, without being constantly worried by suggestions that one should buy another drink or make room for somebody who will. But that is in cities where proprietors and prohibitionists are not in cahoots as to the manner in which alcohol should be sold.

A Notable Bequest

THE University of British Columbia has just received the largest bequest in its history. Under the will of the late Paul E. Murphy, the lumberman from New Westminster, it will get $100,000 and this is to be used for loans to worthy and needy students.

We wish that our tax-gatherers, both federal and provincial, would do more to encourage wealthy individuals to make bequests like Mr. Murphy's. Broadly speaking, the public is going to get the type of education that it wants, and if it is not paid for from private sources—students' fees, and endowments and the like—it will be paid for out of the public treasuries. The present trend in university financing, which is to make our universities more and more dependent on direct aid from governments, should be reversed.

We wonder whether Mr. Murphy's bequest might not have been even more useful if he had made quite a large part of it available for bursaries instead of loans—that is for grants to worthy and needy students that did *not* have to be paid back later, or at least did not have to be paid back if the student measured up to certain standards while he was at college. We have seen too many students leave college with very large debts hanging around their necks. Student loans are very useful, but they are even more useful if there are bursaries to supplement them. We hope that some other lumber magnate on the West Coast will now leave $100,000 to U.B.C. for bursaries.

Bribery and Corruption

THE British House of Commons has set up a judicial committee to look into charges that a number of officials, and possibly even members of the government, have been taking bribes. The bribes, it seems, are connected with issuing government licences of various sorts: licences for imports, licences for forming companies, building licences, and so forth.

As far as we know, our own wartime system of licences and controls was almost entirely free from corruption. We can only recall one instance where a man in a government position deliberately used his power to make money for himself; and when the situation came to light he was immediately discharged, then prosecuted, and finally given a term in jail by the courts.

But the lesson is clear enough. If there are no licences there can be no bribes for giving them out. The more controls there are, the more room there is for graft.

Many Problems And No Shortcuts In Making Canadians Of D.P.'s

By WILF KESTERTON

In the education of D.P.'s and other immigrants for Canadian citizenship, Dominion and provincial authorities face many problems. Some provincial critics point to the fact that money already allocated for D.P. educational programs is not being used because immigrant personnel cannot be easily contacted or even kept track of once they arrive in Canada.

After considerable research, this Canadian writer discusses current criticisms and the enormous difficulties in preparing new arrivals for citizenship, without a compulsion that might defeat the purpose of the Canadian Citizenship Act. On the other hand, he points to the accomplishments already achieved with the aid of such organizations as the Canadian Citizenship Council.

OVER 40,000 displaced persons have arrived in Canada since April 10, 1947. A hundred and fifty thousand more, of which perhaps 50,000 will be English speaking, may be expected in the months ahead.

What is Canada doing about this heavy inflow? Is she taking adequate steps to make good citizens out of these D.P. immigrants? In particular, is she seeing to it that they receive a thorough education in Canadian citizenship? And, incidentally, do those same persons represent an insidious, small, but growing threat to Canadian security?

These questions are raised by the criticisms directed towards Ottawa's handling of the D.P.'s, especially its educational program or lack of it. The dissatisfaction expressed comes mainly from some (but by no means all) of the provincial authorities who are directly concerned with D.P. education, and who are, perhaps understandably, impatient over the obstacles that seem to hinder their work.

Specifically they charge that no adequate supervision or record of the newcomers is being provided, and that, as a result, Europe's displaced persons are becoming Canada's misplaced persons. They claim that there is no continuity of citizenship training, and no clear-cut, Canada-wide curriculum for D.P.'s. They point to the dilemma of such provinces as Ontario, which has already allocated money for education work among immigrants but which has been unable to spend very much of it because it cannot track down the displaced persons for whose training the money is intended. They also say that, perhaps as a result of past policies, too many years elapse before immigrants apply for citizenship. And finally, they question whether present methods adequately safeguard Canada's national security.

There are, it should be observed, difficulties implicit in the whole immigrant-to-citizen process which the critics tend sometimes to overlook. In the first place, it is no easy matter to keep track of displaced persons within Canada. Immigrants of this type fall into two categories, for neither of which recording-methods are completely satisfactory. The first group consists of sponsored persons brought to this country by relatives who file affidavits that they will be responsible for them. Once in the country, they tend to get lost among its resident population, with National Employment Services and similar agencies having no trace of their whereabouts.

Control Is Lost

The second class, consisting of persons brought to Canada in groups to perform manual labor, are more closely supervised, but even here difficulties arise. In addition to ships' manifests (which give the lists of arrivals only) records of this type of newcomer are provided through the contracts of employing companies. After first employment is complete, however, even this measure of control is lost, since such records are maintained only during the original term of service. Moreover, contracts are not binding, with the result that an educational agency's chance of tracking down a specific D.P. depends almost entirely on how long he chooses to work out his contractual term.

Thus then, authorities are constantly confronted by such problems of supervision as that presented by two Lithuanians who came to the country as harvest-labor. Their very temporary work soon petered out with the result that within a month of their first arrival in Canada, one of them was employed in a hospital and the other was working for a construction gang.

The entire problem of immigration is further complicated by a division of jurisdiction at the Dominion government level. D.P. responsibility, varying in nature and degree, is shared by no less than four governmental branches: the Department of Labor, the Immigration Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources, the Department of the Secretary of State, and the Department of Health and Welfare.

Fields of Jurisdiction

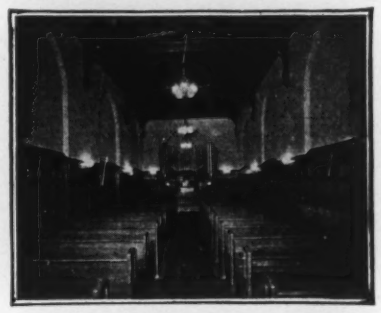
Then, too, many of the difficulties to be found in the D.P. education set-up are difficulties implicit in the B. N. A. Act itself. Immigration is a federal field, but education is a matter of provincial jurisdiction. Municipalities have a very real stake in the immigrant-to-citizen program. As a result, close coordination at three government levels becomes vital. And the attaining of such coordination gives rise to administrative difficulties which are not to be ironed out in a day.

Those who criticize the present immigrant-to-citizenship training as lacking thoroughness, too often ignore the fact that the D.P.'s they are so concerned about are adults, and that compulsory education does not extend beyond 15 years in any Canadian province. Moreover, it is doubtful whether an attempt to make it otherwise for displaced persons would be, on balance, a gain. Those familiar with Canada's newly introduced citizenship ceremonies see in them an element of impressive beauty and solemnity invaluable to the concept of citizenship as a thing of high privilege. To introduce compulsion into the citizenship process might only destroy that much-prized quality.

No High Pressure

Also, a high-pressure educational program applied immediately on arrival would probably fail. So too would a rigid regulation that immigrants must become naturalized in a minimum time.

A more immediate need is indicated by the behavior of many of the refugees when they first reach this country. Too often their reactions are those of that new arrival who, when interviewed in Ottawa, carefully closed every door leading into the office where the interview was taking place so deeply ingrained had his fear of state-eavesdropping become. Or too frequently they are those of the frightened and bewildered refugee mother welcomed in Montreal by her Canadian son. The first greeting over, the young man began proudly and expansively to lay plans for spectacularly "painting the town red," only to be cut short by his mother's fearful, "Sh! *they'll* hear you!" It is little wonder that relatively minor government employees whose job it is to interview displaced persons have had to be given what amounts to private offices when so many refugees refuse to answer a single ques-



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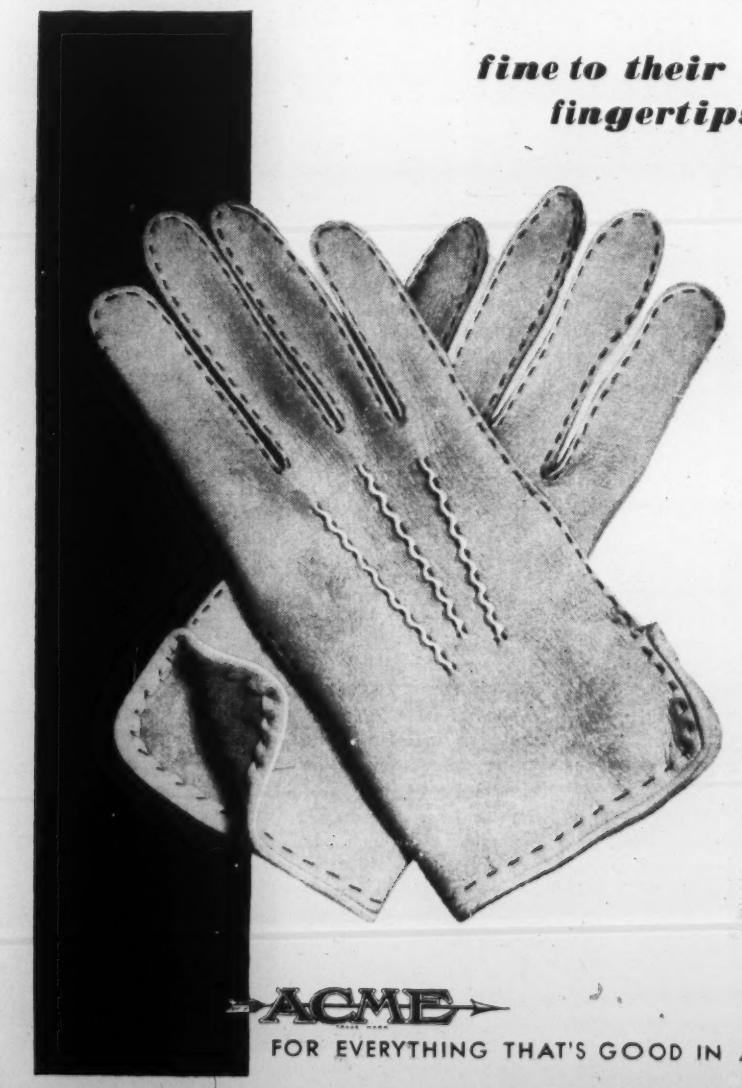

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tion in the presence of another person.

Clearly such people as these are not ready for an immediate, ambitious citizenship-training course. Their first need is to get the "feel" of the country—to "spread their elbows," as it were. They must be initiated into the securities of Canadian living. They must be allowed to get over their fear of officials. That done, they should learn, if they do not already speak it, French or English as needed in Canadian life. Then, and only then might they be formally taught the knowledge of Canadian civics, economics, and sociology prerequisite to citizenship.

In connection with this aspect of the problem, all evidence seems to show that it is not really Canada's security that is threatened, for after all, these displaced persons have been elaborately screened. It is rather they who stand in need of protection. For confidence men, exploiters, and tricksters seem to regard them as their proper prey. Instances have been recorded of so-called helpers charging exorbitant sums to aid displaced persons to fill out citizenship papers; in reality, the applicant should pay only the legitimate fee of $5 (or in some cases $6) as the total financial cost of the act of becoming a citizen.

A Fix for a Price

The president of one ethnic group has reported the case of a man who attempted to extract $400 from a new-Canadian on the promise of "pulling strings" to speed up the admission of his father and mother to Canada; actually no black market in displaced persons exists, and bribery and influence are alike powerless to alter the speed of the machinery of immigration.

An unethical person of a different kind was the self-appointed samaritan who, ostensibly helping a displaced person to fill out his papers, informed his client that the judge at the citizenship proceedings would be much more inclined to regard the applicant as a potentially fine Canadian if he carried life insurance. He added that inasmuch as he himself happened to be an insurance salesman, he was quite ready to sell the immigrant a little of that commodity right on the spot.

People who are the victims of such bare-faced conniving hardly seem to be of a type to menace Canadian security.

To complete the picture, it should perhaps be added at this point, that, despite fairly recent contrary evidence, the very latest figures show a downward trend on the "time-of-residence graph" among immigrant applicants for citizenship. Indeed, previous high figures may indicate nothing more than the final nationalization of the last, small residue of a heavy and much earlier immigration. At all events, since the first D.P.'s proper did not begin to arrive in Canada until April 10, 1947, it is still much too early to attempt to pass judgment on Canada's D.P. education program merely on the basis of numbers who have already applied for citizenship.

Moreover, in spite of administrative difficulties and the subtlety of the problem, which is not necessarily to be solved by a formidable apparatus of registration, compulsory courses or the like, the education of the D.P. in Canadian life is being given more attention than many critics admit. And the efforts put forth are producing results.

Citizenship Council

In support of this contention, Mr. John Kidd, Executive Secretary of the Canadian Citizenship Council, points to the following accomplishments:

"The making of the New Canadian is now signalized by an impressively meaningful ceremony provided by a Canadian Citizenship Act that did not exist two years ago. This ceremony is conducted with dignity by Canadian judges.

"Today, probably for the first time, the immigrant-to-citizen program is being looked at by the people of the country as a whole. The comparatively young Canadian Citizenship Council is providing a unifying leadership for a coordinated attack on immigrant adjustment problems by countless public and voluntary organizations. The Montreal conference, attended by representatives from 99 bodies of both kinds, affords a graphic example of just such a coordinated effort.

"Furthermore, the groundwork has been laid for an even fuller attack on the problem on a national scale. On the suggestion of the Department of State, judges all across Canada were recently polled to determine citizenship requirements for immigrants. Their recommendations have already been translated into a minimum curriculum by a special committee of the Canadian Education Association which met recently at Winnipeg. Approved in principle by all provinces as a working basis for the education of immigrants all across Canada, it remains only to iron out final details of the plan.

"And finally, special measures have been taken to meet special needs. Thus, for example, Miss Florence Gaynor, expert in Basic English teaching methods, has been engaged by the Canadian Citizenship Council, both to prepare material to be used in teaching the immigrant and also to serve provincial departments who wish her to advise and train their own prospective Basic English instructors. Her employment is but one example of the kind of practical measures being taken to educate our displaced persons."

Those responsible for the citizenship training of Canada's displaced persons realize that there are many problems still to be solved, and they as well as the critics, are gravely concerned about them.

At the same time they do think that much has been done.

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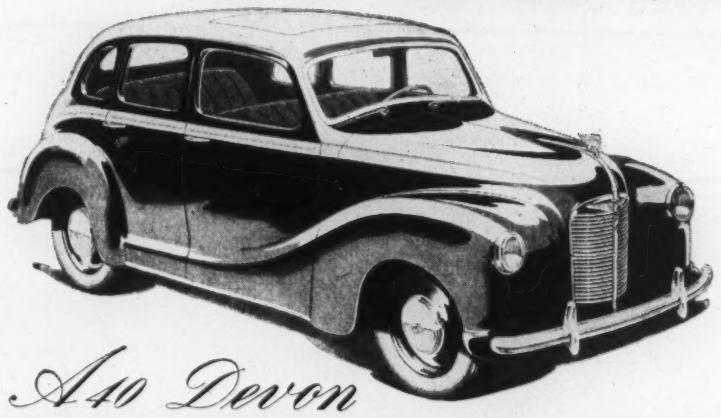

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WASHINGTON LETTER

New Program Truman Promised To Be Expedited In Congress

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

A NEW New Deal is coming. It's not a matter of poll-making or prognosticating — a thoroughly discredited skill in the American national capital at this time — when we record the legislative action that President Truman will seek when he takes over January 20.

He's a champion in his own right, completely vindicated as the sole leader of his own Democratic party, endorsed by thumping majorities in House and Senate with a mandate from the American people to push through the kind of laws that will lick inflation, improve working conditions, and strengthen the nation at home and abroad. The next question is: Can he do it?

Reams of newsprint and fine white magazine paper have been used up in efforts of those red-faced political prophets to explain why they were wrong and Harry was right. Best solution seems to be that it was the "little people" of the country who elected him, and proved those poll people so completely wrong. SATURDAY NIGHT readers will recall the article at the height of the "Dewey-is-sure-to-win" season (S.N., Oct.23) quoting five "little people" who felt sure that Mr. Truman couldn't lose.

That's the question that U.S. history writers will be fighting out for years to come and it seems more profitable to deal with some of the factual "things to come."

Vice-president-elect Senator Alben Barkley says new administration will continue support of Marshall Plan.

Action on Housing

For one thing, the United States can expect to get some housing, which is so desperately lacking. Senator Ellender of Louisiana reports that he will re-introduce a long-range, low-cost housing bill in the next Congress. The measure will provide for low-rent public housing for low-income families, for slum clearance and farm housing. These were housing features that President Truman sought from the 80th Congress but the powerful private housing lobby is accused of scuttling the bill and substituting aid for private housing, instead of a truly helpful public housing project. Senator Ellender expects prompt congressional passage of legislation that would follow the blueprint of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Housing bill which passed the Senate last spring but was opposed by the Republican House leadership and buried in committee.

The incoming Democratic administration regards the sweeping victory of last week as "an urgent demand of the American people for immediate enactment of a housing law."

Then there's the inflation problem. Representative Spence of Kentucky is heading up the House banking committee and he predicts passage of some kind of price control legislation.

President Harry Truman has let it be known that there will be no reprisals — at least immediately — against those Democrats who failed to campaign for him. There are some notable examples in his own cabinet family. He is expected to follow similar conciliatory lines in attempting to put the brakes on rising prices. The strategy calls for appeals to manufacturers to cut basic costs of commodities and to the retail trade to do likewise. If he fails to get co-operation Mr. Truman can be expected to "throw the book" in the way of excess profits taxes at the recalcitrants. The President pleaded loudly and long for "standby" rationing and price control powers, but the 80th Congress couldn't hear him.

Next Congress will see early promotion of Mr. Truman's New Deal.

With reasonable assurance that the new Congress will back him up, Mr. Truman will try to push through a comprehensive program of social legislation.

Federal Security Agency Administrator Oscar Ewing, one of the few Administration wheel-horses who plumped for Mr. Truman to win, says that one of the first things the new Congress will be asked to do is set up a Department of Health, Education and Security. Ewing may be asked to head it.

Then action will be sought on these specific items: (1) First steps in the President's proposed 10-year national health program, based on compulsory government health insurance and vastly expanded medical services. (2) Extension of Social Security to millions of persons not now included and broad expansion of benefits to meet higher living costs. (3) Federal aid to education, for which educators fought so hard and so unsuccessfully from the last Congress. The project may seek some $300,000,000 in funds to start. (4) Establishment of a National Science Foundation, as an independent agency, to correlate all governmental and national scientific effort. (5) Specific action to meet a current serious shortage of doctors, dentists, technicians, nurses and operating staffs in American hospitals and medical institutions. It's hard to find a doctor down here when you need one and you wait weeks for dental appointments. (6) An increase in vocational rehabilitation, additional aid for hospital construction, more funds for medical research and diagnostic clinics, and a school health program.

Reward to Labor

Labor can expect a reward for the real help it gave to both Mr. Truman and the Congressional candidates who swept out the Republican majorities in both sides of Congress. Labor battled for one major objective, repeal of the hated Taft-Hartley bill, and there is conjecture at this moment as to whether Mr. Truman will seek to kill the bill or amend away its objectionable features.

The farmers, whose unexpected support of Mr. Truman was another factor that clinched his victory, can look for a continuation of benefits, although modified to meet objections. Agriculture Secretary Brannon told Mr. Truman long before the President would believe it that there would be an unprecedented farm swing to the Democrats. And it happened. The Agriculture Dept. is now preparing legislation to amend farm price supports, with greater emphasis on limiting the acreage farmers may plant if they wish to claim the support benefits.

The Negro and other minorities look for justice from the Truman administration. Their votes helped to elect him. The President is credited with a brave act in his last New York speech in which he reiterated his stand on civil rights. That cut off the Dixiecrats completely and wiped out any conciliatory bids that may have been made for their return to the Democratic fold.

Over-all the new Truman administration will be a New Deal which will call for higher taxes and freer spending than the repudiated 80th Congress would like. It will seek to satisfy the Americans who most resemble the Trumans, Mr. Average American, his wife and kids.

Other free nations appear to be relieved by the Truman victory which removes the uncertainties that a Republican win might have entailed. They appear to be confident that the author of the Truman Plan and the backer of the Marshall Plan will continue to handle commitments abroad. Democratic forces in the Orient are more hopeful that they will be given much-needed aid to resist Communism. Vice-president Barkley has indicated that the new administration will try to meet its obligations there. The primary concern of the President, apparently will be to do something at home for what Franklin

(*Continued on Page 48*)

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

Title For World Church Council To Be Fair To Non-Participants

AS ONE reads of the first assembly of "The World Council of Churches" recently held in Amsterdam (S.N., Oct. 9), and then notes it was rather a World Council of Orthodox Protestant Christian Churches, one begins to wonder if, in so styling themselves "The World Council of Churches," they have not somewhat stretched the truth of what they really are.

It would seem to this writer that honesty and integrity should be prime factors for such a Church gathering and they would therefore see to it that their Council was honestly and properly named—this in all fairness to such other Churches as the Unitarians, Universalists and even our Jewish brethren who would not be welcome in such a body, to say nothing of the Roman Catholics who chose to be non-participating. From the standpoint of honesty, if not good sportsmanship, and fairplay, a correction in the name should be made, more approximating "The World Council of Orthodox Christian Churches."

Toronto, Ont. WILLARD A. STEWART

Tourel *vs.* Pons

IN YOUR review of Lily Pons' new album "Lily Pons in Operatic Arias" (S.N., Sept. 18), you make mention of Jennie Tourel, saying as follows: "Her performance of '*Una voce poco fa*' is less musical, though rather more sensational, than that of Jennie Tourel in the recently issued Columbia album of Rossini arias."

Thanks for saying that Miss Tourel's version is more musical, which is easy to understand, but I find it less easy to understand why you say that her version is less sensational. Considering that Miss Tourel is a mezzo-soprano, I should think that logically, one would find her version to be more sensational. It's an accepted thing for coloratura sopranos to be able to sing coloratura passages, but quite extraordinary and almost unknown in our time for a mezzo-soprano to do so. Of course, Miss Tourel does not have a high E, but then, who would want her to? By the way, Miss Tourel's Rossini album received the Annual Recorded Music award as the best operatic album of 1947.

New York, N.Y. FRIEDE F. ROTHE

Good Sam

WHILE I agree with Mary Lowrey Ross on the general point of "Hollywood's man of innocence" (S.N., Oct. 9), I take exception to her classification of the film "Good Sam" as another presentation of that type. I believe Bosley Crowther, the New York *Times* critic, had the right interpretation. He saw it as a good humored satire on Frank Capra's idealistic conception of the American male. The patent absurdity of the plot, the too-sweet role of Gary Cooper, and the nicely sarcastic performance of Ann Sheridan seem to verify Crowther's view. Seen as a *pastiche* "Good Sam" has real meaning. Let us hope Capra takes Leo McCarey's broad hint and drops his portraits of a tiresome bromide.

Ottawa, Ont. A. DOUGLAS SMALL

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Kitchener, Ont. E. S. STOUFFER

Disagreement

THE first part of the article, "'Profits Are Immoral' etc., etc.," is good and practical and might well be copied and preached until everybody grasped its importance. Probably 99 per cent of Protestant clergy would support the statement, and it might be conceded that a very small minority of preachers need to be warned that they are lining up with the Left. . . But the last half of the article would seem to be either intentionally or unintentionally a sneer at the great multitude of Non-Roman Christians.

Your statement that "the Protestant denominations, lacking any authoritative means of declaring what is heresy, have lost all consciousness of heresy as regards questions of conduct in our present day life", surely reveals that your contributor is sadly lacking in knowledge, or else has blindly committed himself to a dishonest belittlement of that great number of Protestants who for centuries have been in the forefront in the struggle for human rights and righteousness among all classes. Is it possible that your writer did not know of the presence of over three hundred bishops of the Anglican communion from all parts of the world, and including some from nations so recently at war with us, at the Lambeth conference, and their findings at that conference?

Your editorial quotes a statement and makes much of what a Roman Catholic cardinal said only recently, but far more definite declarations were made by the Protestant Episcopal Church more than five years ago.

ARTHUR S. MITCHELL

Temiskaming, Que.

Agreement

CONGRATULATIONS on your editorial "'Profits Are Immoral' Doctrine Is the Modern Form of Heresy" (S.N., Oct. 2). It was excellent reasoning, superbly expressed.

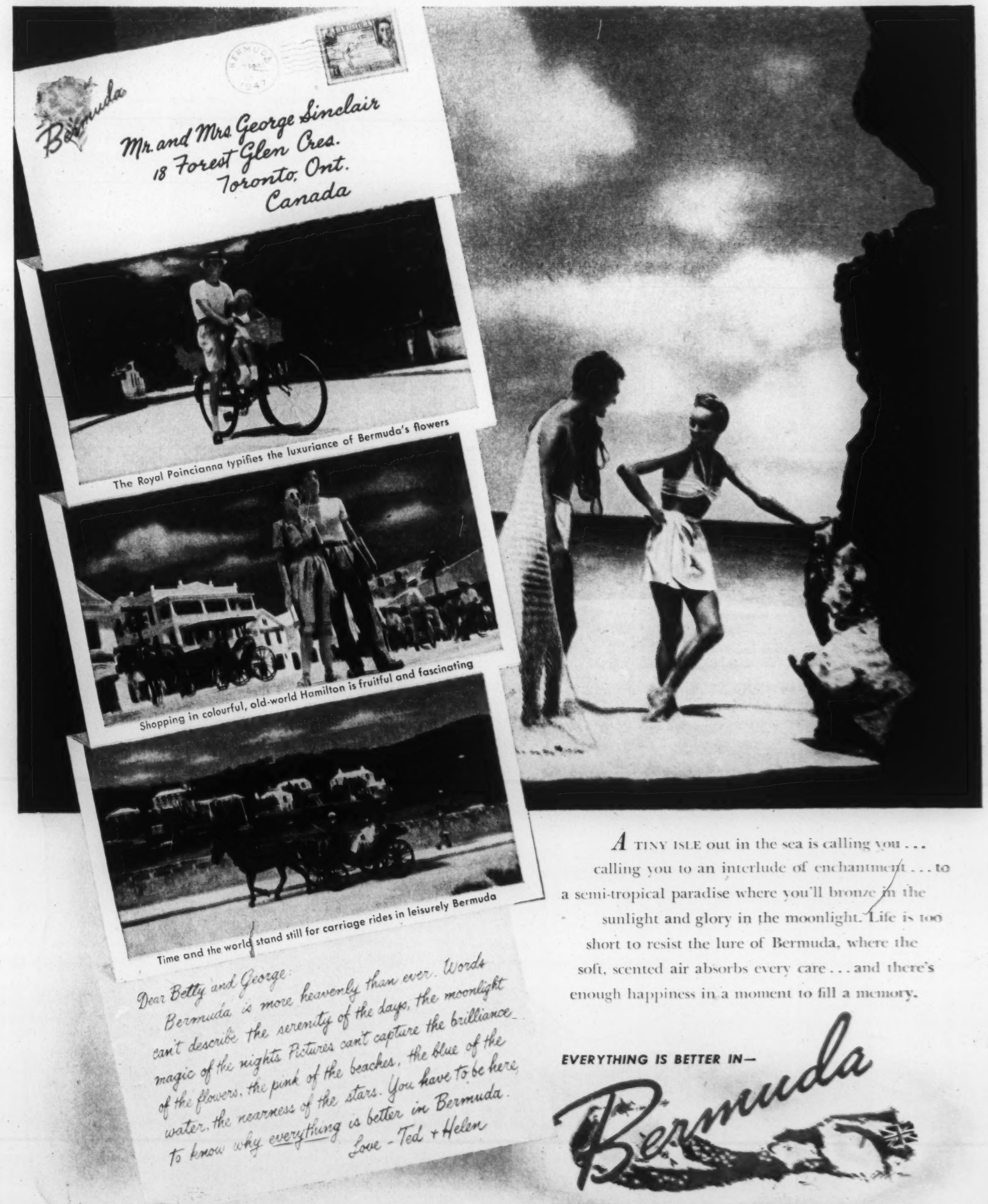
New York, N.Y. EDWIN HYDE

Spill the Milk

AS OUR socialist friends are always condemning Capitalism for its waste of food, it is rather shocking to come across the following incident from socialist Britain.

Two Aberdeen, Scotland, farmers were recently fined for selling ten gallons each of excess milk to ice-cream vendors instead of pouring it away. Apparently when customers left for holidays, quantities of milk were left over, but Ministry of Food regulations did not allow extra allocations to be made to customers and rather than pour it away the farmers sold it and were fined.

Vancouver, B.C. W. DIAMOND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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Prime Ministership Has Become A Vast Power in Mr. King's Hands

By B. K. SANDWELL

MR. KING has been leader of the Liberal party for twenty-nine years and three months. In that period the party has been in opposition seven years and in power twenty-two years. In the five years of Mr. Bennett's regime, during which the Great Depression was in full blast, little of permanent importance was done by the government of Canada, so that it can fairly be said that practically all the major decisions of Canadian political history since the defeat of the Meighen government in 1921 were decisions of the Liberal party; and that means that they were decisions of Mr. King. Nobody has disputed Mr. King's control over the party since he brought it to power; nobody has successfully challenged any decision that he has made.

The office of Prime Minister has become in his hands more important than it has ever been with any of his predecessors; or rather his use of its functions has been so dexterous, so incomparably astute, that he himself became more important, more influential, more powerful, than they had been. Mr. King departs; the office remains, for any successor to use as Mr. King used it, if he knows how; but we frankly doubt whether any prospective tenant will be able to use it quite as effectually as he has done. Perhaps that is not wholly to be regretted. Mr. King has on the whole used his enormous power to very good purposes; another Prime Minister might be a little less wise, or a little less sound, or a little less patriotic—in the sense of devotion to Canada as a whole and not to any of its parts.

Mr. King's power has derived from his skill in the handling of the cabinet, of the House of Commons, and of the right of dissolution. That skill appears to have been native. It is an almost incredible fact that this brilliant parliamentarian when he became leader of the Liberal party had sat in parliament for only three years, from 1908 to 1911, and for only five years when he became Prime Minister. He was defeated in 1911 by the double-barreled revolt against Laurier of the Bourassa French in Quebec and the anti-Reciprocity Liberals in the other provinces; he sought to return to parliament in 1917 and was defeated by the conscriptionist wave. It must be admitted that he has had luck as well as astuteness; his absence from parliament during the war, and particularly during the conscriptionist debates of 1917-18, was a great advantage to him in reuniting the party in 1921, when the bitter feeling between continuing Liberals and Union Government Liberals would have made it hard for the latter to return and work under one who had been prominent in the disputes of the war's closing years.

New Problems

From the very beginning of his Prime Ministership Mr. King had to face problems with which no previous leader since Confederation had been confronted—the problems arising out of the presence of a third party holding the balance of power. At first they were not very serious; the third party people were a mixed bag, not very sure of what they were or where they were going, and the Liberals were only one short of a majority in the House. But this situation gave Mr. King practice in handling supporters who were not amenable to the party whips, and when in 1925 he found himself inferior to the Conservatives in strength in the House he was able to manoeuver the third party people into a position where, when they ceased to be willing to support him, they could not consistently support his opponent Mr. Meighen. Mr. Meighen, less experienced in handling third-party allies, thought that he had them properly lined up, though how he could have committed such an error is something of a mystery still; and the result was the Byng episode and the election based upon it.

In 1930 Mr. King's astuteness was again in full operation. The depression was becoming extremely serious, and was obviously going to get worse. He had to go to the country in 1931 if not earlier; he was pretty sure to be defeated then; if he went in 1930 he might scrape through, in which case he would have five years in which things might improve, and if

—United Nations Photo

An unprecedented tenure as P.M.

he did not scrape through he would be leaving to his opponents the job and the responsibility of dealing with tremendous economic problems. He failed to scrape through, and luck was again with him, for the Conservatives had entrusted their destinies to a man who, it now seems practically certain, would have wrecked the party even in good times. It was not the depression, and for once it was not the hostility of Quebec, which defeated Mr. Bennett at the end of his five years in 1935; it was his one-man autocratic rule and the consequent alienation of a large section both of his lieutenants and of his public following. From 1935 until today Mr. King has had the support of a substantial and at times overwhelming majority of the House of Commons, in spite of the rise of a new third party, not this time agrarian but mainly urban labor.

Nothing has been more important, in his task of handling parliament and the cabinet, than that part of it which relates to the French-speaking element. In the eighty years of Confederation there has been only one English-speaking leader who has approached him in this respect. Sir John A. Macdonald until his fatal and epoch-making error in permitting the execution of Louis Riel had a very strong hold on French Canada, with whose temperament he had the natural sympathy of a Scotsman of the less dour type; he did not wholly lose it even after 1885, but he could not hand it on to his successors. Mr. King, receiving his political education under the tutelage of Laurier, and with the traditions of 1837 in his ancestry, has always based his entire policy upon the premise that Canada cannot be governed without the consent and participation of at least a large fraction of French Canadian opinion.

Conservatives' Difficulty

This is a premise which most Conservatives are unable to accept, partly because for fifty years they have hardly ever been able to get the consent and participation of a large fraction of French Canadian opinion; and not accepting it they are disposed to ascribe Mr. King's acceptance of it to mere shrewd politics, thereby committing a gross injustice which will certainly not be endorsed by history. Confederation can only be worked as a living organism when the thirty per cent of its members who speak French are able to feel that their aspirations and ideals are respected by their fellows.

Mr. King's first task when he took the leadership was to bring back to the party that considerable part of it which had abandoned this premise and gone over to the Union Government—a government which had no French-speaking members and no French-speaking support. After that he had so to direct the party's course that it could continue to hold its French support without alienating too much of its English-language following, a task in which he found no serious difficulty until the Second World War. When that war broke out it became vital to establish an attitude of national unanimity on the question of Canadian participation, and to do that it was necessary to give the French members of the House a pledge that there should be no conscription for service overseas (a pledge which, it must be remembered, was endorsed by the Conservative candidates in the election of 1940). Some credit for the achieving of this attitude of national unanimity must go to the late Ernest Lapointe, a great French Canadian statesman who will in time be properly valued by his own race, but the devices by which it was attained, and was actually maintained almost throughout the long and gruelling struggle, were unquestionably the product of the ingenious brain of Mr. King himself. With another stroke of combined wisdom and courage Mr. King decided in 1940 to seek a mandate from a general election which would probably see him through the war, rather than risk waiting for it until the situation was more painful; and once again the Conservatives played into his hands by the unsatisfactory relations between their leadership and the body of the party.

The political difficulties through which he steered the country during the next five years, the abysses over which he walked the tight rope, are not yet fully realized, because the history of the period is still largely enshrined in the unwritten or unpublished memoirs of the participants. It is however known that Quebec was only saved from the disaster of a provincial defeat for the Liberal party, which would have been interpreted everywhere as a declaration of hostility to the war, by the unprecedented intervention of Mr. Lapointe and his federal cabinet colleagues in declaring that they would resign their

(Continued on Page 48)

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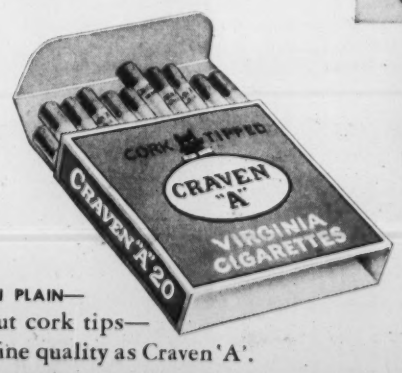

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LIGHTER SIDE

Downfall Of The Pollstercrats

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT WAS quite possible to feel a little sorry for Mr. Dewey when the vote was finally in. Throughout his impeccable campaign Mr. Dewey had made only one major mistake—he had overlooked the fact that indignity is always lying in wait to trip the over-dignified. It was a human mistake, though on a colossal scale, and it made it possible to regard Mr. Dewey at last as a human figure.

But nobody felt sorry for the National Pollsters.

Mr. Wallace made mistakes but these were made so glaringly clear at the polls that it was no longer necessary to remind him of them. Mr. Kaltenborn was busy making mistakes based on the percentage and averages of the Roosevelt-Dewey campaign right up till the moment he disappeared from the air. Mr. Brownell, cheer leader of the Dewey forces, kept turning up at intervals to reaffirm his deluded faith in the triumph of the Republican Party. Before the evening was over, however, the mistakes of Mr. Kaltenborn, Mr. Brownell and even Mr. Wallace were forgotten, overwhelmed as they were by the supercolossal error of the National Pollsters.

The unforgivable thing about the pollsters was that they had discarded any margin for error, believing that they had finally devised a machine that was proof against all human miscalculation. For a while even on the awful night of November 2 it looked as though they might still be right. California clung loyally to Dewey just as the Panty Poll had indicated that it would. (The California ladies were probably stuck with the Dewey-Warren embroidered panties since no loyal Republican would dream of asking for an exchange or a refund.) When California began to slip, however, the real issue became clear. It wasn't Truman vs. Dewey any longer, it was Truman vs. the National Pollsters. By that time, almost every voice on the air, if not jubilantly pro-Truman, was violently anti-pollster.

JUST what brought about the defeat of the Pollstercrats even the pollsters may never be able to discover.

For years now the common man has submitted to being stretched out on the statistical table for scientific analysis. In return he was told in general terms not only how he was going to vote but whether he believed in immortality, or kept a cat or dog, or slept in pyjamas, or attended church or ate in the kitchen, or used a straight-blade razor, or believed in God. The common man didn't question the value of these surveys because he honestly believed that the method was scientific and the conclusions infallible. Until November 2 it never really occurred to him that there are incalculable human factors that won't add up on a calculating machine.

It has been suggested that the pollsters engaged in forecasting the presidential election happened to talk to the wrong people. The pollsters themselves, however, would probably be the first to reject the notion that out of a given field an investigator, through sheer malignant bad luck, should pick nothing but Republicans. In a science based on the averages you don't start out with a violation of the Law of Averages. There is little indication either of an underground resistance movement by the public, or that citizens picked up and questioned by Dr. Gallup's men wilfully gave the wrong information. Up till Nov. 2, every citizen still believed in Dr. Gallup's right to ask questions and in his own obligation to answer them as truthfully as possible.

Dr. Gallup's own explanation, that only 47,000,000 went to the polls, while the other 47,000,000 stayed at home, is far from satisfactory. Why didn't Dr. Gallup's boys investigate the stay-at-homes, as well as the good citizens who went out to cast their ballots?

The best explanation seems to be the one given by Wilfred F. Funk, the disillusioned ex-pollster of the *Literary Digest*, which folded shortly after its disastrous presidential forecast in 1936. The current failure, he pointed out, was caused by "a strange emotional force that blows Science out of the window." (Ever try a strange emotional force on your calculating machine, Dr. Gallup?)

Mr. Funk also suggests that national polls will probably be non-existent for a long time. Certainly the problem in research that the pollsters now face should keep them busy at least until the next presidential election.

They can't go along in the old happy-go-lucky fashion, picking up passing strangers and asking them how they intend to vote. They will first of all have to round up a representative "problem" section, who may (or may not) go to the polls. Of this group they will have to figure out what percentage are likely to say they will vote and then stay home, and what percentage of habitual non-voters may take it into their head to skip out perversely at the last moment to cast a ballot.

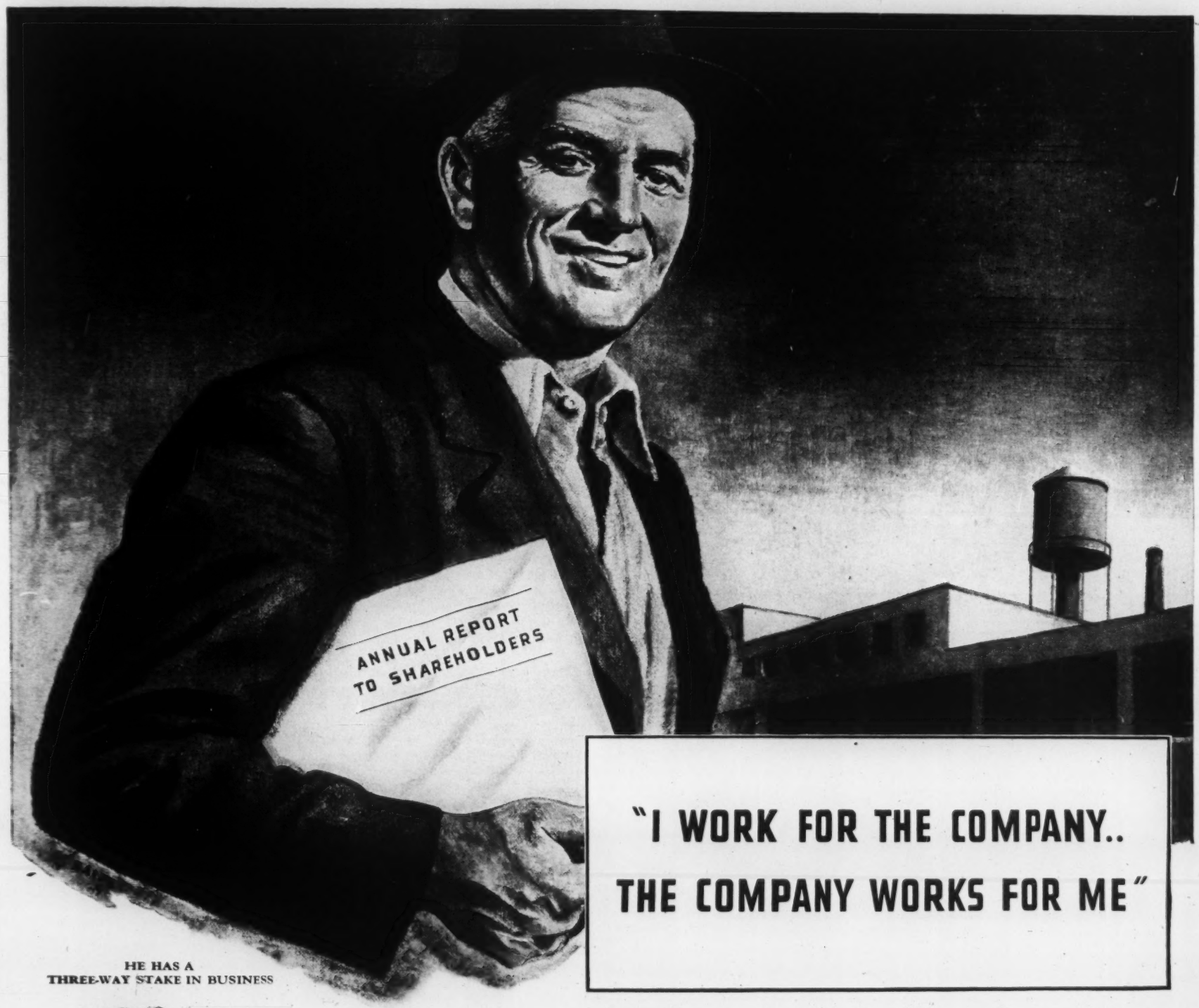
From now on, too, it will be impossible for the pollsters to finish up their paper work a month in advance, and then sit back and tell the public what is going to happen. The shape of things to come can't be trusted to hold its shape any longer, no matter how carefully it is shored up with statistics. Any last-minute emotional upsurge can shift it; and in their present belligerent mood the voters may even go out of their way to wreck predictions just to prove that they, and not the pollsters, are running the nation.

SINCE they can't alter the human factors, the only thing to do is to perfect the machinery. Dr. George Gallup and Mr. Archibald Crossley and Mr. Elmo Roper will have to retire into their workshops, disassemble the poll-taking machine, and try to discover just how and where the hot-box developed. It may take them a long time, but at least it will keep them busy. It will be a long time before this thing blows over.

Meanwhile, what will become of other scientific investigations based on the questionnaire method? What about Dr. Kinsey's researches, for instance?

In "Sexual Behavior of the Human Male" Dr. Kinsey pointed out that his method of interrogation was the same as that employed by the national pollsters. That is, he looked the subject straight in the eye and shot off questions in rapid succession. How can the doctor be sure after this that the subject, looking him straight in the eye, won't shoot back a succession of whoppers in return? How will he answer his public when they tell him, as they almost certainly will, that you can't build a general picture from statistical data? Above all, what will he do when a strange emotional force meets an immovable statistical table?

It looks as though the only tables to be trusted from now on will be the mortality tables. At least the dead can be trusted not to upset the investigator or by switching sides just as he gets his data assembled.



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Canada Must Build Navy For Sub And Mine War

By J. B. LAMB

The balanced task force of the Pacific war is now out-of-date. What Canada needs is an escort navy equipped to battle submarines and sweep mines. She should not attempt to build a replica of the larger navies of the great powers.

These points are argued by J. B. Lamb, who spent six years in the Royal Canadian Navy in World War II, on escort work. He believes that the present Canadian navy is not tailored to the job it may have to do. Mr. Lamb is now Managing Editor of the Moose Jaw *Daily Times-Herald*.

MOST CANADIANS are vaguely aware that they are now the owners of a navy which they glimpse from time to time in newspaper pictures of a new carrier or a trim destroyer. Whether or not their navy is suitable to their needs is something few know or care about.

Yet in these uncertain times, Canada finds herself confronting a great new menace in Soviet Russia; a menace not tucked away in some remote corner of the world, but right on her doorstep. The strength and efficiency of the Canadian navy is a matter that vitally affects the pocket book and the life of every Canadian.

What sort of navy should Canada have? It should be a force that would best suit the naval requirements of Canada in any possible future war, limited only by the capacity of the Canadian people to maintain it. To see what these requirements might be, let us examine Canada's position in any future war.

It is obvious that the only possible antagonist with which Canada need be concerned in the immediate future is Russia. Therefore, it can be safely assumed that the force which would be best adapted for a theoretical war with Russia is the sort of navy that Canada should strive to build.

First, we must rule out anything involving a battlefleet of heavy ships; Canada cannot maintain such a costly force. With her present resources, she cannot build an "offensive" fleet, a privilege reserved today for only the largest powers. Second, when planning a navy, one must bear in mind the profound affect of the atomic bomb upon the whole concept of naval strategy. While the answers to this great new force are still being worked out by the world's naval experts, it is apparent that the future of the big ship is very much in doubt. The decision of Great Britain to scrap many of her larger units and cancel orders for new ones is prompted by more than a sense of economy. Her present emphasis on the development of a high-speed gas turbine as a power unit for small ships would seem to show the trend towards a comparatively small, high-speed vessel as the warship of the atomic age.

Sea Transport

In any future war, it is obvious that transport would be a major factor. At present, and as far into the future as it is possible to foresee, aircraft will not transport men and heavy supplies in greater bulk than that required for a limited tactical objective. Larger movements must be made by rail and water. Water transport, then, would be an important consideration in our theoretical war with Russia. To protect this transport would be one of the first considerations of Canadian—and allied—navies.

Protection from what? First, from aircraft; second, from Russian naval craft. The menace of hostile aircraft is accentuated by the great speed and high ceilings of modern aircraft, backed always by the menace of "The Bomb." Small, fast ships, well-armed and disposed over a large area, would seem best able to withstand attack from the air. But the best defence of all against aircraft is other aircraft.

Russia has little in the way of a surface fleet of capital ships, and what she has is of negligible fighting value. What she does possess, and what she appears to be concentrating her building efforts on, are fleets of high-speed submarines. The submarine is admirably suited to Russia's needs in any future war with maritime nations. Its function is almost entirely to operate against an enemy's lines of communication, with torpedo, guns, and mines. It has the great advantage of being invisible, and since the perfection by the Germans in the last war of the "schnorkel," or breathing tube, which enables the submarine to recharge batteries while submerged, it has become almost undetectable by aircraft. With the elimination of the aircraft, one of its most formidable opponents in the last war, the submarine becomes practically invulnerable to anything save surface ships and mines. In an era when the atomic bomb may well render obsolete the mightiest surface battle-fleet, the submarine will still roam the seas with impunity.

A navy of ships that could search out and destroy modern, highspeed submarines, backed by units to sweep mines laid by these undersea intruders and others to, in turn, lay the protective mine barrages that afford anti-submarine protection for shipping channels, would seem to fill the bill so far as Canada is concerned.

Naval Strength

How well does our present navy measure up to these requirements? At the present time, the Royal Canadian Navy has on its strength two cruisers, only one of which can at present be manned because of shortages of certain skilled personnel, one light aircraft carrier, and six destroyers, plus a number of miscellaneous smaller craft, including last-war escort ships, too slow to hunt modern submarines.

The carrier, not large enough to carry modern long-range bombers, is intended only to carry fighter aircraft, or light bombers. The cruisers, if both could be kept in commission, and destroyers combine with the carrier to make up a well-knit surface task force presenting gun and torpedo striking power, plus an aerial umbrella for protection from hostile aircraft.

However, this unit, well suited to the peculiar circumstances of the recent Pacific fighting, would be of little or no use in any future war with Russia, apart from a strike or two at isolated Russian positions. The destroyers, intended to protect larger ships by torpedoes and to fight hostile torpedo craft with their guns, are not suitable for hunting submarines. The task force, which concentrates a large number of valuable ships with their numerous personnel in a small area, would be a worthwhile target for either guided missiles or atomic bombs. While this force might prove most effective in tussling with hostile surface units, of which Russia has comparatively few, or attacking poorly-defended shore installations, the same job could be done much better by the infinitely more powerful heavy fleets possessed by the United States and Great Britain, who would unquestionably be allied with Canada.

Anti-Sub Escort

What these great powers cannot do, however, is to provide efficient anti-submarine escort on any large scale. Postwar economy has cut Britain's Royal Navy to the bone, while the United States has concentrated on her fighting fleets with the vast numbers of auxiliaries they entail, to the detriment of her escort flotillas. The American destroyer escort (D.E.) while the backbone of U.S. wartime escort forces, was never a great success, while American submarine detection gear has, for the most part, been borrowed from the British.

In any future war, Canada could best contribute to the naval cause of the western world by presenting her allies with a large and efficient sub-hunting fleet, ready to take over the escort of convoys and the mine-sweeping of shipping channels from the outbreak of hostilities. This would leave the fleets of her more powerful sister nations free to carry out the offensive operations for which they are best suited, and provide fighter protection from their larger naval air arms.

Canada is singularly well-equipped to build and maintain an escort and anti-submarine fleet. Her traditions alone incline her towards such a course, for her navy escorted the bulk of the North Atlantic convoys in the last war, and her naval officers were schooled in the tactics and traditions of anti-submarine warfare. A new navy was given a new weapon—asdic—and took it for its own. The names of Canadian ships and Canadian seamen were renowned in escort ports from the North Cape to Algiers during the bitter battle with the German U-boats.

For the cost of building and maintaining her present force of cruisers and other large craft, Canada could

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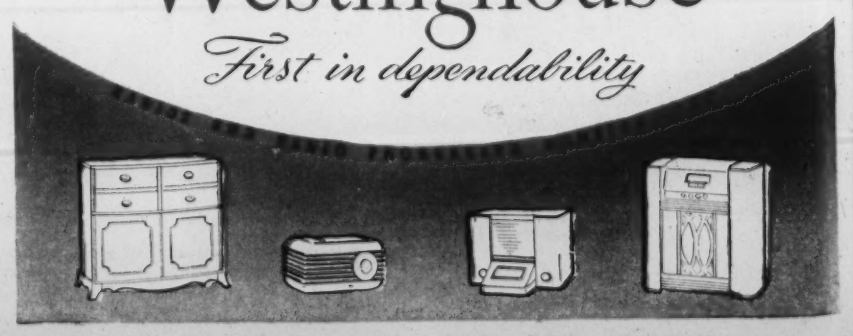


keep in commission a much more numerous fleet of well-equipped anti-submarine craft; a truly potent factor in the world's balance of seapower. Her present force adds little to the overall naval strength of the western powers.

The increased number of ships would also train a correspondingly larger number of commanding officers and other key personnel. The challenge of the comparatively new weapons and techniques of anti-submarine warfare is particularly appealing to the temperament of young Canadians. The perfection of teamwork and extremely high degree of skill which this type of warfare demands are unexcelled in any other field of naval action, as was well illustrated by the efficiency and esprit de corps of the famed Second Escort group of the Royal Navy under the late Captain Walker.

Canada's present navy is the product of her present and past senior naval officers, all of them trained in the cruisers, fleet destroyers and battleships of the pre-war Royal Navy. Because of the urgent administrative demands of a rapidly-expanding navy, few of Canada's senior naval officers were at sea in escort ships during the closing stages of the war, when anti-submarine tactics reached a peak of perfection never before attained. As a result, with a few notable exceptions, they are steeped in the tradition of the old-line navy, rather than in the new and swiftly-changing techniques of the anti-submarine fleets.

Opportunity Now

Canada has the opportunity now of developing an answer to the high speed submarine; an answer which no other nation in the world yet possesses. If she could build a fleet capable of dealing with Russia's estimated 260-300 submarines she would take her place with the leading naval powers of the world. Instead of rising to the challenge, however, she seems to be content to build a pathetically puny replica of a type of force that became obsolete before the end of the last war.

The development of mining and mine-sweeping, a vast field of the utmost importance to Canada with her bottle-necked shipping routes; of new techniques to meet the challenge of submarines faster than anything yet encountered, are still subordinated to the old drilling of gun crews for surface actions. Canada's present navy would have been a handy little force for knocking over a Pacific island five years ago. Its value would be negligible in any future conflict.

BAGATELLE

Fall Guy

By THADDEUS KAY

I'D BEEN there outside the Gardens, sneaking a smoke and keeping an eye on the Boss' car while I waited for him to come out with the rest of the Thursday night wrestling crowd, when Eddie'd strolled up. He hadn't seen me in a year, and he was naturally surprised at seeing me in a chauffeur's rig. After a while the conversation got around to Strangler O'Leary.

"You remember when you went away, Eddie," I said, "Stillwell the promoter, was building the Strangler up into a main-bouter on his weekly wrestling shows."

Eddie let out a guffaw. "Sure, and everybody was laughing themselves sick because O'Leary thought he was really throwing all these guys he beat."

"He was pretty dumb," I agreed. "Well, everything went along fine until Stillwell matched him with the Champion."

Eddie blinked. "He didn't plan to have O'Leary beat the Champ, did he?"

I shook my head. "No, and that's where the trouble started. Stillwell couldn't take a chance on even the Strangler getting a lucky break and happening to land on top of the Champ. So he called O'Leary in and told him he was to lose this Thursday night.

"'Going to lose!' the Strangler shouted. 'Why, I can beat that bum with one hand tied behind my back.'

"'You couldn't beat an egg, O'Leary,' Stillwell told him.

"'Oh, I couldn't, couldn't I?' the Strangler came right back. 'Then how about all these other guys I've been throwing?'

"'They lay down, you dope,' Stillwell said.

"The Strangler just stood there for a minute, mad and not believing it for a minute, and then he said, 'We'll see when Thursday comes,' and stalked out.

"After a while somebody had a thought. 'Mr. Stillwell,' he said, 'you know what O'Leary's going to do? He's going to go in there Thursday night really trying. Have you figured on that?'

"Stillwell nodded. 'I've figured on it, and you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to have the Champ throw the bum so fast they'll have earthquakes on the Yangtze.'"

Eddie'd been listening to every word, with a grin growing wider and wider on his face. "What happened?" he asked.

"A day or two before the bout, word got around that the Strangler was betting every cent he owned or could borrow, on himself to win the championship. He still couldn't believe that all those guys he'd beaten had laid down. He thought he'd thrown them fair and square and was pretty good. He figured he was a cinch to win. And since the insiders all knew the real story of what was going to happen, the odds were good."

"I'd have liked to have got a piece of that bet," Eddie said enviously.

I said, "Stillwell took every cent of O'Leary money he could find. Then he sent for the Champ and told him exactly what he was to do."

Eddie slapped his knee with delight. "I'd have come all the way back from the Coast to see the bout," he snorted, holding his sides.

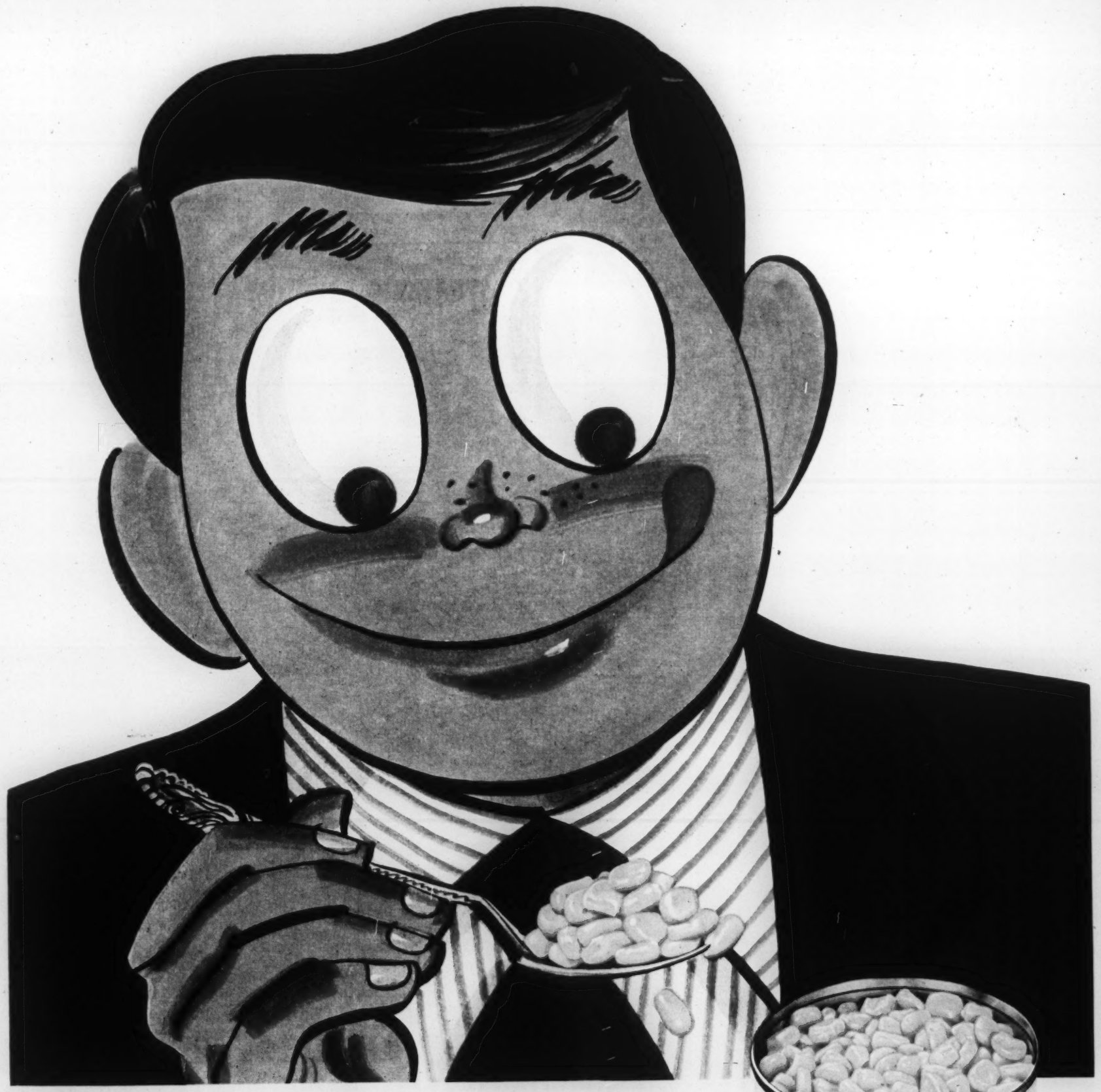
"You'd have had a hard time getting in," I said. "The Gardens were packed. O'Leary stood in the ring, figuring himself a sort of second-edition Frank Gotch. Once he leaned down and called to the boys at the press table, 'Don't get settled in your seats, fellows. This bout ain't going to last more'n one minute.'"

Eddie doubled up like an accordion. "That's a hot one," he guffawed. "Little did he know! And then what happened?"

"Well . . .," I began, and just then I looked up and saw the crowd starting to pour out through the Gardens doors. I recognized the Boss by the white tie and tails he was wearing.

"All right, Stillwell," he called over to me. "I'm ready to go."

"I'll tell you about it later, Eddie," I said, and called, "Coming, Mr. O'Leary."



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THE WORLD TODAY

Chief Lesson Of U.S. Election: Hare And Tortoise Again

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE astounding election victory of President Truman, bringing the biggest upset in American politics in this century, will be studied for many weeks and months for its reasons and implications by both Democrats and Republicans, and also by Canadian political leaders looking forward to an early election in this country.

The questions to which one would like to find the answers are mainly: How did Truman do it? What did Dewey do wrong? How could the experts and pollsters, the Democratic as well as the Republican politicians have been so nearly unanimously wrong? What will President Truman be able to do with his victory at home? And what will be the international effect?

One has to think back for a moment from the man who returned in triumph to Washington last weekend to the man whom "nobody" wanted last spring. The old Democratic "Solid South" didn't want him. The Democratic left wing didn't want him. Labor was far from enthusiastic about him. Sixty-five per cent of the newspapers, with nearly eighty per cent of the circulation, were against him. The polls were in unison in showing he "couldn't win."

Even his own party leaders from New York, New Jersey, Illinois and California, the states he "had" to carry if he were to have a chance to win, tried desperately to find a substitute up to the day before the nominating convention. And as soon as he was nominated the extreme right and left wings of his party split away.

Right to the end, I can't recall a single important political figure, Democrat or independent, outside of Truman himself, who predicted that he would win. Papers in Atlanta and Philadelphia, among the few which supported him, conceded editorially that it was a lost cause.

Yet Truman won. How did he do it? I have no doubt as to the first and principal answer to that question. He did it by fighting, tooth and nail, from beginning to end. If he hadn't fought, he couldn't have won.

By fighting he revived his party from the defeatism and despair of the nominating convention. By his fight he encouraged local party organizations to work for the election of their congressional representatives. And by his fight, with its long trips and hundreds of speeches, he won the sympathy of many of the six millions who heard him and others too, as a man who wouldn't quit, as the "underdog" in a contest against a "machine" which seemed to be rolling to a ready-made victory in altogether too slick a fashion.

Towards the end some of the correspondents who travelled on Truman's campaign train began to ask each other earnestly whether the huge crowds that were coming out to see him, often in places where no president had ever visited before, and who seemed to enjoy his scrappy speeches, his little jokes and his introduction of his "boss" Mrs. Truman, were going to vote for him. Yet they continued to assume that while people might like Harry Truman as a friendly human being, they knew he really wasn't big enough for the job and had made too many bungles already.

Personality and Strategy

They were wrong in that. Apparently a great many people went away feeling that he was "a good little guy," very much like themselves, and that their interests were safer in his hands than in those of the smooth and coldly efficient New Yorker.

But there was more in Truman's victory than personality. Arthur Krock, one of the most seasoned political experts in Washington, now gives him credit for "political mastery which has not been surpassed by the most famous of our politicians."

As it seems to me, Mr. Truman, after beginning by soft-pedalling the civil rights issue, made the bold decision that rather than make concessions which would win back the few sure but small states in the south controlled by his right-wing bolters, it would be sounder strategy to go after the left-wing, which Wallace was wooing, and which might tip the balance in a number of northern and western states with far larger electoral votes.

In this he appears to have been entirely successful. He cut down the Wallace vote from the ten millions claimed at the beginning by the Wallaceites and the three million widely conceded to them towards the end, to just over a million. And this difference between three million and one million represented Truman's whole margin in the popular vote of the nation.

He came very close to saving New York State—where half of Wallace's entire vote was cast—and did save Ohio, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and California, which gave him victory.

Truman did this by cutting into Wallace's appeal on the civil rights issue and by stealing his thunder against the "big interests" and the Taft-Hartley Act, regulating unions and banning the closed shop. On the other hand, Truman stood his ground on the Marshall Plan and a firm policy towards Soviet expansionism; so that these issues of foreign policy to which Wallace gave so much attention did not prove to be heavy vote-swingers.

The cry which Truman took over most effectively from Wallace was the one about the "big interests." While Wallace said that both old parties were dominated by the big interests, Truman declared hundreds of times, with many variations, that the Republicans were the party of the big interests.

They were the "gluttons of privilege" who wanted to "return the country to Wall Street's economic dictatorship" and "do a real hatchet job on the New Deal." If "Republican reactionaries" were allowed to get complete control of the government he "feared not only for the wages and living standards of working men but even for our democratic institutions . . . Your typical Republican has learned a great deal by observing dictators and reactionary demagogues abroad."

Wallace couldn't outdo him on that line, and Truman seems to have made the label "party of the big interests" stick to the Republicans—at least for enough votes to put him over.

Labor Attitude

With this line and by promising repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, Truman held the bulk of the labor vote. The union leaders claim that they elected him, and Truman himself remarked after the election, "Labor did it." Actually, the unions didn't put their money into Truman's own campaign but concentrated it on the local campaigns for Senate and House in 21 states, to defeat supporters of the Taft-Hartley Act.

They put 54 Republican supporters of the Act out of office, and while voting the Democratic ticket, most of them voted for Truman. Somehow the president managed to get by the fact that a large majority of his party, too, had joined in overriding his veto of the Act.

Along with labor, Truman held another of the major elements of the Roosevelt coalition, the farmers, behind him. I recollect how, on election night, many commentators kept saying that the big city vote was now in, with its majority for Truman, but just wait for the "upstate" vote and the western farm vote to come along and overbalance it.

It never did. The Western farm vote, always counted as inherently conservative and Republican and sure to go to Dewey, clinched Truman's victory. Even "rock-ribbed" Iowa which had returned to the Republican fold after Roosevelt's first two terms, went to Truman.

The farmers were more prosperous than ever before, and they could attribute this to the price support policies of the New Deal. The Republicans said they would maintain price supports, but were not so definite about it as Truman, who warned that the Republicans were waiting to "stick a pitchfork into the farmers," after having killed the international wheat agreement and crippled the reciprocal trade pacts.

Further, Truman could show that the Republican 80th Congress had cut the allocations for the soil conservation program and the rural electrification program. For good measure, he accused them of opposing the extension of the great program of pub-

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licly-owned power developed under Roosevelt.

A whole new generation of Americans has grown up under the New Deal. Farmers, as well as workers, attribute much of their improved status to it. The general idea of controlled capitalism, of public power, support for farm prices and statutory minimum wages, government-subsidized social services such as housing, education and medical care, has taken a strong hold on this generation. Truman promised *specifically*, in every speech, to maintain and extend these New Deal measures.

No Conservative Swing

The Republicans mildly promised to maintain them, but the majority of the voters felt safer to leave the New Deal in the hands of the Democratic Party. That was one important lesson of the election. The heralded "swing to conservatism" did not come about. The American electorate is more to the left than the experts believed it was.

Much more could be written about Truman's campaign, but that seems to be the gist of it. There was besides, Dewey's campaign. Where Truman fought uphill all the way, dealing with specific issues, slashing at his opponents, "giving them Hell", as he put it, Dewey thought he was coasting to a victory assured to him by every prediction and poll. He was anxious only to make no mistakes, dealt in generalities mostly about the "unity of the nation" and the great house-cleaning he would carry out in Washington, was greeted by signs "Our Next President."

It is clear enough that quite aside from his cold and metallic personality, the main reason that Dewey lost is because he was overconfident of winning. It was another hare-and-tortoise race. The hare, told every day of the week that it was all over but the inauguration, and he could win in a walk—just walked. He got up later in the morning, didn't travel so far or make so many speeches. Virtually appointing his Secretary of State, he acted as though he were president already.

Innumerable articles and dispatches told just how the "Dewey machine" would take over in January.

But it would be a mistake to make too much either of Truman's victory or Dewey's defeat. In actual votes Truman only squeaked through by the narrowest margin since Wilson beat Hughes in 1916. His was a great victory only in confounding all the predictions. A bare 100,000 extra votes for Dewey, spread through Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Iowa and Nevada would have reversed the decision.

Barely a Victory

Truman received four million fewer votes than did Roosevelt twelve years ago, from a voting population which had grown in the interim by fifteen millions. And though he must be given much credit for invigorating his party, in state after state he received fewer votes than the winning Democratic Congressional and gubernatorial candidates. They returned to control of Congress in a sweep, winning 70 seats from the Republicans; he barely made it.

Dewey on the other hand, for all the defects of his campaign and his personality, generally ran ahead of the Republican Congressional candidates on the same ballot. The defeat of the Republican 80th Congress, so lambasted by Truman, was far sharper than Dewey's defeat. He might have won; it seems that they couldn't have.

The sweeping generalizations used in explaining Truman's victory, such as the adherence of the nation to the New Deal, should be qualified by noting the fact that the switch of one million votes out of 47 millions, or the effort of another two million overconfident Republicans to come out and vote, might have brought generalizations about the United States turning away from the New Deal. And as for people "never voting against prosperity and full employment", the Republicans won in 1946 under those conditions.

I think that when everything is considered, the main reason for the outcome and the main lesson to be drawn from it is the overconfidence of the Republicans. Had they not been overconfident they might have put up as their candidate their most appealing personality, Harold Stassen. They would have put up a real fight, discussed the issues and got their vote out.

The Westerner, Stassen, would not have been so vulnerable to the cry of "big interests" and "Wall Street", and himself a "country boy", as Truman styles himself, would have captured enough of the farm vote to turn defeat into victory. He would have appealed to the liberal floating vote; and his warm personality would have attracted many who were repelled by Dewey's coldness.

Although the lesson of overconfidence is so old and familiar, in elections as in sports—and an election is something of a sporting contest to Americans — that the Republicans will not gain much sympathy for having fallen victim to it, they must feel a deep grievance against the polls for having led them into it.

How did the poll-takers fall into such error after building up a considerable reputation for infallibility since the Literary Digest fiasco of 1936? They themselves find most of their difficulty in the voters who were "undecided" and those who stayed home. They apportioned the undecided voters between the various parties. Did the bulk of them turn to Truman on election day? And which voters stayed home? The polls, "scientific" samples are supposed to cover the entire voting population. But that comprised 95 million this year. Only 66 millions qualified to vote, and only 47 millions voted.

The general reaction to the debacle of the polls in this election seems to be one of satisfaction. Many people have come to look upon them as a danger to the democratic process, in seeming to settle elections before they are held. Others simply resent the implication that their mind has been made up for them.

It can be argued that accurate polls are a great aid to legislators in displaying public opinion on many issues with which they have to deal. But it can also be argued that there is a real danger of reducing government to "rule by public opinion polls", substituting the view of the average and often ill-informed person for the judgment of those who have been elected to use their special talents in governing the country and making policy decisions. This doesn't mean that the legislators can ignore public opinion. They face its verdict in the next election.

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CKLW should be included as a MUST in your Sales and Advertising plans because of its audience; its buying appeal and thorough coverage of its market—WESTERN ONTARIO—urban and rural. Remember, it's CKLW, the "Good Neighbor Station", 800 on the dial for Sales message results in Western Ontario, urban and rural.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

T.T.C. Chief Rides to Work in Bus And Practises What He Preaches

By S. H. HOWARD

IF YOU THINK "the gift of the gab"—as they say in Enniskillen—gets you nothing, consider the McBrien boys.

You know the McBrien boys—or have heard them. Originally there were three of them: Johnny, Freddie and Willie, the youngest, who is present-day Chairman of the Toronto Transportation Commission and sponsor of the $50,000,000 plan to provide Toronto with rapid transit. From his first day in the world, whenever any one of these three McBrien boys has raised his voice he has been heard through the partition. And like Mr. Kipling's ten-year soldier, "you can't hear nothin' else."

Johnny, the eldest, could be heard at times speaking out in meeting—and for some distance beyond. But unlike his brothers he seldom carried the blessing of free speech into public life. Freddie, next in succession, passed on before his time in 1938. Freddie ran for a seat in Toronto's City Council at the age of 21. He did not win the first time but was elected the year following and he sat there for three years talking himself towards the mayor's chair. When 25 he contested the mayoralty election with H. C. Hocken in 1910 and lost by only 1,000 votes. Freddie then talked himself into the Ontario Legislature for Brocton, one of Toronto's ridings in the West End where his voice was so well known. He held that seat for eleven years. His voice had the tone that penetrates reinforced concrete.

Willie's voice could never match Freddie's for sheer committee-dominating power. But it serves: as when he told off the delegates to the American Transit Association in convention at Atlantic City in 1938, as honorary vice-president of the Canadian Transit Association.

"If you think an automobile-minded public is going to keep on being satisfied to bump along on slat seats, square wheels, and crooked disjointed rails, you're crazy," he megaphoned. "You've either got to get *modern* or get *out!*"

They heard him all right. All over North America street cars began going modern.

Toronto's street cars had already done so. That's what everybody thought in 1921-22. But now the time is at hand again. So it is reported and so says Willie McBrien.

Fire the Commission?

William Carson McBrien, aged 49, is Chairman of the Toronto Transportation Commission. He is independent, as the Commission is constituted. He and his colleagues may use their own judgment and formulate their own policies without political interference. If the City Council disagrees, all it can do is say so. If the Commission insists, there remains only one recourse for Council. It can fire the Commissioners. But it hasn't done so yet. Why should it? Have a look at their record.

Toronto Street Railway carries more passengers and makes more money than the Canadian National Railways!

Toronto's streetcars, buses and coaches with their 5,924 regular employees, served — including Gray Coach and suburban trolley lines — 324,532,143 revenue paying passengers in 1947. They operated on rails and roads measuring 1,530 miles. The total distance travelled by all these vehicles day after day throughout the year added up to 49,133,673 miles. Its operating revenue exceeded its operating expenses by $4,885,197.27. H. C. Patten is the wizard manager.

That, of course, was before reserves had been set aside — depreciation, amortization, workmen's compensation, public liability, interest in debentures, fare stabilization, rehabilitation, modernization and expansion. But—after all that—there was still a surplus for the year which, added to what we got, makes just a little bit less than $5,000,000 total surplus accumulated.

And please note further, in all fairness of the record, that the Commission has paid off $34,000,000 of its debentures since 1920, and now has less than $8,000,000 outstanding. These too in due course of amortization will be paid off in 1952.

Over and above all this, the Commission has $20,118,732 of invested funds (market values) saved and reserved for rehabilitation, equipment renewals and modernization. The new rapid transit plan won't cost the taxpayers, as such, one cent. Some $30,000,000 will be raised by debentures sold to investors, and revenue from fares will take care of interest and principal payments over the period. These fares are the lowest in North America, while wages are as high as any fair comparison, averaging with workmen's compensation, sick benefits, and pensions—$1.48 per hour.

Quite a record for public ownership! Quite a business! Total revenue last year came to $24,803,830.51, with total assets of $85,814,943.61.

What kind of man is this William C. McBrien, Chairman of the Toronto Transportation Commission? The man who plans to spend $50,000,000 or more in the next ten years to get Toronto people down town in a hurry and home again the same way?

Not With Willie

To find out we went to see him at his spacious office in the Toronto Street Railway building at the northeast corner of Front and Yonge, long the former home of Toronto's Board of Trade. The late R. J. Fleming used to be manager of the old Toronto Street Railway in private ownership days. He was a big genial mastiff, easy to interview if not too busy, humorously diplomatic, but hard to get anything out of until he was good and ready. And Sir William Mackenzie, the wily president, and president also of the former Canadian National Railway? He was a fox. You couldn't catch him. He dodged your questions with a poker face, save for a twinkle of amusement in frustrating your vain struggle to get him into a corner.

Nothing like that with Willie McBrien, the present voice of power. He is as democratic a democrat as a ward politician, which, in fact, he used to be. Although he is not a big fellow, what there is is solid. He is

Pigeon Hawk
T.M. Shortt
WARBLERS, which are preyed on by hawks, devour . . .
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ONE LIVE HAWK means millions of dead crop-eating bugs, yet it is not the hawk that eats them. The hawk stands at the top of a food chain that helps keep nature in balance. For example, if all the hawks in this chain were killed, the warblers would increase unchecked and eat more than their share of spiders. With no spiders to keep them in check, the aphids would be left in control of our crops.

Before killing what may appear to be a pest, think of what it means to you. Remember, nature in balance is nature unspoiled.

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Nature Unspoiled — YOURS TO ENJOY — YOURS TO PROTECT

an Airedale rather than a mastiff, a scrapper of the active, alert, aggressive kind, faithful and true to his master—in this case the streetcar-riding public. His strength comes first from his native ability; second, from his Irish-inherited nerve; and third but not least, from his vocal talent, his voltage, his power to talk turkey and make himself heard without the use of a microphone.

But the root of his rise, the basis of his whole position, if one is not mistaken, is political, and set in Toronto's Ward Six in the West End. Here Willie and Freddie, at the ages of 15 and 17, started a retail hardware business back in 1904. On their own, two country boys from the farm of their grandfather, the pioneer from Enniskillen to Orangeville, did a business of $28,000 that first year. "People sympathized with a couple of kids, I guess," Chairman McBrien recalls with a chuckle.

That was in the days of the Canada boom. The West was being settled, railways were building, Toronto was building also—and booming. So was the Dovercourt District in Ward Six. So were the McBrien boys. In ten years they were doing a business of $100,000. When the Kaiser started his world war, Willie promptly enlisted and the business was sold at a very nice figure. Freddie had been studying law by night and practising the hardware business by day, and making himself known throughout the West End by exercise of his talent for advertising—largely vocal. He now graduated and hung out his shingle.

Army Good Will

Willie went overseas in 1915 as a lieutenant with the 95th Battalion. At war's end he returned a major of the Railway Corps with the good will of every officer and man in C Company, as eloquently expressed in an illuminated address they all signed and presented at parting—the only document of the kind produced for such purpose by the Canadian army, it is said.

Postwar building activity ruled in Toronto, as elsewhere, for the next ten years or so. Willie went in for building houses and small stores, and selling them for a quick turnover. McBrien ambition soared. They had already discovered their vocal possibilities at ward meetings, church meetings, Masonic lodge meetings, Orange Lodge meetings, club committees of all kinds. Willie at 18 had been vice-president of the Ward Six Conservative Association. In 1924 he was elected to a seat on Toronto's Board of Education, and became familiar around the City Hall. In 1925 they made him Chairman.

Next year William McBrien was appointed by Mayor Stewart to membership on the Toronto Harbor Board, under the chairmanship of Toronto's famous mayor-M.P., Tommy Church.

W. C. McBRIEN

The late Home Smith was a member; Eddie Cousins was chief engineer; big things were done. Then in June 1930, without any noticeable rising of his own commanding voice, William McBrien was appointed by Mayor Wemp to a vacancy on the Toronto Harbor Commission. Certain critics seemed to think this last appointment was too much of a good thing. One of the papers printed a list of the six offices held by the new Commissioner already: adviser to Ontario Estates Department, valuator for Ontario Official Guardian, adviser to Returned Soldiers Settlement Board, member Toronto Harbor Board, adviser to Public Trustee and Manager Real Estate Department, Sterling Trust Company.

Seeing some people seemed to feel that way about it Mr. McBrien resigned from the Harbor Board and forthwith became Chairman of the Toronto Transportation Commission, in place of P. W. Ellis who died in 1929. This is his job today. After eighteen years of it he wants to stay there until he sees completion of the Rapid Transit Plan. It's all ready waiting the word to shoot. Then the bulldozers will start digging the blue Toronto clay. No better tunneling stuff could be desired.

Muddy York Streets

"We could call for tenders within sixty days," said the Chairman. "Just as soon as we get a guarantee of a continuous flow of materials, and enough of the right kind of men, we'll start."

It's certainly a revolutionary plan for Toronto, with its sixty-six foot Muddy-York-width streets. Cross-town surface lines will gather up the traffic and funnel it into the rapid-transit tunnels on Yonge and Queen Streets for transfer down town. There will be both commodious underground and surface stations at transfer points, like the Union Station on a smaller scale.

"Our streets are working to full capacity now," said Mr. McBrien, "and past it. Traffic separation is a must: we must build private rights of way for public transportation, we must go underground to give Toronto rapid transit or build a new city somewhere else and move away."

"How much money do you need?" we asked.

"Fifty million dollars," replied the Chairman without the blink of an eyelid. "Maybe a little more."

The Hard Way

Not bad for a boy from Orangeville who left public school at 13 to start his business career as office boy for the Toronto *Daily Star* at $1.50 per week. He didn't stay long. He then got a job as call boy on the Toronto Stock Exchange and learned something of the ways of high finance before going into the hardware business on his own.

Fifty million dollars—maybe sixty!

"Where did you learn the art of public speaking?" we asked after a respectful pause in view of all this money.

"I learned the hard way," replied the Chairman grinning. "I belonged to one thing and another."

He belonged to almost everything as a matter of fact (except, perhaps, the Knights of Columbus)—church clubs, political clubs, Orange lodges (he is a past district Master), Rameses Shrine, curling clubs, golfing clubs, Sportsmen's Patriotic Associations, fishing clubs (he has a trout place of his own in the Hockley Valley near Orangeville). He hunts rabbits and partridges in the fall. His grandfather emigrated from Enniskillen, in the North of Ireland; his mother and father were born on a farm in the Orangeville "trading area" and so was he. William McBrien is happily married, his wife's maiden name having been Clara Doreen Chase, sister of Mrs. (Dr.) P. J. Conboy. The McBriens have not been blessed with children.

Willie McBrien drives a Cadillac to the golf club, but he comes down to the office by T.C.C. bus. He won't be bothered with an automobile down town, the Chairman of Toronto Transportation Board says. His mother is still well and active at the age of eighty-eight. The Chairman himself may have mellowed with the years, but he still enjoys the blessing of free speech.

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113 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

Higher Prices And Trade Here Result From Win By Truman

By WYNNE PLUMPTRE

The day Mr. Truman's amazing victory was announced the Associate Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT went up to Ottawa to review what changes for Canada the unexpected defeat of Mr. Dewey would bring. In the following article he outlines the effects in the field of trade and prices; effects in other fields are covered in Ottawa View on page 4.

Ottawa.

WHEN you ask people in Ottawa what difference it will make to Canada to have Truman instead of Dewey in the White House for the next four years, the first thing they start to talk about is trade.

There was a good deal to be said from an Ottawa point of view in favor of a Dewey victory, but nobody was able to persuade himself that the Republicans would pull down more tariffs than the Democrats. The story of the past is too plain.

It was the Republicans that put on the Fordney-McCumber tariff in the depression after World War I; it was the Republicans that put on the Smoot-Hawley tariff after the crash of 1929; the Republicans had opposed the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act under which Roosevelt and later Truman gradually scaled down the U.S. tariff until it now stands, broadly speaking, around the 1914 level; only last year the Republican Congress extended the Act for twelve months instead of the usual three years and limited instead of extended its scope; and finally, there was a growing conviction in Ottawa that, in spite of any leadership that Dewey might try to give, a new Republican Congress would not confirm the International Trade Agreement that was reached at Havana earlier this year.

Republican Threats

For Canada these threats were serious, more serious than most people realized or than most officials had been willing to admit in public. A good many people were whistling to keep their courage up. Canada's need for new markets in the United States is as great as ever, if we are ever going to pay our way, if we are ever going to get rid of import controls. Last week's announcement from Ottawa that Canadian tourists going to the U.S. will still be limited to $150 for the next twelve months suggests that we are not nearly out of the woods yet.

But things are looking up. Our exports to the U.S. have risen in a most encouraging way during 1948. If only we can keep them moving in the same direction we may be able to see our way into the clear.

And the Democratic victories, for the Congress as much as for the White House, give us further encouragement. We can look forward to a new and broader Trade Agreements Act. This, in turn, means lower U.S. tariffs against all the world and a lessening of the world-wide dollar shortage of which our own shortage is just a part. It also ensures that the International Trade Agreement, under which the U.S. would be bound to administer its tariff more liberally and less restrictively, is now sure to be adopted by Congress. (A tariff can be made protective by strict administration, even though the rates appear low.)

Before the election there had been some hope in Ottawa that the Republicans, even though they would not lower tariffs in general, would nevertheless be willing to make some special "regional" deal with Canada. (The International Trade Agreement provides that *regional* arrangements may sometimes be made even though they appear to break the rule that "most - favored - nation" treatment must be given to every member of the Agreement.)

This would have been better than nothing. But such a special deal with the U.S. always raises the danger of complete customs union and ultimately complete political union between the two countries. Further, we are so deeply interested in world wide trade, on which so many of our traditional overseas exports depend, that for several years past we have vigorously opposed all sorts of special deals and plumped for *general* tariff reductions. To make a deal with the Republicans would indeed have been a backward step.

For some months now Ottawa and Washington officials have been talking together about a new trade agreement between the two countries. Now it seems likely that the new agreement will be postponed—until the Democrats have time to get a more satisfactory Act on the statute books—and that, when it comes, it will be on a broad most-favored-nation basis rather than a narrow bi-lateral deal.

Another good result of the Truman victory, from the point of view of trade, is the greater certainty of continuing Marshall Plan aid for Europe and Britain on the scale needed to do the job of reconstruction. There was no doubt, of course, that Dewey was headed in the right direction, led by such men as Dulles and Vandenberg. But these two did not necessarily lead Congress—particularly the Tafts and the Tabers. With such Congressmen in positions of power and influence, it was difficult to put complete faith in the future of the Marshall Plan.

Now, surely, we can rest assured that the Plan will carry on. For us that means, in the short run, that our exports overseas will not be cut back much, if any more and, in the long run, that Britain, Europe, and the world will recover sooner.

The Truman victory also means that the U.S. rearmament program is probably on safer ground—although this is not so certain. Some Republicans have, of course, been urging a stronger line against Russia together with greater outlays of money; but others, still isolationists at heart, have been opposing the expenditures and urging government economy in this as well as in other directions.

Inflation

The pressure for inflation and higher prices will almost certainly be greater under Truman. Not only will his outlays on aid to Europe and on armaments probably be larger, but he will also spend more on domestic programs.

In this regard it is well to recall that, while the Republicans fully expected to win the election when they drew up their party platform last June, the Democrats, meeting in July, were pretty sure they were going to lose. And so the Democratic platform was less restrained than the Republicans. The Democrats promised a good deal.

These promises will have to be kept, at least in part, and they mean spending a lot of money in various directions. The two most important are housing and agriculture. There will be no Republican Congress now to block the Democratic house-building program. In addition, with such important farm products as potatoes, tobacco, wheat and cotton already sitting on their "floor prices" a lot of money will flow out in this direction. The Democrats will almost certainly administer the floor-price-regulations more liberally than the Republicans who have been so keen on economy.

Of course the Democrats will offset all these expenditures to some extent by keeping taxes high and possibly even adding to them. The Republicans stood for drastic tax reductions. But few people seem to believe that the taxes raised by the Democrats will be powerful enough to offset the inflationary pressures that they will set loose in other directions.

Amongst the Democrats' promises were some for price control. Certainly they will have to introduce some legislation. Probably this will give the President the legal power to control certain prices. But legal control does not necessarily mean actual control, as Americans well know, and it is doubtful how far the President would go in trying to use the powers. In any case, nobody seems to expect that the controls would be very effective although they might do some good in specific fields.

In general, one can say with some confidence, that the Democratic victory will lead onward and upward a higher trade for this country. But our joy at this prospect must be somewhat tempered by a realization that it will also lead onward and upward to higher prices in the United States. And that, of course, will mean higher prices here too.

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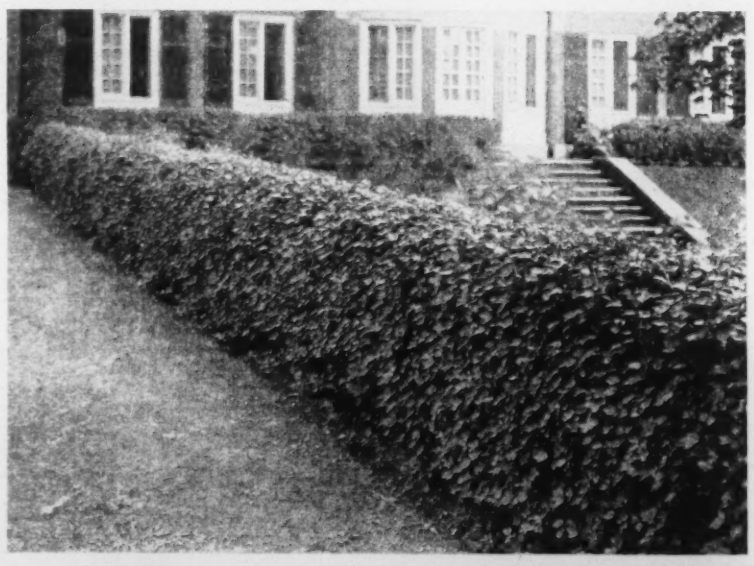

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Indian Legends Aid Search For Atlantis Evidence

By ALISON BARNES

Interest in the buried continent of Altantis has revived, largely due to the efforts of Egerton Sykes, English founder and chairman of the Research Centre Group.

Alison Barnes, writing from London, sketches the personalities of the group and how they plan to go about the job of building the story of Atlantis.

THE ancient legends of the Canadian Indians are believed to be one of the most uncontaminated pools of folk lore to be found in the world. Under careful and dispassionate study they may provide a vital clue to the link between the east Canadian Indian and the cultures of Europe and west Africa, so giving proof of a cultural bridge across the Atlantic and possibly even establishing the existence of the submerged continent of Atlantis, first described by Plato.

That is the belief of Egerton Sykes, English founder and chairman of the Research Centre Group, a world-wide organization, with headquarters in London, coordinating the activities of three closely related bodies: the Atlantis Research Centre, the Hoerbiger Institute and the Avalon Society.

The cooperation of investigators in all parts of the world is being sought by the Research Centre Group; Mr. Sykes is particularly anxious to get into touch with Canadian authorities on Red Indian folk lore and kindred subjects. Dominion affiliation of the group already includes Mrs. Sheila Cockling of Toronto, and Mrs. K. E. Maltwood of Royal Oak, British Columbia, a leading authority on Zodiacal Temples, a new one of which has been discovered in the past few months in Wales by an English member of the Avalon Society's Council, Lewis Edwards.

Ultimate aim of the research now being carried out is to push the deadline of history back to at least 10,000 B.C. This is the first time in all the centuries during which the Atlantis myth has been discussed, that a serious attempt has been made to coordinate the innumerable unofficial groups.

The founding of the Research Centre Group is a romantic story. Twenty-five years ago Egerton Sykes, then living in Warsaw, noted that the official picture of the cultural frontiers between pre-history and history tended to put our ancestors on a level far below that to which they were entitled if measured by their many achievements. He began to collect a library of Atlantis literature and to draw up the lines upon which investigation still needed to be carried out. That library amounted to some 700 books in all European languages by the autumn of 1939, when, together with all his other possessions in Warsaw, Egerton Sykes was forced to abandon it to the Germans. Further progress was delayed by service in the Middle East until 1945, running an army newspaper in Cairo and in his spare time giving lectures to the troops.

Job for Bored Men

The men, thoroughly bored with all the usual subjects, crowded to hear Egerton Sykes' occasional talks on his favorite hobby, Atlantis. It was the perfect "escapist" subject, stretching far back in time, dramatic and forceful, dwarfing current events into proper perspective. The first study group was formed in Cairo, moved to Naples in 1946 and on to Rome later in the same year. From those small beginnings grew the new international group.

By far the most valuable evidence in support of Plato's statement that the Continent of Atlantis was "submerged under seismic phenomena" came in recent years from the Viennese engineer and cosmologist, Hans Hoerbiger. According to Hoerbiger, the moon has not always been a satellite of the earth. Five or six hundred generations ago, the oceans were practically tideless; in the heavens a strangely erratic planet was visible, sometimes outshining Jupiter in brilliance, at others disappearing entirely from view. The planet, Luna, travelling between the orbits of earth and Mars, nevertheless exercised a very considerable and, over a period of generations, a steadily increasing effect on the earth, causing volcanic eruptions, earth tremors, flood tides and submerging low land.

Hoerbiger accounts for these phenomena on the grounds that Luna, being some fifty times smaller and eighty times lighter than the earth, was being drawn into the earth's gravitational sphere, until eventually it was captured and turned into a satellite.

When the final struggle came between the two planets, it was accompanied by world-shattering events. First the planet Luna appeared bigger and brighter as it came nearer to the earth. Then earthquakes took place and the earth's crust split into slabs, with volcanoes belching flames and lava. The ocean waters, under the gravitational pull of Luna, rushed from the polar regions towards the tropics where they converged in one huge girdle tide which swamped thousands of acres of land and wiped out whole nations.

Even when the tides began to subside again, the lower-lying regions in the tropical zone remained submerged under the tide bulge, which is permanently held there by the gravitational pull of the moon and has a depth of some 8,000 feet. Among the submerged countries would have been Atlantis, lying fairly low in the tropics below what is now the Atlantic Ocean.

British Expert

But Hans Hoerbiger died in 1931 and one of the Viennese societies concerned with his theory was liquidated by the Nazis during the war and all but one of the members of the Berlin group are missing. A second group in Vienna, which had been kept alive by its chairman, and the sole survivor of the Berlin group have now been located and have affiliated themselves to the Research Centre Group, which is also supported by H. S. Bellamy, the leading British expert on the Hoerbiger theory and author of "Moons, Myths and Man," "The Book of Revelation Is History," "Built Before the Flood," "In the Beginning God," and "The Atlantis Myth," and Francis L. Ashton, the authority on the Tiahuanaco Calendar.

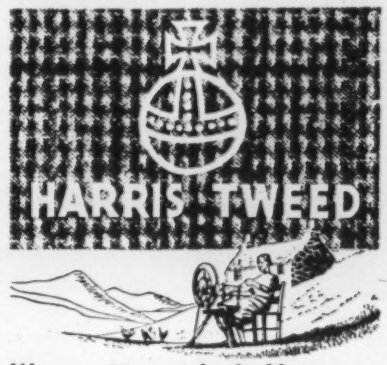
It is in relation to the Hoerbiger Theory that the myths and legends of the Canadian Indians and indeed of many unrelated peoples living around the Atlantic basin attain so much importance.

If the astronomers of the era before the capture of Luna had studied the skies and were anticipating some kind of flood, it is reasonable enough that their rulers should have taken some steps to save their people. Was this then the reason for Plato's "war between those who dwelt outside the Pillars of Hercules and all those who dwelt within"? Had the Kings of Atlantis sent an expeditionary force to Europe to fight the Athenians for possession of the mountains of Greece, an ideal spot to which to evacuate their population? But before they won their war and established their safe colony, the catastrophe occurred, cutting them off and leaving them, stranded without a homeland to which to return, a force of mercenary troops of little culture who hired themselves out to the highest bidder and quickly intermarried, leaving little trace of their country's high culture beyond the vague stories of flood disaster which crop up with monotonous regularity in the world's folk lore.

That the astronomers of the time were prepared for something drastic to occur has been established by the discovery of a calendar carved in stone in the Andes 50 miles from La Paz, which records a solar year of 260 days and the moon appearing 29 times a month.

Currency restrictions, as well as the need for financial backing, make the more ambitious scientific expeditions envisaged by the Research Group impracticable for the time being. Persia, Central and South America and the West Indies are regarded as probable sites likely to yield results in the future, but in the meantime South African members of the Group are arranging to survey the Rift Valley area and Egerton Sykes hopes to lead an expedition to the Azores, where he believes he may find traces of submerged Atlantis.

Meanwhile, the Research Centre Group, whose headquarters is at 9, Markham Square, Chelsea, London, S.W.3., will welcome enquiries and relevant information on the subject.



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LONDON LETTER

Now Miners Ask Special Tax Cuts As Bribe To Work Harder

By P. O'D.

London.

COAL remains an economic headache—social, too, for it affects all of us. There seems little likelihood of even the extremely modest objective of 200 million tons being achieved this year. Further fuel restrictions are threatened, and electricity cuts have already begun. It seems probable that a great many people will spend quite a lot of time next winter shivering in the dark. But miners of course won't. They get plenty of coal.

Warnings and appeals go on, but it is hard to see what good they do. They certainly don't result in more coal. Now the demand is being made that miners should be let off some of their income tax, as an inducement to earn more money—presumably by working for it.

The Minister of Fuel has promised to put the demand before the Cabinet, but it seems unlikely that anything will come of it. To establish a pampered class of tax-free workers would send all the other unions tumbling after one another down the Gadarene slope. The Pay As You Earn system of taxation may have its defects, but, if it is amended, it must be amended for all alike—probably by raising the deadline a little higher.

In the meantime, Mr. Horner, the Secretary of the United Mineworkers, a fanatical and blatant Communist, is over in France doing what he can to encourage French miners to persist in their efforts to sabotage the national recovery effort. Just before that, he was in Prague with a trade-union delegation. On his return he told a Press conference in London that the big mansions of this country should be taken over as holiday centres for the workers.

"If the owners of big mansions here," said Mr. Horner, "expose themselves as collaborators—as they will do when the time comes—we shall have the excuse to take over those mansions, as the Czechoslovaks have done".

"Collaborators" with whom? And what particular "time" is coming? Whatever it means—and perhaps it doesn't mean very much—there is one thing quite clear. While a pestiferous Communist of this sort remains the most active and influential official of their union, it seems an almost hopeless task to try to bring miners to a proper sense of economic responsibility and national loyalty. Comrade Horner is a really dangerous man.

Scientific Clearing-House

When the British Association was established nearly 120 years ago, and for a long time afterwards, its meetings were regarded as a sort of annual joke. It became known as "The British Ass;" and it must be admitted that the official name did rather invite that unflattering abbreviation. Even Dickens had a lot of good, clean, but not very intelligent fun out of Profs. Snore, Doze, and Wheezy, and their dissertations on Ditchwateristics and Umbugology.

What is more surprising, many eminent scientists themselves refused to have anything to do with the "B.A." They regarded its work as a vulgarization of science, an undignified and futile proceeding. But the men whose idea it was to bring science out of the laboratory and on to the platform, and thus arouse public interest in the work that was being done, went on with their plans and their annual meetings.

Gradually prejudice was conquered. Great men of science like Huxley, Lister, Kelvin, Lodge, and Rutherford cooperated.

Now the proceedings of the "B.A." get thousands of columns in the Press of the country, and are followed with a very widespread and careful attention. Not all its discussions, of course, for some of them make pretty heavy going for the mere layman, but enough of them to render the annual conference, such as the one which has just closed at Brighton, one of the really important meetings of the year—and important to scientists as well as to the public. These conferences form a great clearing-house of scientific ideas.

Helping "Gentlemen" M.P.'s

Once upon a time the gentlemen of England filled the benches of Parliament, because they were practically the only people who had the time and the money. In those days the working-class politician, however gifted or ambitious, had very little chance. Now it is the other way around. The Laborite, backed by trade-union funds and the immense trade-union political organization, goes romping in without a financial care. It is the "gentleman" (if I may go on using so humorously old-fashioned a term) who finds it difficult to make the grade. He can't afford it.

This was one of the questions earnestly thrashed out at the recent Conservative Conference—where Mr. Churchill gave to the world his impressive warning against the aggressive designs of Russia. Various suggestions were made and debated as to the best way of meeting the difficulty, such as limiting the subscriptions which M.P.'s and candidates are expected to pay to their local associations, and prohibiting them from paying anything at all towards election expenses. The idea is that these expenses, as in the case of the Socialists, should be met out of the general Party funds.

The first step obviously must be to establish such funds. Up to now local Conservative organizations have each run their own show, financed by local subscriptions—one reason why they have naturally tended to select candidates who could make handsome contributions. Now they will be expected to pay into the central fund. It seems a much better idea, but the more prosperous local organizations may not take very kindly to it. They may prefer to go on running their own show.

Artisan Golf Clubs

Many golf clubs in this country have flourishing artisan sections—local working-men who, for a mere nominal fee and with certain restrictions as to times of play, are allowed the use of the course.

The artisan club is an excellent and kindly institution, which has fully justified itself. None the less, in a good many clubs, where funds are low and costs are mounting, members are inclined to ask themselves why they should foot the whole bill, and why artisan players should not make a greater contribution to the upkeep of the course. They are all the more inclined to ask themselves this when they see artisan members rolling up in cars, as quite often happens, while regular members come along humbly on push-bikes or by 'bus. After all, these are prosperous times for working-men.

For this reason, golfers generally are taking a keen interest in an experiment which is being made at Sunningdale, one of the best and most famous of the inland courses of the country. Sunningdale has a strong artisan section, and has also a second course which during the war had to be abandoned to the weeds and the weather. To restore it would be an expensive and difficult task in these days of the labor shortage.

What the club did was to hand it over to its artisan members, on condition that they should do the work of restoration in their spare time. It was to be their own course for their unrestricted use, except that at weekends and on holidays, the regular members of the club were to share the right of playing on it.

Nine holes have already been restored, and are in excellent condition. It is an arrangement with which everyone seems to be satisfied. And it is one which may, with necessary modifications, be adopted elsewhere. Not many clubs have a second course to be treated in this way, but why shouldn't artisan members make a contribution in work instead of fees to the upkeep of the course they play on?

Probably a good many of them would be glad to do so—especially as for quite a few clubs it is a case of being kept up by voluntary labor or not being kept up at all. It is a poor sort of golfer who wants to have his sport at someone else's expense.

Electricity Exhibition

When long ago the butler at Cragside, a country house near Newcastle, put away the oil-lamps and for the first time switched on the electric light, he was, in a small way, making history. This was the first house in the world to be electrically lit. It had been equipped with the new bulbs invented by Sir Joseph Swan. And promptly one of them fell off into the soup.

Some of these early lamps from Cragside are among the 300 historic lamps on show in the present "Darkness into Daylight" Exhibition in the Science Museum, South Kensington. The display includes also the biggest electric lamp in the world, one of a million candle-power from a lighthouse, as well as the smallest, the tiny light on the end of a bronchoscope. But older visitors are likely to be most interested in the lamps from Cragside, and the reminder they bring of the days of gas—and oil-lamps, when electric light was new and strange and regarded as rather dangerous. It seems such a very long time ago, but really wasn't.

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Quebec's Classical French Superior To Patois

By FREDERICK J. L. BRONNER

The author is a member of the French Department at Hamilton's McMaster University, born in Paris, educated at the Lycée Condorcet, an integral part of the University of Paris. He has been engaged in educational work in Canada for many years, and has become an ardent student of the cultural heritage of French Canada. He is of French Protestant stock, and his ancestry on his mother's side is partly English. In addition to his literary studies he is a painter and art critic of ability, having studied under Dr. Arthur Lismer.

CANADIANS are beginning to realize that their country is now one of world importance, not only in the realm of war and politics, but in the sphere of intellectual influence and culture also.

There are many aspects to this culture. French Canadians who represent us abroad have demonstrated the contribution which bilingualism can make in international discussions. They have shown that they were worthy of the two great races which compose most of the strength of our Dominion. They have upheld the traditions of clarity and precision of the French language, whenever they have been called upon to use that language officially.

The Americans know only too well that Quebec is the centre of French culture in America; every member of the Modern Language Association of America knows that it is no longer necessary to go to Paris to learn French. In the July issue of the French Canadian newspaper *La Liberté et le Patriote*, published in Winnipeg for the French-speaking population of the West, the following information is printed:

"Nearly 1,100 students are attending the courses given this summer at Laval University. These 1,100 students come from four different continents, twelve countries are represented."

A glance at *La Liberté et le Patriote* shows that what is said of the culture of Quebec, can be said of the French Canadians in the West. In this newspaper, we notice one column devoted entirely to a struggle against "anglicisms".

André Siegfried, the well-known Protestant French writer, has written rather pessimistically on the subject of anglicisms in his book "Canada, Puissance Internationale". It may be said however, that the opinion expressed by this distinguished visitor was written before the second World War. Montreal has become a great centre for French publications on account of the long German occupation of France. The result is that anglicisms tend to disappear from the written page in French Canada owing to the renewed intellectual contact between old-country French and French Canadian publishers.

Abbé Maheux has often stated it is in France that all kinds of *patois* are spoken, and not in Canada. Monsieur l'Abbé is right. It is an absolute error to think that a Frenchman coming to Canada cannot understand what his French Canadian "cousins" are saying. The testimony of visitors must never be taken too seriously. An old-countryman often judges all of Canada too hastily. But it is quite true that the speech of French Canadians is influenced by anglicisms. This is what confuses at times the visitors to Canada, be they English or French.

Parisian French

The only difference between the so-called Parisian French and the French of French Canada is a difference in spirit and in pronunciation.

The letter is the same.

Since the Revolution of 1789, the old provinces of France have disappeared, obliterated by the new unifying system of *"departements"*. Since Napoleon's times, Paris has become the one and only authority in almost every sphere of life, and the personality of ancient provinces has vanished. East, north, west or south, even in the far-off French colonies, people of French blood copy the style of Paris in speech, customs and manners. French peasant women, who used to be pretty and at ease wearing the ancestral head-dress, now feel obliged to adorn themselves with the latest from the *Ville Lumière*, and in so doing these provincial people lose their identity. It is the same about the language, everybody in France endeavors to speak as the Parisians do—*sans accent*.

May I state here, that Parisian French as spoken around the slums is "horrible"? In France, people are far from Montaigne, who advocated turning to the strong, powerful speech of the provinces when the French language needed a boost.

In Canada, we find that French Canadians had a personality of their own, before the Revolution. They are a product of the Classic era in France, the Golden Age of Louis XIV, which had been a triumph of the French language over the *patois* as well as over the more refined dialects of old France. When in doubt as to which of two words was the better word, French Canadians went to their priests, who always gave them an answer detrimental to old-country *patois* and advantageous to pure classic French. It is correct to say that it is the priests in Canada who have killed French *patois* and salvaged the French language to make it what it is to-day.

Now the French Canadians, who have accomplished so much by themselves, do not want to be dictated to by the old-country French in matters of speech, education, manners and customs. They want to "drink from their own glass." Theirs is a strong Canadianism.

Listen to French Canadian actors in an old Molière play like "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme". If you are a student of the French language, you will enjoy the spectacle far more than if you were at the *Comédie Française*, because you seem to be transplanted into the atmosphere of old Versailles when French Canadians perform. The pronunciation here, in Canada, is that of the times of *Le Grand Monarque*.

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SPORTING LIFE

Lots And Lots About Lotteries

By KIMBALL McILROY

IT ISN'T very often that this department can find any reasonable grounds for agreeing with any public statement made by Premier Duplessis of Quebec. Mr. Duplessis has some strange ideas on the subject of French collaborators, Witnesses, and padlocks. However, this is not a political department, and the fact remains that Mr. Duplessis was recently reported to have said some very sensible things before a group of small-time Quebec politicians.

Mr. Duplessis' suggestion had to do with lotteries. He said he thought it would be a good idea if the provinces conducted lotteries, the proceeds to go toward the upkeep of various public services.

This is not a new idea, of course—many countries now conduct lotteries, and most have at one time or another in the past—but it hasn't been raised recently in Canada.

It is an unfortunate thing that there is a provision in the Criminal Code which specifically forbids lotteries. The Code, though, is supposed to be administered by the provinces. There is also a provision in the Code against most sorts of frivolity on the Sabbath, but it too is administered by the provinces. Some provinces, that is.

Mr. Duplessis has a very agreeable Attorney-General in matters of this nature, and it is highly probable that he may go ahead and hold lotteries, feeling that he is reasonably immune from arrest for so doing. That is something which doesn't concern us here. More important is the question of whether or not it mightn't be a good idea if all the provinces went ahead and organized lotteries, the proceeds to be spent for worthy purposes.

You see, a lottery is merely a straightforward and easily controlled form of gambling. There are laws of all sorts against gambling, and yet it thrives. The only trouble is that the proceeds go to purposes which only the individual promoter can honestly feel to be worthy. Of course, the present anti-gambling laws are just a teeny weeny bit hard to figure out.

It is, for example, just as legal as it can be for a man to knock off work some afternoon, proceed to the nearest race track, and wager the month's wages on a nag. It is most illegal indeed, on the other hand, for him to suffer an attack of conscience, decide to work all afternoon, and lay his bet instead with some obliging bookie. The gimmick is that the government gets its cut from track bets.

All this would seem to prove that there is no moral issue involved in gambling so far as the authorities are concerned, a conclusion which is borne out by a look at Great Britain, a very moral country which still takes an extremely broad-minded view of gambling in general.

LET us examine the lottery question. At the moment all public services are paid for by taxes. It is pretty safe to say that most people dislike paying taxes. It is about the only money the average person spends in return for which he doesn't get some sort of a run. If the government were even willing to flip a coin, double or nothing, it wouldn't be so bad. At least there'd be an element of sport about the thing. But governments have little or no sporting instinct, especially the income tax departments.

Exponents of lotteries look at the thing this way. Let's suppose that the official coffers are in need of $100,000 for a certain worthy purpose. All right. We print 150,000 $1 tickets. We offer a prize of $50,000, in return for the lucky $1 ticket. Then we offer the tickets for sale. What happens? With an eye on this 50,000-to-1 shot, the public climbs all over itself to buy our tickets. When the dust settles, we have the needed hundred grand, someone has a windfall fifty, all concerned have had a little fun, and no one is going around muttering into his beard about high taxation.

It appears to make a lot of sense, doesn't it? Detractors will fight the proposition on a number of grounds. First, it's illegal in Canada. Right enough, but so is Sunday baseball. And laws can be readily changed, by parliament or by the new and speedier method of order-in-council. Second, it's against the public interest to encourage gambling. This is downright silly. Nothing in this whole country requires less encouragement than gambling. It is a lead pipe cinch that there are more bookies in Toronto than there are, say, doctors. And more prosperous, too. And this isn't including the stock market gentry, or operators of quiz shows. Lastly, by attempting to raise money through lotteries instead of by taxes, you're supporting your government at the expense of the chance-takers and the improvident and to the benefit of the hard-headed and the provident. Well, surely no reformer in the world could object to that.

SINCE people are going to gamble despite any measures which may be taken to prevent them, the valid issue appears to be that of who is going to profit from all the wagering that goes on. Who better than the government, the Peepul themselves? After all, if a man (or, more likely, a woman; they're far more instinctive gamblers) is going to throw away his hard-earned cash on affairs of chance, it's a good thing to give him back at least a little of it in the form of improved roads and new schools and what-not.

As a matter of fact, if you want to carry an analysis of lotteries to its logical conclusion, you'll find that no gambling is actually involved at all, because sooner or later every participant will win a prize, and the only money he has lost has gone to the government, who would have taken it in taxes anyway. The only difference is that everybody's had a lot of fun.

The remaining point to be discussed is that of what sort of a lottery you're going to run. The essence of any lottery is the straight drawing of a numbered ticket from a hat, even the ones where there's some kind of a tie-up with a horse race. You can't simply let people choose the name of the horse they think is going to win, and then pay them off if it does, because there are too few horses and too many people. (Which reminds us of a story about . . . but never mind.) So you *draw* names from a hat and then assign them to certain horses, thus making the thing look a little bit like a sporting proposition, but only a little bit. If you don't want to play around with the bangtails, you can just draw a number and say, "That's the guy who wins." Quick and simple, but not very exciting.

THE very popular numbers game (sometimes called the numbers "racket," depending upon the moral rectitude of those running it) has an element, if not of skill, at least of choice. You put your money on any number of three digits you happen to fancy. If the last three figures in the day's bank clearings, let's say, of your city happen to coincide with your selection, you're paid off—if it's a game and not a racket. This is fun, but since there are only 999 combinations of three figures, the pay-off is necessarily limited.

The English like to do their betting on the results of football games. You choose the winners of each of a series of games, mark your choices on a form, and shoot it along to the company with sixpence or a shilling or something. If the contests happen to wind up the way you confidently predict, you make quite a killing. No matter *how* they wind up, the company makes a killing.

Obviously the best thing for Canada would be some sort of an adaptation of this idea. The logical sport is professional hockey, which is publicized from coast to coast, has a reputation of sorts for honesty, and runs through a long enough schedule to allow for two or three or more lotteries.

Let's suppose that a lottery is to be held during each of the winter months. Twenty games are chosen as the basis for each draw, and tickets are printed showing every possible result. According to this department's none-too-reliable calculations, those twenty games could end, collectively, in any one of 1,048,576 different ways, if we forget about ties. So we sell that many tickets and we offer the odd $48,576—or perhaps an even $50,000—as the prize. At the end of the month the government is exactly a million bucks to the good, some lucky soul has fifty grand he didn't have a few minutes ago, and all hands have had a good time at a reasonable cost.

It may be suggested that with big money riding extra-murally on each — and especially the last — game, skullduggery would sooner or later rear its ugly head. Maybe so, but that would still be a matter for the hockey authorities and is no valid argument against the scheme itself. They've been running pools for a long time in Great Britain, and if any rumors of the fix have been floating around, they haven't floated this far.

This department offers the foregoing suggestion for painless extraction of governmental revenue *gratis* and without the slightest hope that anything's going to come of it. On the face of it, the proposition is much too logical to be adopted. The idea that gambling is immoral has somehow obtained a firm hold on the national consciousness, as has the notion that even if gambling does go on it's better just to ignore it and pretend that it doesn't.

Personally, we wouldn't take a ticket on a 1,048,576-to-1 shot as a gift, but it would be very nice when the income tax man came around to hear him say, "You don't owe me a cent. Not a cent. These lotteries have taken care of that. As a matter of fact, we made a slight miscalculation and ended up with a bit of profit. Here's eighty-seven cents, your share. Good day, sir."

Photo by Karsh

Gratien "Fridolin" Gelinas has completed a deal with the Theatre Guild to take an English version of his play, "Tit-Coq", to Broadway. Mr. Gelinas will star in it. Play is currently at Montreal's Gesu Theatre.

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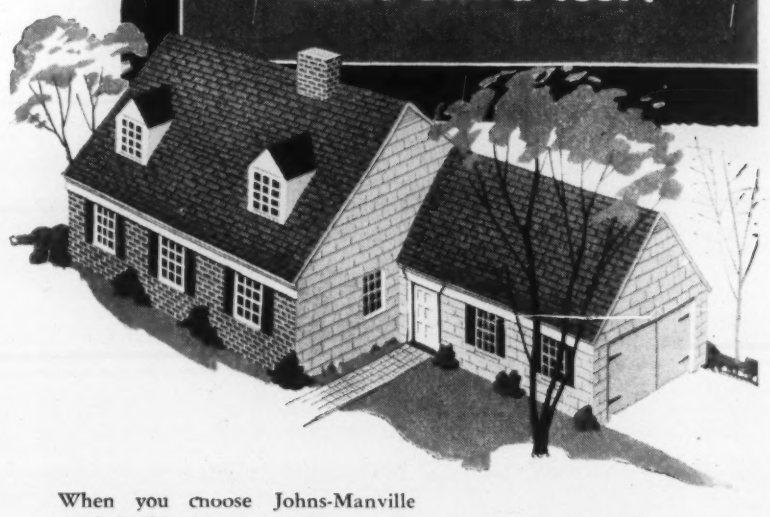

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MARITIMES LETTER

At U.N.B. A Singing President, At Acadia A Difficult Tune

By ERNEST BUCKLER

MARITIMES hillsides had no monopoly this fall on autumnal splendor. The official foliage of Chancellors and Ph.D.'s blazed like sumac in Wolfville and Fredericton, where representatives of universities all over Canada attended the formal inductions of Dr. Watson Kirkconnell as President of Acadia and of Dr. A. W. Trueman as President of U.N.B.

The stars themselves were not without color. Both were such comparative striplings (Kirkconnell, 53; Trueman, in his early forties) as to suggest a confounding of elders. One woman murmured, about which of them perhaps I'd better not say, "Why, he's cute!"

Beyond that, however, they're not alike either in appearance or in temperament. Kirkconnell's distinguishing mark is that precocity of youth which sometimes the heavier cast of experience never quite obliterates; while, in a sort of inverse superimposition, Trueman's is the cast of wisdom overlaying a youthful ingenuousness not quite outlived.

And if Kirkconnell's ideas have the structure of a hand grenade, exploding almost at the moment of release, Trueman's have more the patient mechanism of the time bomb. Their point of similarity is that in each case these ideas are equally definitive. One feels that, on the beam or not, neither on appropriate occasions will slip into the function of saying nothing special in a sort of invisible ink.

Dr. Kirkconnell shows no sign that his enthusiasm for the rough-and-tumble of ideological scrimmage has been replaced by the more cloistered gymnastics of an ivory tower; and it is pretty certain that Dr. Trueman will never succumb to the figurehead anaesthesia of dignitary office, that whatever course his University steers he'll be there in the wheelhouse.

This twin definitiveness has given rise to interesting conjecture. It happens that Trueman has an exceptionally fine singing voice, but the "Beaver" (who is Chancellor of U.N.B.) notoriously prefers to dance to no tune other than his own. And there is a whisper from the student body at Acadia that dancing to Kirkconnell's tune has rather more of the precision of the gavotte about it than they fancy.

Nostalgia And Progress

The Maritimes have always managed to strike a nice balance between nostalgia and progress. This is instanced by simultaneity of repair on the covered bridge at Avonport, N.S., and construction of the world's largest dock and breakwater at Cape Tormentine, N.B.

The covered bridge has survived through 70 years the threat of cigarette butts, the emotional incandescence of "sparkers", the cusses of farmers trying to sled through it in the winter, the possibility of a little extra steel turning up so that election promises to replace it would have no excuse for default, and a decided list which causes each end to point in a different direction, like Hortense's teeth.

The Tormentine structure is calculated to survive just about everything, including the propeller-wash of the gigantic "Abigweit" and the 5-mile squares of ice sometimes cast ashore in that district; 500,000 tons of rock have gone into it, as well as 404 coil springs fashioned from steel bars 3 inches in diameter, colossal cribs which weigh 1,600 tons each *before* the cement is poured in, and a slight matter of 4 million dollars.

Micro-Wave Station

We're supposed to be imitators in the Maritimes, rather than innovators. But the P.E.I. Telephone Co., in cooperation with the Maritime Tel. & Tel. Co., has come up with something brand new in the way of communications—a Micro-Wave station which by means of parabolic reflectors alone (no wires, no cable, no nothing), will open up 16 new channels of long-distance connection across the water gap between Charlottetown and New Glasgow.

The system has been operated before on a small scale, in U.S. military establishments; but this is the first time it's been used anywhere in the world for commercial purposes. Everything is automatic, a wire message reaching the reflector on the N.S. side being translated electronically, and rerouted through the opposite reflector into its proper conduit on the P.E.I. side, without so much as a "One moment, please". And vice versa.

I asked Mr. William Logan, a leading Maritime Tel. & Tel. engineer, how these messages passing in the air bridge could help tangling with each other, or maybe with one of the loftier soliloquies from "Stage 48"; and he was wonderfully kind and patient in explanation.

But when he began to talk about "multiplex circuits"—well, I part company with a physicist just beyond the simple fulcrum. When I got home I had notes that looked like: "spun aluminum 'dishes' . . . beyond exper. stage . . . 600 lbs. each . . . Pulse Time Modulation (heavily underlined)"; but I found that even the tenuous coherence they'd had at the time of conversation had now completely fled. I did retain, however, that the system probably cost around $150,000; was impervious to weather conditions, static, or radio interference (because it operates on a short wave about a thousand times the frequency of radar or television); was more practical, economical, and satisfactory than submarine cable; and was, indubitably, quite a thing.

Potatoes And Lobsters

Lifting a little higher the bushel which seems to be standard equipment for the original accomplishments of Maritimers, we spy Mr. C. F. Bailey of Fredericton, and Mr. William Jenkins of Fredericton. Mr. Bailey, in what must have been a work of the most heroic patience and one lacking entirely the stimulus of any spectator eye but that of the potato, labored with 160,000 seedlings through 14 years, until at long last we have a blightless spud. This discovery will save N.B. alone a million dollars annually, and they're still wondering what to call the new baby, for heaven's sake. What's wrong with "Bailey"? Mr. Jenkins, on his part, is lately responsible for something almost as revolutionary in the fishing industry. Hitherto it has been almost impossible to combat longer than 48 hours the fatal nostalgia which strikes a lobster immediately upon removal from home waters. Now they may be shipped safely to points as far away as Vancouver or the cities of the U.S. Mr. Jenkins, after heaven knows how much conjectural chemistry and expendability of sample, has devised a liquid mixture in which lobsters may be canned and kept alive indefinitely —not only alive, but happy as clams.

While we're at it, let's salute, too, the Carriden Choir of St. John, which has been selected to represent the Maritime Provinces in a choral broadcast by the B.B.C.

And do let's not forget to salute Mr. Charles Tredwell, a garage worker at Armdale, N.S., who is the first Canadian to volunteer a fiftieth donation of blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank.

Before his current tour of "Man and Superman", actor Maurice Evans visited famed, 92-year-old playwright George Bernard Shaw in his home at Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts., England. Mr. Evans in "Man and Superman" will be at Toronto's Royal Alexandra theatre week of Nov. 15.

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THE BOOKSHELF
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Simple Soldier's Book Stands Out From Welter of Fuzzy Reporting

By THADDEUS KAY

LAST OF THE CONQUERORS—by William Gardner Smith—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

THE WINE OF ASTONISHMENT—by Martha Gellhorn—*Saunders*—$3.50.

FROM THE CITY, FROM THE PLOUGH—by Alexander Baron—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.25.

THE CRUSADERS—by Stefan Heym—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.00.

THESE are four "war" books. As a matter of strict fact, however, only one of them actually deals with war, with ordinary fighting soldiers fighting, and it's the best one. Another deals with the officers and men of a Propaganda Intelligence Detachment, whatever that may be. In the other two, fancy runs a bit too free.

"Last of the Conquerors" was written by a twenty-year-old Negro, which is an interesting and perhaps amazing fact, and unfortunately a pretty good indication of the book's quality. The story opens some time after the war has ended, and deals with Negro occupation troops first in Berlin and later in a smaller German city. Its theme is that Negro soldiers liked Berlin, where there were lots of willing German girls ready to sleep with them, but didn't like the other town, where there were too few girls and too many white troops, and by inference didn't much like what they remembered of home, either, for the same reasons. It is very sincere and very bitter. It is only unfortunate that the author didn't see a little more of the war. If he had, he'd know that all soldiers, of whatever color, found things pretty good in Europe after the war was over and often wondered if home was ever going to be like this.

His thesis that in Germany there is no inherent tendency toward racial discrimination is not one that everybody will credit. He infers many good things about the Russians and the Russian Zone. There is no indication that he was ever there.

"The Wine of Astonishment" was written by a war correspondent, female. Correspondents were doubtless very fine and useful people, but a few of them saw their fighting from a good way back, and Miss Gellhorn's combat scenes sound just like despatches. Troops get killed, but it seems all in fun, just something for the papers. The love stuff is better. She's on firmer ground there.

"From the City, From the Plough" is the best of the lot, but we'll take it next. It's one of the simplest, and probably one of the best, war books anybody ever wrote. It hasn't got much of a plot, but then neither has war. It is the story of the Fifth Battalion, Wessex Regiment, from a few months before D-Day until a few weeks after. It is also the story of the Infantry. It may not make particularly pleasant reading for the squeamish, but the overall virtue of the book is that the author comprehends and displays the difficult fact that an awful lot of good things can come out of war, out of fighting, out of fear. There isn't a real hero (American style) in the whole business, and only one villain, who is one of those psychopaths who sometimes attain to very high military places in any army.

"From the City, From the Plough" has one almost incredibly good point among novels about war. You can believe in its characters both as men and as soldiers. Most war stories written by people who were not, or were only just, there, show the boys in the slit trenches continually thinking deep thoughts, either about Mom and her apple pie, or about the underlying purpose of the war, or about the motivating psychological factors which affect them and their buddies. All this is, of course, nonsense. Mr. Baron has come up with the astonishing suggestion that soldiers cowering under shellfire will think and talk about precisely the same things they would think and talk about sitting around a bar at home. About the only novel thought that comes to a man being shot at is that he wishes to Hell he was some place else.

A contrast in almost every way is "The Crusaders". It was written by an American, about American soldiers, if the boys of the Propaganda Intelligence unit can rightly be so called. In it almost everybody is either a hero or a villain. The issue seems to be the question of what the war is being fought for—a minor

ALEXANDER BARON

detail, really, from a strictly military point of view—and the characters fall into two categories: those who feel it's being fought for a worthy purpose, and those who think it was designed solely to afford them an opportunity to line their own pockets or bolster their own egos. An amazing number of things happen during the development of this theme. Most of these would be quite incomprehensible to someone who had the misfortune to be in any but the most rarefied echelons of the Canadian Army, which appears to have stuck strictly to its knitting. Women correspondents wander about right up with the troops (see above. Maybe it *does* happen in the U.S. army) and are seduced right in the billets (this, mind you, with the war going on), people refuse point blank to obey orders and receive only hurt looks in return, and so on.

All this sounds pretty awful, and is if you want to look at "The Crusaders" simply as a picture of the war. But taken as a novel, it is a good if overlong job. Heym makes his conflict between Good and Evil seem pretty real, and many of the characters come to life, even if they do talk too much. There is a plot, and it is cleverly resolved.

A good thing, because no one is going to take Heym too seriously as an authority on matters military after reading this little bit, which appears on page 91.

"A detonation, off to the side.

" 'Mortars,' said Bing.

" 'Yes.' Tolachian pressed the stub of his cigarette into the ground. 'You can't hear them when they come in. That's good, too. Sort of sudden, painless—right?' "

They must have used a different kind of mortar on the American front, too.

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THE BOOKSHELF

An Artist Parallels The Feeling Of Three Favorite Folk Lyrics

By JOHN YOCOM

THREE SPIRITUALS FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN—by Allan Rohan Crite—*Saunders*—$5.00.

WELL might Americans be fond of their greatest body of true folk songs—the Negro spiritual. And no singer worth his U.S. concert-stage salt—certainly no colored vocalist—would dare omit the spiritual from his repertoire. As a novel expression of this affection comes a pictorial translation of three of the best loved numbers ("Nobody Knows", "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", and "I Got a Robe"). The artist acknowledges the frank emotionalism of the music by picturing it dramatically and movingly, line by line, in brush-and-ink drawings.

Mr. Crite, a competent religious artist, has caught on paper the gentle humor, pathos and whimsicality that colored singers themselves admit when performing the songs, and like them he has not exploited the works vulgarly. In fact, he seems to have studiously avoided any cheap white man travesty of the Negro's religion. As art the drawings shed a mystical light somewhat in the way 19th century William Blake's steel engravings did for the Book of Job or Bertram Brooker's drawings did for Elijah. The symbols are universally Christian rather than confined to one race: the weary old darkie who throws himself in the arms of the Lord may be dressed in overalls but God and His Angels wear ecclesiastical robes.

The book makes a good companion when listening to Marian Anderson's recordings. Or for a uniquely relaxing moment, leaf the pages and hum the fine old melodies.

Despite the artistic excellence, there has been some disturbing "editing" in the captions, which would have irked the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, who first introduced the

"I got a harp"

simple songs to the U.S. and Europe in the 1870's, quite as much as it did us. Here are some examples of a zealous editor's work: Nobody knows the (for "de") trouble I see; Coming (for "comin'") for to carry me home; All God's children (for "chillun"); We are going (for "gwine"). On one occasion the familiar version is boldly rejected: Everybody talking (for "talkin'") about (for "'bout") Heaven (for "Heav'n") Aren't you going there? (for "ain't goin' there").

What is the authority on Negro folk songs? There are several books, mostly research products of southern U.S. Negro universities. The scriptural songs of the slaves were recorded for the first time during the Civil War. A number of white officers of Negro regiments in the Union army

"You got a harp"

"All God's chillun got harps"

wrote down the traditional melodies. In 1867 the first collection of them, "Slave Songs of the U.S.", was published.

Since the central theme of this trilogy is man's transition from earth to Heaven, artist Allan Crite has picked three spirituals of a contemplative nature, rather than narrative (as "Go Down, Moses" is). Each time you leaf and hum your way through this book you'll notice some surprising tricks. For instance, in the pictorial sequence there is a skillful effect of climax by artistic emphasis, something similar to what goes on in the song—and of course in your humming.

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Saintly Faces Easily Hide Dangerous Criminals

By C. W. TOPPING

The writer, who is Professor of Sociology at the University of British Columbia, discusses the difficulties which society has in identifying criminals. Broad classifications which have served for years are no longer efficient in our modern specialized reform programs. The procedure of scientific categorizing and diagnosis continues to make great advances.

THE most criminal-looking person I can call to mind is no criminal, but an eminent criminologist—a former warden of a famous U. S. prison. You can't tell a crook from an honest man just by looking at him and talking to him.

The defective delinquent, an exceedingly dangerous criminal type, does not at the age of ten differ greatly from the other children in the block. The Mule, an inmate of an Ontario jail whom I got to know well, looked like a bank president and talked like a college professor; but the razor-sharp dagger which I frisked out of his cell marked him as a murderer. Nutty, with his baby blue eyes and pink and white complexion, could have been little Lord Fauntleroy himself; but he was nothing of the sort. He was one of the most expert pick-pockets in Vancouver as two of my friends who took him home in their car discovered to their chagrin.

You meet criminals daily; rub shoulders with them on the street, in hotel lobbies and on trains. You even meet them in the homes of your friends. For most criminals, contrary to popular belief, are not in prisons. They are at large in every neighborhood, including yours. Canadian jails lock in on any given night four or five thousand persons; but their "guest books" record, in the course of a year, more than 70,000 names. The total prison population of Canada is approximately 15,000; but criminals known to the police approximate 100,000.

You may lead an isolated life, even so, you cannot avoid meeting a member of so great an army. Your safety and the safety of your children may depend on ability on the part of someone to spot and neutralize the dangerous criminal.

Why is identification so difficult?

First, because of a plethora of misinformation which invites us to think about criminals by stereotypes. The cartoonist sketches his lawbreaker as a flat-faced moron clothed in zebra stripes. The jutting, unshaven chin and the pug nose clinch the argument that this monstrous megalomaniac is a genuine and representative underworld character.

Mighty Mouse

The popular writers discard the cartoonists' slow-moving, dismal hobby horse. They mount a sparkling fire-wagon and go roaring down main street trailing an artificial dust-storm of blood and thunder. We do not witness, through their eyes, an unscrupulous and inconsiderate scoundrel using all necessary means to achieve mercenary ends; but a Mighty Mouse dashing through danger signals, putting things over on the rest of us and achieving place in that scintillating, transient, contemporary Hall of Fame, the front page of a metropolitan daily newspaper.

I myself first learned to identify dangerous criminals as "an opposite number"—as a Keeper of a Common Ontario Jail. The rule of thumb methods of sorting criminals that I promulgated were hailed as flashes of genius by my subordinates, but the glimmer of light that they shed into the general fog of misinformation that blanketed the land has guided few seekers after truth into an upward path.

I have, therefore, but not without misgivings due to an unforgettable and unfortunate official experience with a psychiatrist, turned to the experts, to the scientists. The scientists, I have become convinced, can spot a dangerous criminal faster than a chief of detectives. And the great advantage from our point of view is that the lips of the scientist are not sealed. He is prepared to take us fully into his confidence; he will even strive to explain his methods to us. Perhaps his great beacons can, at long last, dispel the crime-breeding gloom of ignorance that has held treatment programs at a stand-still for so many years.

The second difficulty is a tendency to classify criminals by crimes. Murder and manslaughter rank as dangerous crimes and their perpetrators as dangerous criminals. But a man proven guilty of manslaughter is frequently as much the victim of an accident as is the pedestrian whom he ran down. So is the boy who killed his little brother with the gun he knew wasn't loaded. Both are accidental criminals, of no great importance in or to the under-world.

At the time of my appointment to a jail I judged men by their misdemeanors and their crimes. A drunk was a drunk and that was that. But Happy was a dipsomaniac, as was the Mule. Two men so different I have seldom met. And it was the same with other groupings of prisoners.

Disgraced Family

Happy was a simple ne'er-do-well. The city knew him as a common drunk who had disgraced his reputable family. But Happy was seldom perturbed. He chirped like a sparrow on scavenger duty on a public highway, and he continued to chirp when we passed him along to another institution.

As a matter of fact, Happy had never really harmed anybody except himself. Would reformation make him happier? Or improve him?

The Mule was an alcoholic of quite another stripe. His intermittent binges grew ever closer and closer together. They got him into escapades which ended up as serious crimes. He resented his weakness and felt deeply the disgrace which he had brought upon family and friends. The Mule was anxious to change his ways, tried to get in the army, and never did get out of the gutter. But he was king of the jail when he was in it, and he kept a dagger hidden in his cell.

These two prisoners were classified officially as misdemeanants. They were recognized as habitual criminals—one step farther along the road to crime than was the accidental criminal. But if anything permanent was to be done with them or about them, it was also recognized that they must be studied as human persons rather than as common drunks.

Our third difficulty arises from this necessity. Broad classifications of criminals such as accidental and habitual which served our forefathers have become meaningless in our modern, dynamic, highly specialized society. Most parents can distinguish their child sick from their child well. Public health authorities insist that lepers and other "dangerous" sick be segregated until they can be given a clean bill of health.

Wild Man From Borneo

But the Wild Man from Borneo was not held until cured. The police had nothing on him except a charge of insubordination and a psychiatrist declared him to be sane despite a detailed report on his fantastic behavior. Number 151 broke up his wooden table and swore at the guards in hybrid French. He hated the magistrate who had sentenced him, the ship's captain who had put him under arrest, and the kindly interpreter who queried him about his temper tantrums. The Wild Man from Borneo was so set on doing away with himself that we had to take away his belt and remove all bedding from his cell.

This inmate was in all probability a defective delinquent, one of four types of dangerous criminals which scientists have ticketed for us. The most striking traits of the defective delinquent are his egotism, his suggestibility, and his impulsiveness. Bizarre behavior makes it possible to identify him at early ages, despite the fact that his disabilities do not blossom fully until he reaches the age of twenty. As a child he is retarded in school, does not get on well with his classmates, shows poor sportsmanship, and gets his way by underhand actions and by breaking the rules.

Defective delinquents, according to the experts, ought to be institutionalized in childhood if a successful outcome is to be anticipated. Superficial treatment in a community invites catastrophe.

A second explosive type of criminal for which a scientific profile is available is the sexual psychopath, popularly known as The Old Rapo. This man is an outcast in all communities once he is identified. He is even an outcast in the prison community. His two dominating traits are religiosity and a professed love of little children. Courts and public have long considered him a dangerous criminal.

But nothing constructive has been done about him. Picked up intermittently he is given a short jail sentence and then released. Permanent cure or permanent segregation, following accurate identification, are in order.

A third public menace who has been photographed under the scientific microscope is the confidence man. Dr. Edwin H. Sutherland has edited the life of Chic Conwell in a volume, "The Professional Criminal." Conwell began his spectacular career as a theatre usher but soon became a narcotics pedlar. He was later a pimp, then a sneak thief, then a pick-pocket. He finally graduated into the exalted ranks of the "con" men.

This professional thief travelled about the United States and Europe for twenty years and made an excellent livelihood. Police seldom

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arrested him; statutes seldom specifically covered his questionable activities. He never gave a sucker an even break. Conwell states that his various rackets could not have survived, much less prospered, except for the befriending of key personages whom he cultivated.

This type of dangerous criminal is seldom met in jails or in penitentiaries. He just doesn't get picked up. Or if he does get picked up, they just can't pin anything on him.

The hope of outsmarting the professional criminal lies chiefly in the identification of a fourth dangerous type of law-breaker, The Young Hoodlum, and the revamping of his irresponsible career. The profile of this youngster was sketched by a group of administrators and scientists who appeared as a panel before the Vancouver Institute. He was a thief. He considered other people stupid. He had been an habitual truant all his life. He came from a broken home. His parents lived in a run down neighborhood and neglected their children. He had been the victim of either too strict or too inconsistent discipline. He had taken up crime as play and at a very tender age.

And so the process continues to grow. When one recalls that scientific criminology has developed in its entirety since 1900, one finds justification for the belief that by the year 2000, scientists will have identified and immunized a very high percentage of such persons as are suspected of being dangerous criminals.

Bald Truth On Baldness Minus The Bugaboos

By R. P. LITTLE and BERNARD RAYMUND

Much of what these writers—one an M.D., the other a Ph.D.—have to say about baldness may not be comforting to those who are afflicted. However, they also state that today's dermatologist has an impressive list of treatments for the various forms of the condition and one might just be the answer to your problem. But don't be afraid to accept the bald truth either.

DID you know that at least ten forms of baldness are recognized? And some of the forms overlap, with perhaps more than one existing at the same time in an individual patient.

The very name — *alopecia* is intimidating. Medical legend, at least as old as Galen, has it that the fox suffers from diffuse patches of bare skin, probably because he inhabits a burrow, and from the fox, *alopex* the Greeks called him, comes the name of the disease. However, it is doubtful if the fox ever thought the condition serious enough to consult a physician. Indeed if mankind still wore a full coat of hair it is probable that he would ignore baldness. If this were so, few physicians would complain. In the absence of pressure, the physician, often bald himself, would probably never concern himself with the condition, having far weightier burdens to carry. But no, the bald, or those threatened with baldness, have from time immemorial clamored for his assistance. No one has ever died of baldness; it is doubtful if anyone was ever incapacitated by the disease; but the literature on this subject is bulkier than that, say, on rabies. Its terminology (by which we mean, as Dr. Osler once said, the method by which the physician disguises his ignorance) is even more forbidding and recondite than that of nuclear physics.

Humanity having dumped the problem in his lap, the physician has given the best of his energy and the scientific resources at his command to its study. With customary thoroughness medical science has begun with the hair itself and the follicle from which it grows. Now there exist in the body few structures so inaccessible to medication, so vulnerable to infection, as the hair follicle. The medical student has to learn its structure in detail; essentially each hair grows from the base of a sort of dermal trash basket. Not the hair alone but all the organisms, fungi, yeasts and molds that love hair and from which, being less than half alive, it cannot protect itself. The wonder is, not that there are so many forms of baldness, but that any of us have hair at all.

But that is not the whole story. In trying to pin the rap on one micro-organism or the other, the physician has been baffled by a brilliant failure. At one time the French dermatologist Malassez isolated a fungus, the pityrosporon that bears his name. Here was the criminal then; liquidate him, and the human scalp will again be the ornament it was supposed to be.

Even The Empress

Before the enemy was liquidated, another French physician, Darier, hit upon the happy, not to mention profitable, thought that suborrheic alopecia was due to a predisposition that he called *la kerose*. Predispositions for everything were becoming popular at the time; even the Empress Eugenie had one. Professor Darier's patients uniformly showed a muddy skin, large follicles, an altered structure of the epidermis that facilitated bacterial infection. But with the rise of modern bacteriology, Dr. G. W. Barber (the name is pure coincidence) was able to show that the pityrosporon of Malassez, as well as the acne bacillus and staphylococci, normal inhabitants of the human skin congregating by choice in hair follicles, aggravate if they do not cause the seborrhic state. However, by this time the skin specialists who had cashed in on the theories of Drs. Malassez and Darier had retired from practice and were living in comfortable villas in Marly.

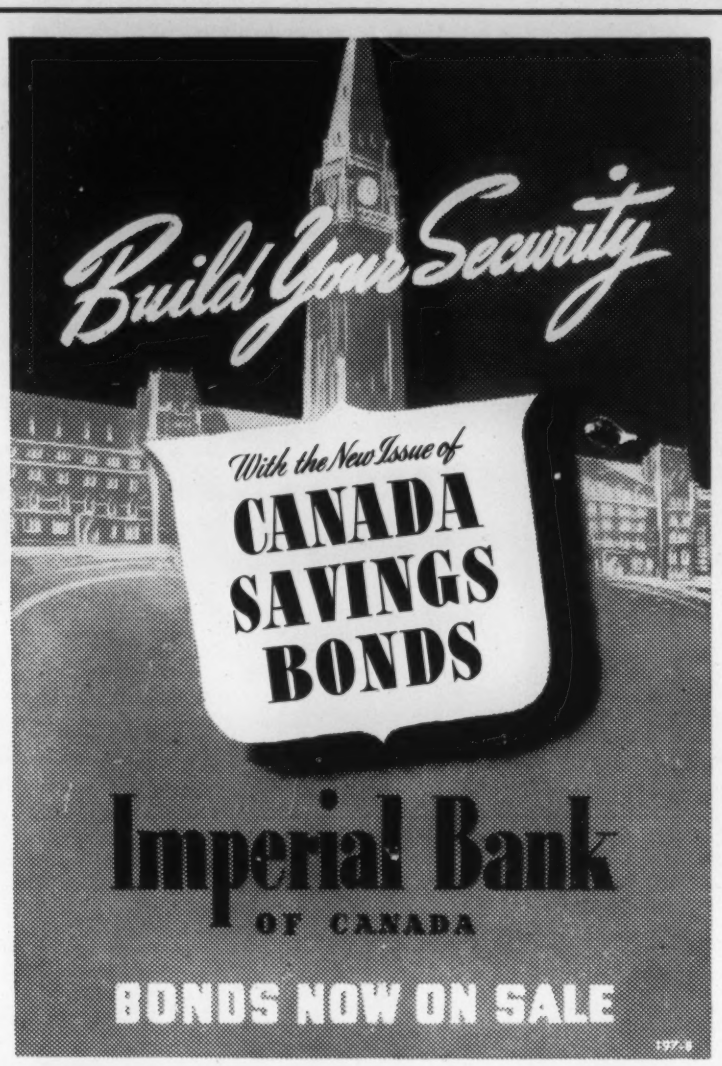
The question of the infectious origin of at least some kinds of baldness is still, as the physicians say, controversial. For instance, there is the interesting and classical case reported by Bowen of an outbreak of alopecia areata, known also by its French name *pelade*, in a school for girls where sixty-three out of sixty-nine were attacked. When one of the pupils was readmitted to the school six years later, forty out of forty-nine were affected. This is admittedly an uncommon form of baldness.

But to return to the form commonly prevalent, known to the specialists as diffuse or seborrheic alopecia, support for the theory of infectious origin is somewhat less tenuous. We know that seborrheic alopecia seems to run in families, and seems even to be what is termed a sex-limited characteristic. It is a matter of common observation that the hair line in women is normally rounded over the forehead, while in men after puberty, the hair tends to thin on the temples and the hair line is thus indented in this area. Occasionally women with endocrine disturbances will show the masculine type of baldness, which eunuchs, as might be expected, show the typical feminine hair-line and rarely suffer from common alopecia.

What many people do not know about seborrheic baldness, is that if one is not actually bald at thirty-five, the chances are that he will never become so. The hair will thin with the years, just as the skin in other parts of the body atrophies, but the calamity of total baldness, whatever the individual imagines, seldom impends. When the condition sets in at an earlier age, spontaneous cures are rare. When spectacular recoveries are reported, they are probably alopecia areata which tends to get well of itself.

Medically speaking, then, the specific cure for common baldness does not exist. Specifics, as medical science has progressed, have rapidly become more numerous but there is still none for seborrheic baldness. Moreover, the physician does not pin much hope on finding one. Indeed the wonder drugs of our day—penicillin, streptomycin, the sulfa group—fail him here.

That does not mean to say that no remedies exist. In fact the skin specialist has many of them; his riches in this respect are almost an embarrassment. Go to him with your trouble and he will write you a prescription. If it does not benefit your case, he has another one for you to try. But if he tells you the bald truth it will be that seborrheic alopecia has no real cure. Loss of hair may fluctuate, growing better and worse with the general condition. Those now afflicted with the malady should be gently told that the treatments they use are probably better for their morale than for growing hair, and that their baldness will probably last as long as they do if not longer. They have this consolation: the longer they live the less they will care about it.



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Courtesy, Climate and Comfort Welcome Visitors To Cuba

By JOSE CLEMENTE

CUBA, at the door of the United States, overflowing with tropical charm and the attractions preferred by North American tourists, is always ready to give a most hearty welcome to the multitude of travellers who, after so many years of war, now long to spend their vacations in an exotic yet fraternal atmosphere.

A trip to Cuba places before the eyes of the visitor a panorama of splendid natural beauties. It offers the mildness, in the height of winter, of an invigorating tropical climate, the marvel of an exuberant vegetation in perennial verdure, the historic vestiges of a rich colonial past and typical customs based on a traditional hospitality, which will be indelible memories of the trip.

Havana is the principal port of access. Its privileged geographical position and spacious bay, sheltered and deep, make the Capital of the Republic a maritime center of international rank at which the principal tourist routes converge and is the port of call of the most renowned tourist ships of all flags.

To the interesting reminiscences of the old colonial metropolis, Havana adds the sumptuousness of its modern buildings in the various urban zones, which give it the well-deserved rank of a magnificent cosmopolitan city. Prominent among its splendid buildings are the high class hotels of international type and comfort which, as in the years prior to the war, are now ready to accommodate numerous visitors.

Year-Round Sport

One of the characteristics of Cuba is that of offering the visitor the opportunity to practice his favorite sport the year round, either in or out of doors, from swimming in the warm, eternally blue waters of marvelous beaches at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, to following the chase—staged in wonderful dreamland scenes. When the ice and snow imprison the northlands, the thermometer in Cuba registers the mild temperature that must have prevailed in the terrestrial paradise.

No matter if the visitor arrives by water or by air, Havana opens her arms in hearty welcome and offers, in a friendly gesture all the beauties of the Capital in which are found, happily blended, the old colonial charm and the luxury and splendor of modern palaces. Within the enclosure of the ancient colonial city, at one time surrounded by a wall as a defence against pirates and corsairs, the tourist, eager to penetrate the history of the legendary Island, finds a cluster of old relics that huddle around the Cathedral—where the mortal remains of the Discoverer of America were treasured and in whose plaza subsist, admirably preserved, ancient palaces in which the memory of proud Spanish Grandees still endures.

The archaic civic center of the Plaza de Armas presents to the visitor the severe palace of the Governors-General (today the City Hall); the palace of the Lieut. Governors (now occupied by the Supreme Court); "La Fuerza" Castle — that same one with the romantic legend of Dona Isabel de Bobadilla waiting in vain, for three years, for the return of her husband, the Adelantado Hernando de Soto, who perished while exploring the Mississippi River and the Florida peninsula; "El Templete" that original civic shrine, true book in stone, that preserves in its mural pictures, the history of the foundation of Havana.

But this is not all. The story of the colonial grandeur of military and martial Havana can be read in the imposing fortresses of: La Cabana (one of the largest in the world), El Morro and La Punta, zealous guardians of the bay and literally loaded with historic mementos—some cruel, others romantic — of which one of the most important episodes is the capture of Havana by the English and North American Colonials, under the command of Lord Albemarle, in 1762.

As to religious architecture, in addition to the Cathedral, which is an interesting example of colonial baroque of the XVIII century, a visit might be made to: the Santa Clara convent whose cloisters, once silent, are of rare charm; the ancient, aristocratic Merced Church; the ex-Convent of San Francisco where the severe style of architecture and stone vaulted ceilings excite admiration; the florid Gothic of the Sacred Heart Basilica with its marvelous leaded windows that represent the most notable acts of the Society of Jesus.

Worthy continuers of that colonial tradition of magnificence are the splendid buildings of modern Havana whose greatest exponent is the imposing National Capitol of incredible splendor, in the construction of which were spent more than twenty million dollars, and is probably the most sumptuous palace in all Latin America.

The Presidential Palace (Cuba's White House, gorgeously decorated) also deserves a visit, as does the National University — whose elegant modern buildings occupy a considerable extent of ground upon an eminence that dominates the city; the National Hotel, one of the most beautiful, spacious and luxurious in America; the National Theatre and many other palaces and edifices that are interesting examples of modern architecture adapted to tropical needs, located either in the heart of the city or in any of the fair, quiet residential suburbs, abiding places of comfort and the joy of living whose charms have induced many tourists and accidental visitors to make their homes here, spontaneously becoming habitual residents of this land of perpetual spring.

Thanks to the Central Highway of over 600 miles in length, Havana is the starting point of numerous excursions to the interior of the Island. Toward the west is a section of the Highway, more than 100 miles long, which takes the visitor to Pinar del Rio through dreamland panoramas. Following this road may be seen the famous Vuelta Abajo tobacco plantations where the best tobacco in the world is grown; likewise a visit can be made to San Diego de los Banos, whose mineral springs are considered among the best in America for the cure of rheumatism; and lastly, marvelous Vinales Valley is reached and the visitor will contemplate, with bated breath, the stately beauty and indescribable geological formations.

To the south of Havana, along a branch of the Central Highway, is the picturesque fishing town of Batabano, on the shores of the Caribbean, across whose serene waters the visitor arrives at Isle of Pines, that served Robert Louis Stevenson as inspiration for the theme of his well-known novel "Treasure Island". The Isle of Pines is another of those delightful tropical Edens overflowing with light, tranquillity and healthful thermal waters.

For The Motorist

Finally, to the east of Havana, following the Central Highway to Santiago de Cuba, about 600 miles distant, may be seen, in succession, the city of Mantanzas and its celebrated Yumuri Valley, where the beauty and serenity of the tropical landscape have reached their maximum expression; and the Bellamar Caves, of wonderfully strange stalactite formations. In the same Province is San Miguel de los Banos, the most famous Spa in Cuba for the cure of gastric and hepatic affections; and not far away is the incomparable Varadero Beach that enjoys the fame of being one of the most beautiful in America.

In the legendary province of Las Villas are the sleepy old cities of Trinidad and Sancti Spiritus, founded in the beginning of the XVI century, and miraculously preserving, through 400 years, all of their colonial characteristics.

About 350 miles from Havana is Camagüey, the "City of Churches," as it is commonly called, that also treasures numerous vestiges of its colonial past, and, at the end of the journey is Santiago de Cuba, first capital of the Island and today of Oriente Province, surrounded by an amphitheatre of picturesque landscapes that witnessed the principal events, on land and sea, of the Spanish-American War. The city and neighboring countryside, particularly San Juan Hill and El Caney are shrines that treasure monuments commemorating the struggle for Cuban independence.

Added to all the attractions of fascinating landscape, climate, history and tradition, is a powerful one: the cheerful and cordial disposition of the Cubans, whose courtesy and hospitality towards the stranger have become proverbial. As a reflection of the character are the customs, the festivals, the music and the dances, already world-famous, which the tourist will admire in their native heath; fascinated by the originality of the rhythms, the varicolored costumes and the exotism of the dances.

The Cuban Tourist Commission, a government organization, will furnish free, at its offices, all the information that may be desired, and also answer inquiries by mail. At the points of tourist interest such as the National Capitol and similar places, uniformed guides courteously attend the visitors. English, spoken by almost everyone is considered the second language of the Island.

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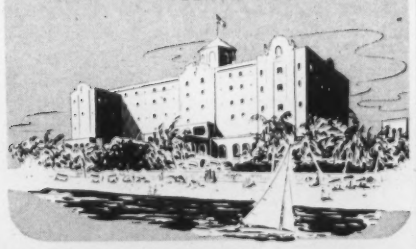

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SCIENCE FRONT

Dr. Millikan Suggests Franklin Is Real Electron Discoverer

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

New York.

DISCOVERY of the electron, the atom of electricity, seems to belong to this era. It is usually attributed to J. J. Thomson, the English scientist, a little more than fifty years ago, although it was described by Sir William Crookes, a dozen years earlier, as the "fourth state of matter." The actual discovery of the atom of electricity was made in this country 200 years ago by Benjamin Franklin, but announced at a later date.

Attention is called to this discovery by Dr. Robert A. Millikan, president of the California Institute of Technology, who was first to isolate a single electron and make extremely accurate measurements of its properties, for which accomplishment he was made Nobel laureate.

Franklin was not a rare case of an outstanding scientist developing in some unexplainable manner in the colonies. He had many scientific associates, who have not achieved equal fame. He organized the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia where many scientists of those days gathered to report their investigations.

Jet propulsion, which also seems a very modern development, was tried in Franklin's time by James Rumsey, who was born in Maryland about 1743, a half-century before Robert Fulton, the man credited with being the father of the steamboat.

Rumsey Society

Rumsey proposed to drive boats by jet propulsion. His plan called for using a steam engine to drive a pump that would draw a stream of water in at the bow of the boat and eject it at high speed from the stern, thus providing the forward thrust. Franklin was among those who formed the Rumsey Society to foster the use of this and other of Rumsey's scientific developments.

The colonies lost one of their outstanding scientists, Benjamin Thompson, born in Woburn, Mass., in 1753, who made important contributions to the study of heat. This was as mysterious an agent as electricity, in those days. As the "spirit of flame," or phlogiston, it was considered a material substance. Thompson led the scientists to think of it as a non-material form of energy.

Thompson was an extreme Tory in his political views and in conflict with the group that staged the Revolutionary War so he left for England and later for Bavaria; where he became Count Rumford. In return the colonies received later an even greater scientist, Joseph Priestly, born in England in 1733, who discovered oxygen and its role as the part of the air essential in keeping us alive. Priestly expressed sympathy for the groups in France that were later to stage the French Revolution—which caused a mob to burn his home and library and destroy his laboratory in England. He fled to the United States and made his home in Pennsylvania.

Before His Time

How far ahead of his times Franklin was may be gauged by the fact that the modern chemical atomic theory was not formulated until 1803 by John Dalton, in England, more than a half-century after Franklin began his research in 1747. A general atomic theory, however, was established by Greek philosophers more than 2,000 years earlier.

In support of his claim that Franklin should be considered the discoverer of the electron, Dr. Millikan, in a communication to *The American Journal of Physics*, cites Franklin's letter to Peter Collinson.

Franklin, in this letter, clearly states that the electric fluid is composed of charged particles which repel each other but are attracted by other forms of matter, and which are a normal constituent of matter but when present in an excess amount produce a charged state.

"The electrical matter," Franklin wrote, "consists of particles extremely subtile, since it can permeate common matter, even the densest metals, with such ease and freedom as not to receive any perceptible resistance.

"Electrical matter differs from common matter in this, that the parts of the latter mutually attract, those of the former mutually repel each other. Hence the appearing divergency in a stream of electrified effluvia.

"But though the particles of electrical matter do repel each other, they are strongly attracted by all other matter. . . .

"Thus common matter is a kind of sponge to the electrical fluid.

"But in common matter there is (generally) as much of the electrical as it will contain within its substance. If more is added, it lies without upon the surface, and forms what we call an electrical atmosphere, and then the body is said to be electrified."

Obvious Truth

The opening sentence contains the simple statement of an epoch-making discovery: "The electrical matter consists of particles . . ." After 200 years of research we cannot improve the content of Franklin's conclusion. Its obvious, axiomatic truth may stand forever, but perhaps at the end of another 200 years additional truths may give it a different aspect.

COMMAND

I LOOKED a swallow in the face
When we were quite alone,
And in her glance, I found no trace
Of worlds I'd ever known;
Her eyes, from out her nesting place,
Were black as polished stone;

I saw her candelabra claws
Notched like a dragon's hand,
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I turned my eyes away, because
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FILM PARADE

Will Mass Man Theory Collapse Along With National Polls?

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

NOW that the national polling system has been at least temporarily discredited, it is a good time for Hollywood to reconsider its Mass Man theory.

If the recent Presidential election proved anything it proved that the Mass Man—if he exists at all—is far less predictable than the individual and far more unaccommodating than the minority group. He is too large and fluid a phenomenon to be contained for any length of time by the most ingenious checking system, and the more intricate the system, the less likely it is to be adapted to his large, simple needs. Actually the chief thing he demands is a choice of alternatives.

Under the circumstances the best thing for Hollywood to do is to throw its checking gadgets out of the window, dismiss its test audiences, concentrate on pictures made by people of talent and imagination, and then trust the product to find its own market. This will be a gamble but there are plenty of pre-tested, predigested million dollar flops to prove that you can't make pictures of any kind without taking chances. A bad picture can be just as shaky a risk as a good one.

Alfred Hitchcock is clearly a director who never subscribed to the Mass Man theory.

From the beginning he made pictures to suit himself, films that experimented with and frequently exploited the screen's capacity for action, pace and shock. Whether you liked Hitchcock or not, you could hardly fail to recognize them as the work of a man of independent imagination. Actually so many people did like them that he might have gone on making "typical" Hitchcock films indefinitely.

Apparently he simply got tired of making films that way and went on to something else. His camera, which used to be sent on continent-wide chases, has been circling within narrower and narrower limits. At the same time he has shifted his interest from external events and actions and has concentrated with greater and greater intensity on what takes place inside his characters' heads. In "Rope", his latest film, he confines the story to a single limited set, and apart from a brutal opening and a melodramatic ending, the action is almost completely subjective. Between the two explosions of violence "Rope" is largely an exercise in exacerbated nerves.

The picture is a film version of the Broadway drama "Rope's End," which derived from the famous Loeb-Leopold case of the Twenties. Two bright young men (Farley Granger and John Dall) decide to murder a third youth, simply for the sake of intellectual excitement, and in the opening scene the victim of this cultural experiment is strangled and dumped into a large chest. That evening the chest, contents and all, is used as a table from which the lads serve an elegant buffet supper to a selected group of friends. The guests include the murdered youth's father (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), his ex-fiancée (Joan Chandler) and a former teacher (James Stewart), whose nihilistic theories have convinced them of their right to operate outside moral law. The drama is skilfully built on the teacher's mounting suspicion and horror as he realizes where his teachings have led and, finally, what his ex-pupils have been up to.

It must be admitted that the cocktail discussion on the amorality of murder hardly rises to the level of high-school debate, and that much that is intended to pass as intellectual brilliance in "Rope" sounds like the most callow nonsense imaginable. Hitchcock, however, is less interested in intellectual motivation, than in the slow tightening, moment by moment, of emotional horror; and no one could be more skillful in creating cumulative psychological shock in an almost static situation. If the dialogue of "Rope" had been on the same high level as the direction, it might have been one of the most exciting pictures of the year.

It is extremely well acted, particularly by John Dall as the most hardened of the two experimenters. In fact, Mr. Dall's performance was so outstanding that he may find difficulty from now on in securing anything except roles of fancy perversion.

Momentum Picked Up

The title "June Bride" didn't look very promising and neither did the opening shots of the over-familiar New York skyline. Then Robert Montgomery came into the picture and it immediately picked up momentum and style. From this point on it became one of the funniest comedies in weeks.

The editor of a slick metropolitan women's magazine (Bette Davis) decides to feature a real small-town bride and her wedding in the June issue of her magazine. Having secured permission from the bride, she descends on the family with her staff, including a photographer, a stylist, a cooking expert and a reluctant feature writer (Robert Montgomery). They immediately go to work to convert the bride's home, gloomily described by one of them as a "McKinley stinker," into something more acceptable to a metropolitan circulation; and the picture, as it proceeds, develops along with the acute observation of domestic detail common to women's magazines, a ribald disregard of all the niceties that women's magazines like to foster.

Bette Davis has been committed for so long to grievous or embittered or ennobled roles that her talent for comedy has been obscured, though actually it is her best talent. Her present light-hearted assignment enables her to shed most of the mannerisms that are no doubt becoming to tragedy, though they have grown increasingly unbecoming to Bette Davis. No one could question Miss Davis's intelligence in any role, but it is pleasant to see it combined at last with gaiety.

The dialogue in "June Bride" is unusually sharp and lively. One of the best lines, however, turned out to be funnier than the author's intention. "I've been out in the kitchen," one of the characters complains, "talking politics all the way from McKinley to Dewey."

•

JULIA MISBEHAVES. Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson in a comedy that tends to look like a slapstick parody of their Mr. and Mrs. Miniver relationship.

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BERNICE COFFEY, *Editor*

BANG-BANGS

What's Wrong With The So-Called "Comics"?

By DORA CARNEY

TOMMY, the eight-year-old, marched into the living room and plunked a "funny-book" on my lap.

"Tell me what's wrong with that!" he challenged. "Come on, just tell me!"

I was taken by surprise. We had not been discussing funny-books at all. Then I realized he must have overheard what a visitor had been saying that afternoon about the campaign against "undesirable literature."

The twins—Jim in one easy chair sprawled on his spine under a radio magazine, Pat in the other curled round a French grammar—lifted their eyes towards us. Norah, drawing flat on the floor with her heels waving over her rump, rested on her elbows to listen. Apparently they felt that this was going to be good. Tommy had Mom on the spot.

My heart quavered. Then I remembered Socrates.

"You tell me," I said to Tom. "What do you think is wrong with it?"

"I dunno," he shrugged, "unless it's the shootin'. But it's the good guys shootin' the bad guys, so that's all right, isn't it?"

I looked at the "funny". A stream of lurid flame poured from a gun into the abdomen of a man who was reeling backwards with a face twisted in agony. Somebody coming round a corner was saying "Get 'im good, Sarge." A man in a torn shirt was preparing to hit him over the head with a chair, and a girl with the kind of figure that never happens in real life and the kind of clothes that wouldn't stay on anyway was assuming a tigerish attitude, against whom I couldn't be sure.

Jim laid his magazine on his knees and prodded belligerently, "Go on, Mom. Just what is wrong with it?"

"How do you know they are good guys?" I temporized.

"They're cops," Tommy explained, and that settled that.

Four pairs of eyes were waiting. I took a deep breath.

"All right. I'll tell you one thing that's wrong with it. For anyone to destroy the life of another is a sad and terrible thing. Sometimes, perhaps, it is necessary to put an end to a bad life. When you are grown up perhaps you will have to come up against such things. I don't think it is suitable reading matter for eight years old, or eleven, or thirteen."

Used To Killing

Jim, one of the two thirteens present, grunted and returned to his magazine. His grunt insinuated that what I had said was a matter of opinion (like his voice, which we call "cracked", but he terms "fancy baritone"). Stung and stimulated by his grunt, I went on more easily.

"I'll tell you another thing. We are born with good impulses and bad impulses. Growing up is largely a matter of cultivating the good impulses and stamping out the bad ones. You know that. When you are a kid your impulse is to get as big a piece of cake as the next fellow. By the time you are grown up you have learned, or should have learned, that it doesn't really matter whether or not you have a piece of cake at all."

They were all listening. Even behind the radio magazine I could see that Jim was not neglecting a conversation that dealt with cake. Having them firmly established on a pleasant association, I tried to explain that an impulse worth cultivating was mercy, a feeling of pity for anyone in trouble, even if his own misdeeds had put him there.

"When you look at this picture," I said, "you stamp down your impulse of pity by saying it's the good guys killing the bad guys, so it's all right. If you keep on looking at such pictures, in time your impulse of pity won't rise at all. You will grow up quite used to the idea of good guys killing bad ones. You will follow a leader who gains power by killing those who don't agree with him, provided he can persuade you that he is a good guy. That is what happened to the Nazis."

They were an interested audience now. Even the magazine was down on Jim's knee again.

"When you start to play the violin," I said, "it hurts like anything to press your fingers down on the strings. But after a time your finger tip hardens. It doesn't hurt at all. The same thing can happen to your mind, and for bad things as well as good. That is why I don't like these perpetual bang-bangs, in the comics and in the movies. We are supposed to be trying to get peace in the world, to stop thinking so much that it's all right to kill each other."

"What would you like us to read about?" queried Norah, waving her heels reflectively.

"Just a bunch of Ferdinands," scoffed Jim, "going about smelling purty flowers!"

"I have a book about Ferdinand," said Tommy eagerly. "Shall I get it for you?" Without waiting for an answer, he dashed upstairs.

"They aren't all bang-bangs," said Pat. "Some are funny. And there are True History—do you mind those?"

New Medium

"Of course not! It's not the funnies, as a medium. They are a new sort of entertainment, like the radios, and the movies—as all printed books were once. But they are kind of easy, aren't they? Kid-stuff, picture books! Even Tommy can understand them. You read the same ones he does—though you don't read his Mother West Wind stories! If you keep reading this spoon-fed mush—just like someone eating nothing but baby food—you'll grow up without any decent teeth in your brain."

"Always supposing you have a brain," Jim quipped. "But gosh, Mother, all those old books—Dickens and all that"—he squirmed as he thought of them,"—they are written in such queer English. I can't make out what they are trying to get at!"

Queer English! I had him there. "Get 'im good, Sarge!"

"If you can understand those radio magazines, you can certainly understand Kipling and Joseph Conrad. Your brain needs dieting, just like your body. You've learned what happens to your face when you feed it too many chocolate bars and popsicles. Don't you think the same thing can happen to your mind if you keep feeding it trash?"

He was bound to argue. "We learn things. We learn for instance that Crime Does Not Pay."

"You shouldn't have to read the comics to learn that! It's been taught you ever since you started pulling your twin sister's hair!"

"Besides Jim," Pat took up the cudgels, "they usually show the criminals having an awfully good time before they are caught. The sex fiends, for instance, lead a wonderful life!"

"Oh I dunno," he returned reminiscently, "any sex fiends I've read about weren't so hot."

I felt slightly dizzy. Was I listening to my thirteen-year-old, blonde-haired and brown-haired twins?

"Oh, they do, Jim," Pat was saying. "They have parties and all kinds of excitement usually right up to the last picture."

"Maybe," he conceded. "Still, I dunno as I'd want to be a sex fiend."

"What exactly is a sex fiend?" Norah asked.

"Listen," I interpolated, rather hotly. "That's another reason I resent these rotten books. Your Father and I work quite hard and spend quite a bit of money trying to give you children a decent background. We live in a good part of town, try to have a nice house and buy you nice clothes. Why should the funnies familiarize you with all the ugly seamy sides of life you'd be up against if we lived in the slums? If I give you a clean home and clean food, I'm certainly going to try to give you clean reading matter, too."

Tommy had returned with Ferdinand and a pile of funny books. He looked at them a little doubtfully. "I've kept Ferdinand nice and clean," he said, "but these funny books were dirty when Freddie gave them to Jim—"

We took the pile of books and went through them. We read about Per-

(Continued on Next Page)

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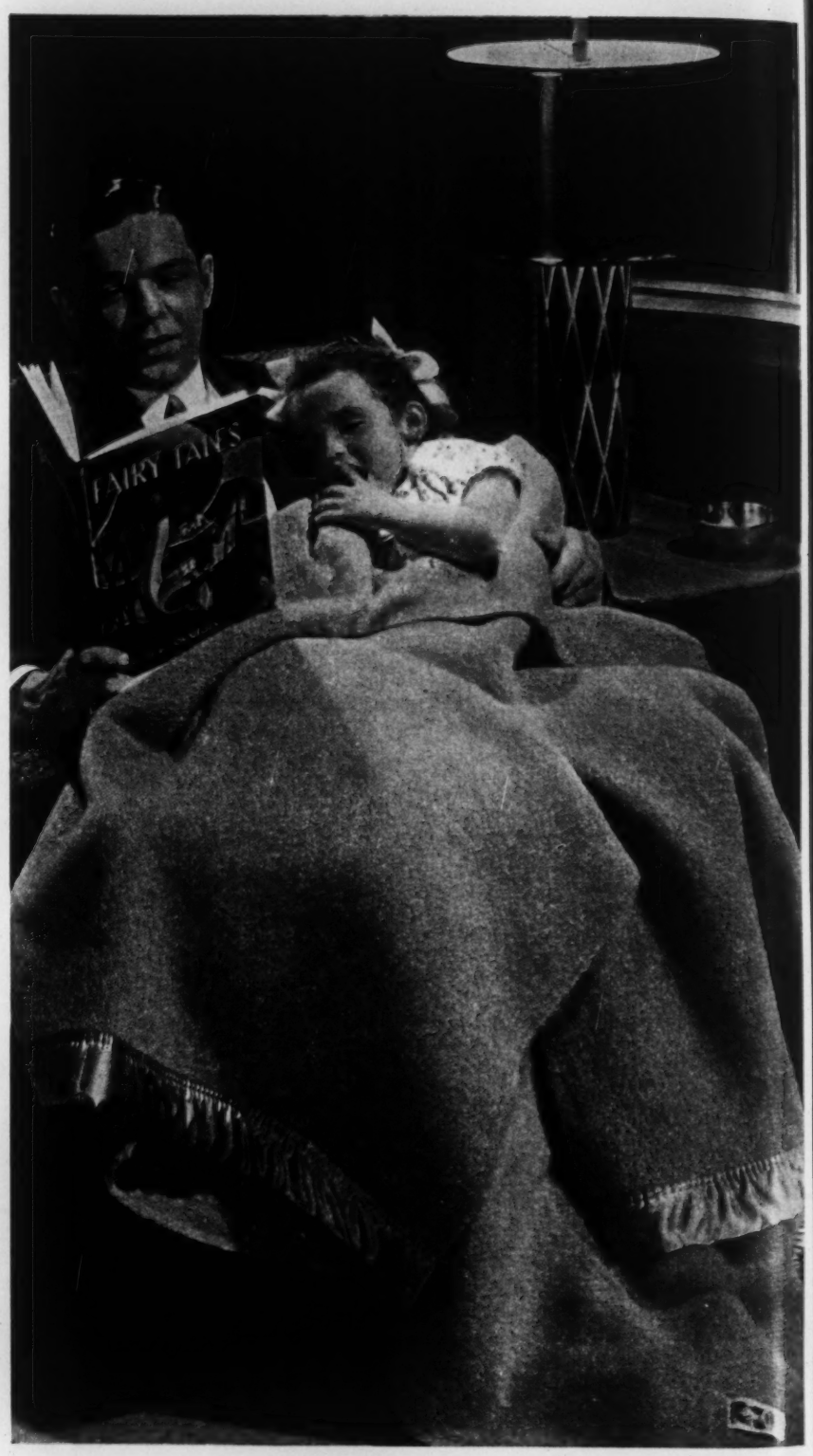

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PERSONALITIES

The Whistling Mignon

By CAY MOORE

I FIRST met Mignon Mayneord in Toronto when she was invited to entertain at a banquet in the Royal York Hotel. A slender dark-haired girl dressed in a blue formal gown, she appeared on the stage with all the assurance and poise of a seasoned prima donna. While her accompanist assembled the music on the piano rack, she introduced herself as a concert whistler.

She explained to her curious audience that there were forty kinds of bird figures and five different varieties of chirps. She even demonstrated some of the bird calls and the chirps. My dinner partner who hailed from Texas gave me a nudge and whispered, "She seems to know her stuff."

Mignon Mayneord turned and gave her accompanist a nod. Then she began an amazing repertoire of arias. Her rendition of "In a Monastery Garden" won tremendous applause. Throughout the program my friend from Texas continued to nudge. "Look, you can scarcely see her mouth moving. She's better than Edgar Bergen. Why, she doesn't even use her hands to produce the whistle." Later, another nudge. "Why the kid is terrific. Is she a Canadian?"

After her brilliant performance we deluged the artist with questions. Born in the city of Peterboro, Mignon seldom sees a bird. Much to the amazement of her mother and the amusement of the neighbors she began to whistle before she talked. During the day she works in a bank and in her spare time studies singing, piano and whistling to develop her rare talent. The shape of her mouth and the general formation of her oral cavity are what nature gave her, but it is through constant practice of deep breathing from the diaphragm that Mignon has acquired perfect breath control.

She does not require the use of her hands to produce tones, and stands on a stage with all the poise and dignity of a concert singer. "When my throat becomes dry, I place a small hard candy in my mouth to keep it moist. It is very important that I have a plentiful supply of saliva in my mouth as the trill I use is called the 'saliva trill'."

Many years ago, Agnes Woodward, director of the California School of Artistic Whistling, had the only whistling chorus of its kind in the world. When Madame Melba heard this chorus of thirty girls she was most enthusiastic in her appreciation of their unique work. Mignon Mayneord corresponded with the late Agnes Woodward, who encouraged her Canadian fan. She sent her many books on whistling and convinced Mignon that whistling as an art ranks high in comparison with other musical arts.

From Agnes Woodward's book on Bird-Figures, Mignon learned the theory of whistling. She learned that there are forty kind of bird-figures to know and five different varieties of chirps. Each bird-figure has a symbol. Put these symbols or bird-figures all together and you have an arrangement. On Mignon's music the symbols are defined above each bar of music. Her rendition of a song is artistic. Jazz has no place in her repertoire.

When Doctor E. W. Nickel, a professional concert whistler from Ohio, visited a summer resort near Peterboro, Ontario, a few years ago, the two artists met. Mignon enjoyed her first lessons from a professional. He was delighted to find that this little girl had developed perfect breathing from her diaphragm. He gave her thirteen lessons. At the end of one lesson, which lasted for three hours, she could not even get out one chirp.

When she gives out some of her chirps such as the Lupee, the Hewie, and the Chewie; or the melodious bird-figures of the Whip, the Trill, the Upward Cry, the Downward Cry, the Whitche, the Cherokee or the Quiver, Mignon Mayneord is a real challenge to the bird kingdom.

The Comics

(Continued from Previous Page)

dinand, and about Archie, and Jim laughed as much as anybody. We read some of the bang-bangs. "Ouch!" I rendered, dramatically. "Whotcha doin'? Whoooosh! EEEEeeeee—aya-ah!" The children laughed harder than ever.

We divided the pile into two, the nice ones and the trash. I said we would burn the trash.

"You can't!" exclaimed Tommy, horrified. "They're Freddie's!"

"Aw, burn 'em," said Jim. "I'll fix Freddie." Delighted, Tommy and Norah took the pile to the fireplace and began an execution.

"You needn't worry about us, Mom," Pat said, consolingly, preparing to return to her French. "I think we kids understand, even Jim." She looked at him severely and he grinned back. Then he sobered.

"Yeah, but what about the other kids? I mean the kids whose parents don't tell them. They're growing up, too, and they're all reading these things. What's the good of us keeping our good impulses if they are growing up without theirs?"

"That's just it," said I, looking no doubt as anxious as I felt. "I guess that is why the P.T.A. and Ministerial Associations and all the others are trying to persuade the Government to put on some sort of control, like they have for the movies, and pure foods, and so on. It's your world we are thinking about, and the kind of men and women you'll have to work with."

"Go to it, Mom," said Pat. "You can do it. You've fixed other things, you can fix this."

She curled cosily around her book, but Jim extended gravely on his spine, staring in front of him as if he were gazing forward into the future.

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MUSIC

Prize Community Centre

By JOHN YOCOM

ENOUGH community centres now operate across Canada for one to assess the worth of the innovation. Activities range all the way from nightly badminton games, mostly for members on the "inside", or dancing to a booming juke box, to a wide variety of instructional and entertainment programs. Head and shoulders above any other that we have heard of is the Forest Hill Community Centre, which operates in a suburban school on the edge of Toronto. We are not dealing here with the wide appeal of interests in the available courses but with the top notch entertainment and encouragement to Canadian talent provided in the concert and theatre series.

The third series opened on Monday of this week with a production of Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine" by the New Play Society, handled with the same smoothness and professional flair we noted a few weeks ago (S.N., Sept. 25).

Herman Voaden, co-chairman of the third series and one of the several hard-working imaginative people who have been responsible for the success of the whole venture, tells us of the centre's aims: to encourage young Canadian talent, including native composers, and to develop a richer pattern of community life and experience. The success of Forest Hill Village in this non-profit venture should encourage other communities to tackle similar programs.

"One interesting development," reports Mr. Voaden, "which demonstrates how closely the series is becoming a part of our community life, is the new arrangement whereby 75 high school students at the Central School in the village have volunteered to act as baby-sitters gratis to enable parents to attend the program performances."

The emphasis is Canadian, both in programs and commissioned works. Highlights of the series include the Leslie Bell Singers (Dec. 6), performing a specially commissioned piece by Howard Cable, and assisted by "Stars of Tomorrow" from Forest Hill Village — Millicent McRae and Patricia Snell; folk music and dances on Jan. 10; pianist Howard Brown and soprano Lois Marshall, two young Canadian artists with promising futures, on Feb. 7; the Volkoff Ballet in a special production with commissioned music by John Beckwith on Feb. 7; and the popular Solway String Quartet with Jean Coulthard Adams as composer, April 4.

Organ and Strings

A concert of unusual interest last week was that by organist Gordon Jeffery and the London Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Ernest White. Mr. Jeffery is Registrar of the University of Western Ontario's Music Teachers' College and on the staff of its Church Music Department, but his distinction has come largely from work with baroque and classic composers, ultra-moderns in organ compositions, and the revival of the art of combining organ and strings, both old and new. For listeners who like organ music in familiar moulds—and about 99 per cent of recital and church performances are in such moulds—the four symphonic religious studies by Olivier Messiaen, advanced theorist and harmony teacher at the Paris Conservatoire, might have been a bit puzzling. But Mr. Jeffery has so much technical skill with an organ and such a complete understanding of atonal harmony and melodic invention, as well as ability to make articulate the mysticism of the work, that the performance was a continuous delight.

Not so clear, however, was modernist Breydert's Concerto for Organ and Strings which on a single listening seemed to wander far outside the commoner frames of reference, even if one made ample allowance for an experimental approach. Perhaps the integrating elements for the strings were neglected in the score, or perhaps the strings were over-emphasized in performance. The Handel concerto for organ and orchestra was especially telling with rhythmic feeling and fill-in provided by the harpsichord. Opening the program was 16th century Frescobaldi's organ "La Messa della Domenica."

Disappointing Chorus

Violinist James Innes and soprano Ruth Cook, assisting artists at last week's concert by two women's choirs directed by Daisy La Rush McAdam, provided the color and musicianship which decidedly raised the level of the program. Innes's playing of Kreisler's "Praeludium and Allegro" resulted in a burst of applause only exceeded by that which followed his playing of "Scherzo Tarentelle" by Wieniawski. Second honors must go to young Ruth Cook, soprano. Her pleasing voice and charming personality gave promise of future successes if progress keeps pace with her achievements to date. She, too, was insistently recalled after her group of three songs, of which "Les filles de Cadiz" (Delibes) stood out as a very fine performance. Mention also must be made of the excellent accompaniments provided by Avey Byram.

The choral work was disappointing. Enunciation, blend, and intonation, —all were far from good. That penetrating vibrato which most choirmasters strive hard to eradicate from their women singers was heard consistently throughout the program in all voices. The choice of music, too, was not good; motets by Palestrina (even if arranged by Deems Taylor) are intended to be sung without accompaniment. Too many of the items were "arranged for women's voices" instead of drawing upon the extensive literature designed for that tone color. It is also a matter of wonder that Wagner's brilliant "Spinning Chorus" from "The Flying Dutchman," though composed by the master for women's voices, appeared on this program arranged by one "R. Schmidt."—F. A.

•

The Winnipeg Ballet will give one performance in Toronto at Eaton Auditorium on Monday November 22 during their Eastern Canada tour. A full orchestra conducted by Frank Coleman will play a new Canadian composition by Robert Fleming for the new ballet Chapter 13.

The annual Prom Ball will be presented on Thursday, November 18 in the Royal York Hotel.

The Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto announces that its annual series of chamber music concerts—the "Wednesday Five O'Clocks"—will begin on November 24. The first program will feature the Parlow String Quartet in the first performance in Toronto of Benjamin Britten's String Quartet No. 1.

• •

Patsy Parr, 11-year-old wonder pianist, will be guest artist at Rosedale-Moore Park Community Council concert in Massey Hall on Nov. 18.

Successful Debut

By FREDERICK ARTHUR

MARGARET ANN IRELAND, pianist, made a highly successful debut last Saturday evening in Toronto's Eaton Auditorium before an unusually large audience, something not often in evidence at the initial concerts for young pianists. The program fully justified the attendance. Margaret Ann Ireland is an exceptionally fine pianist with a depth of understanding far beyond that found in most young artists. It was not altogether a wise choice to open the program with Beethoven's Sonata in A flat major (opus 110); this work requires the complete absorption of the pianist in its presentation. So there was an air of rather studied carefulness about its rendition which disappeared later in the program. The five "Intermezzi" of Brahms were beautifully played and Prokofieff's Sonata No. 3 displayed a brilliant technique quite adequately balanced by the warmth of tone produced.

Chopin's "Sonata in B flat minor," played on the same stage just two weeks ago by the celebrated Lubka Kolessa, was included in the program, providing an effective contrast in style, and whatever Miss Ireland may have lacked in experience was effectively balanced by a fresh and understanding approach to the music. The program closed, officially, with five Etudes by Chopin and Miss Ireland proved to be equally at home in the diverse styles displayed by this group of compositions. Persistent recalls followed, with two encores. Allowing fully for the enthusiastic reception given by many friends in the audience, it is quite obvious that Margaret Ann Ireland will soon be one of Canada's leading pianists. We hope she finds it possible to stay in Canada.

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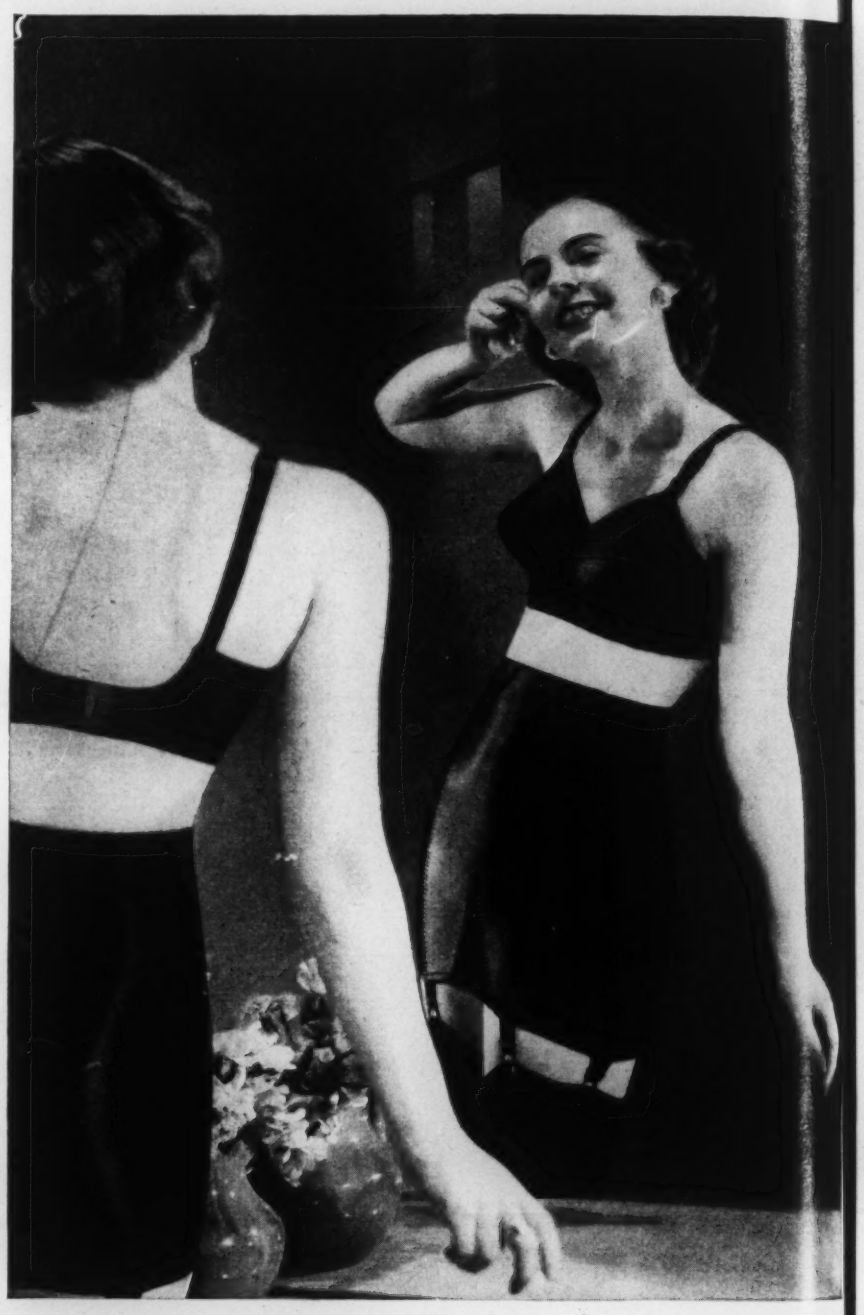

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RADIO

Dickens On The Air

By JOHN L. WATSON

ONE would not need to be a fanatical Dickensian to enjoy the current series of dramatizations of the Pickwick Papers; in fact, it may be that fanatical Dickensians won't enjoy them at all—they are unpredictable people. For most of us, who are only lukewarm Dickens fans, the plays will seem like good drama, good radio and good fun. Tommy Tweed's adaptation is a work of art; it is brisk and rollicking in pace and it has retained the authentic flavor—the lumpy fantasy and the gaily inconsequential nonsense — of the original. I'm not sure that the introduction of the author and his wife, in prologue and epilogue, adds anything to the quality of the program or that the device is in any way necessary to maintain the continuity (nor do I consider Bud Knapp an entirely convincing Dickens, but that is a matter of opinion—and prejudice). In all other respects the adaptation is one of the best things of its kind on the air.

In a rapid-fire radio version, the problem of achieving coherence amid so much chaos and confusion must have been a formidable one and Andrew Allan deserves boundless credit for having distributed the major parts among a group of actors who were accomplished enough to make each one a distinct and recognizable character. I can think of no other C.B.C. production which has attracted such a prodigious array of acting talent—and produced such uniformly excellent results. Frank Peddie's Wardle, Mavor Moore's Pickwick and Grace Webster's Grandma, to name only a few, are little masterpieces of characterization, but the success of the series has been determined by the almost unvarying excellence of the supporting players, none of whom in the episodes I have heard has done a bad, or even mediocre, job.

It is surprising how well Dickens' monstrously exaggerated characters take to radio, which is itself an exaggerating medium. Perhaps it is because in this instance they are all such amusing and lovable ones! At any rate, Pickwick Papers, with its perennial good humor and its frankly irresponsible slapstick, comes to us each Monday like a breath of fresh air in a decidedly malodorous world.

Incidentally, the repeated use of the titles "Mr." and "Miss" during the closing announcement, a tiresome and rather silly attempt to be "quaint", could easily be omitted.

The "Stage 49" production of "Fortune My Foe" by Robertson Davies was a much less happy event than the performance, a few weeks before, of Mr. Davies' short play, "Overlaid". "Fortune" didn't adapt well and the actors didn't seem to be too enthusiastic about their parts. The trouble was that the show was too slow and too long-winded and it harped too insistently on the same theme. In plain truth, (and this is precisely the sin of which Mr. Davies was accusing us!) most of us radio listeners can't get really worked up—and stay worked up for a whole hour—over the failure of a puppet show!

Lister Sinclair did a rare and wonderful thing by creating a convincing Welshman and Ruth Springford was splendid as a thoroughly poisonous "educationist" with a set of thoroughly poisonous ideas.

Photo by Crampton

In New Play Society's "Storm in a Teacup", Museum Theatre, Nov. 19-27, Donald Harron plays same role Rex Harrison had in movie version.

If one hour was too long for "Fortune My Foe", it was too short for "Macbeth". Mr. Allan's production of the great melodrama was one of the highlights of the radio season but, in spite of inspired direction and brilliant acting, the play built up too quickly. In "Macbeth" the terrifying sequence of events must progress slowly and inexorably to its inevitable conclusion and sixty minutes is simply not long enough for the process to be accomplished effectively.

Within these limitations, the production was tremendously impressive. It was full of blood and thunder and absolutely loaded with "atmosphere". Frank Peddie's Macbeth was a real, full-bodied, three dimensional character, bluff and bloodthirsty, rough, tough and nasty, but not essentially evil. Margo Christy's Lady Macbeth, on the other hand, was the very incarnation of evil; she sounded like a mature and thoroughly ruthless woman and not, as is so often the case, like a nagging housewife. The third star was the stark and sinister music of Lucio Agostini, which did so much to intensify the mood of tragedy and horror.

Radio Opera Company

The tragical history of "La Bohème" was the first offering of the newly formed C.B.C. Opera Company and it did credit to all concerned, especially to Nicholas Goldschmidt, who conducted the performance.

James Shield's Rodolfo was appropriately lyrical and Edmund Hockridge and Andrew MacMillan did nobly in the lesser roles of Marcello, the painter, and Colline, the philosopher. I thought the women were less expert than the men: Mary Morrison made an agreeable but not terribly exciting Mimi and Beth Corrigan, who should have been a "natural" for Musetta, displayed a good deal less vivacity than she did a year ago in "Rosalinda".

On October 27 the "Wednesday Night" air rang with the sound of pipes and pibrochs and other peculiarly Caledonian specialties, as the B.B.C. gave us a recorded sample of the 1948 Edinburgh Festival.

It was intended that the star turn of the evening should be a performance of "Anne Satyre of the Thrie Estaites", a 16th century morality play produced by Tyrone Guthrie. Unfortunately, when the recording arrived in Toronto, the dialogue proved to be so rapid, so idiomatic and so full of Scottish archaisms as to be unintelligible to the sober Canadian ear. Consequently, the production had to be cancelled and the whole evening drastically re-arranged. This last-minute re-vamping resulted in a program that was too full of talk and bagpipes, both excellent things in their place but inclined to be indigestible in large doses.

Eric Linklater was amusing, as he usually is, and the musical part of the program was first-rate especially the spirited performance of Vaughan Williams' Overture, "The Wasps", by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra and the singing of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, whose nice, old-fashioned approach to choral music is nowadays both unusual and refreshing.

Listeners who enjoyed the kindly raillery of "Mainly About Music" will be glad to know that Lister Sinclair is back on the air with a program of his own, entitled "Book Reviews", which is heard every Sunday at 5:45 p.m. EST, over the Trans-Canada Network.

BRAIN-TEASER

Find the Sentence

By LOUIS and DOROTHY CRERAR

SOMETHING new has been added to the "Brain-Teaser." A question has been concealed in this week's puzzle. If you succeed in finding the hidden question, write a brief answer (up to 25 words), and mail it to SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sentence to be answered: 10, 16, 12, 21 and 6.

Awards for the best answers will be: First prize, a Shorter Oxford Dictionary; and five consolation prizes of any book to the value of $5 reviewed in this publication within the last six months. Replies to the hidden question will be judged on their informativeness and/or general interest. It is not necessary to return the completed puzzle. Simply answer the question. Solution of this week's puzzle and winners' names will be published in the issue of December 11.

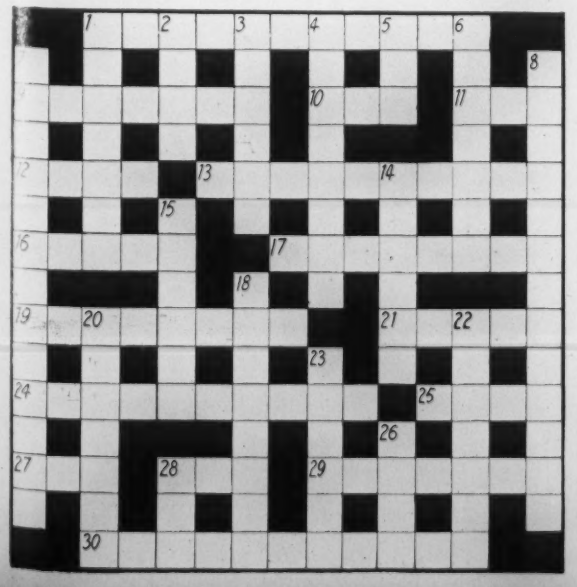
In order to be eligible for the contest replies must be post-marked not later than November 30. Address: "Brain-Teaser," SATURDAY NIGHT, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

ACROSS

1 My second is a vessel, my first an associate of my whole. (11)
9 The envelope drops a letter to completely cover one. (7)
10 Young child's eternal question. (3)
11 Noah's Ark was a travelling one. (3)
12 All this and no play makes jack, nowadays. (4)
13 Cecil or Ned could be made up thus. (10)
16 "You are old, Father William", the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white:
And yet you incessantly stand on your head,
. . . . . think, at your age, it is right?"
(Lewis Carroll) (2, 3)
17 and 28 down. Traditional wooden organs of British ships in patriotic song? (6, 2, 3)
18 Internally Lindy has a raw back. (8)
21 Change the sheet. (5)
24 Sing a toast (anagram) (3, 7)
25 Closed? Nope! (4)
27 and 28. It starts the play rolling. (3, 3)
29 Cry "Well done!" about this time. (7)
30 Quantity which allows him to sell his cakes and eat one, too. (6, 5)

DOWN

1. How the poor are stricken. (7)
2. Lure a canon. (4)
3. Common to uncle or aunt. (6)
4. Eda Brown has become almost a skeleton. (3-5)
5. Hit it for sleep. (3)
6. Brain teasers. (7)
7. Princess Elizabeth—Nov. 20, 1947. (3, 7, 3)
8. Weather seems not to affect this greeting. (4, 9)
14. They are worth their weight in gold. (6)
15. Tower jr. (6)
18. "And there will be no foaming at the bar", if you're served with this. (4, 4)
20. But Shaw is about to soak dirty linen in it. (7)
22. Short exhibition on level ground. (7)
23. Put Bob to bed at the hairdressers. (6)
26. Cacophonous band of the twenties. (4)
28. See 17.



Solution for Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Remembrance Day
9. Demerit
10. Poppies
11. Services
12. Greece
13. Plantation
15. Weed
17. Rest
18. Advertised
21. Orchid
23. Unpinned
26. Arrayed
27. Emotion
28. Flanders Fields

DOWN

1. Rides
2. Memorials
3. Merritt
4. Retreated
5. Nape
6. Expire
7. Alice
8. Ascended
13. Personal
14. Oleanders
16. Essential
19. Tripoli
20. Binyon
22. Carol
24. Danes
25. Idle

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A STORY

See the World Clearly

By DOROTHY LIVESAY

THAT day you were playing "samples" with Peggy on the front steps. The direct morning sunshine brightened the trade which in the shade would have been a quieter business, slow and cool.

Peggy said: "I'll give you my Palmolive and the Zambuk for that new toothpaste tube."

"Both of them?"

"Uh-huh."

Your arm moved. Like a pawn you picked up the toothpaste tube. But there, in the back of Peggy's box, you saw again that darling bottle of pink perfume. Yesterday there had been a violent quarrel concerning it.

"I know what, Peggy!"

"What?" Peggy raised her eyes, cautiously.

"I'll give you the toothpaste—and my lilac powder tin—if you'll trade for that little perfume bottle?"

"No," said Peggy.

"Aw, come on. Please! You can always trade it back again."

"When?"

"Oh, soon."

"Tomorrow?"

"Probably tomorrow. Aw, come on. Please, Peggy."

The barter was balanced there, almost ready to tremble in your favor. And then Peggy's big sister came pelting through your gateway letting the latch click behind her.

"Aw, do I have to go?" Peggy was beginning to say. But Rita ignored her, running past up the steps, through the open doorway into your dark hall, her pigtails flying. Rita was crying.

"What's the matter with Rita?" you whispered. Trade was suspended. The cold cloud had come over Peggy's face.

"Oh, mother and Rita—they fight all the time. Rita wants to go in for being a nurse, and mother won't let her." Peggy didn't want to talk about it, and you asked no more questions. But upstairs, from the bedroom window above the verandah, you could hear the low hum of voices. Rita was telling her tale to your mother.

All this had happened before. But today it was different. Rita stayed to lunch, her red eyes lowered upon the stiff macaroni and cheese. Mother was well enough that day to be downstairs for lunch; and in between bites she clutched at the telephone, calling numbers that she tore out of the newspaper—jaggedly, with her hairpin.

"Hello?—Yes, in answer to your ad—are you suited? No, it is not for myself. A young girl I know is anxious for a position. Yes, very good with children. Seventeen. Very clean and competent."

Rita winced at this description of herself, and would not look across the table from you. But you were watching her, the way she pretended to eat, and was not eating. Rather she was listening to the words on the telephone, her breath held in as if it were hard for her to hear. Yet mother's voice was high-pitched, confident, confiding. Mother was trying to get Rita into somebody else's home. Away from her own home. Away from her sister Peggy.

Suddenly you couldn't eat any more, either. Blanc mange pudding, on top of macaroni, seemed too difficult a task. When your mother had laid down the telephone and returned to her cup of tea you asked:

"PLEASE, Mummie, may I be excused?"

"Why yes, dear." Mother seemed anxious to have you go. She started to talk hurriedly and secretly to Rita, and she never even noticed your untouched pudding.

In the afternoon Peggy did not come out to play, as had been usual. You were sure, somehow, that she was home, but the house on the other side of the street had its blinds drawn down to keep out the sun. It looked forbidding, as if only pretending to be asleep. The least stir or poke, and the eyes of the house would flash open, their hard light shooting through you. No, the eyes of the house had best be left alone, like the eyes of Peggy's mother.

On the sidewalk in front of your own house you played hop-scotch by yourself: desultory, without enjoyment. Then suddenly your heart jumped as you heard Peggy's front door opening. Out they came, Peggy and her mother. Peggy had on her pink dress, newly starched, and her flowery sunbonnet. She must be going down town with her mother.

You watched them flounce down the steps, pass by the low green railing they called a fence, then turn towards Portage Avenue. Peggy saw you, but she did not dare wave her hand. She bobbed along the street beside her mother, who took quick hard steps away from the house, not forgetting however to open her dark green parasol against the sun.

It was then that you heard a blind snap upwards. Mother's bedroom was awake again. Mother could not have rested long. You heard low voices up there. Then silence. Presently Rita came out of your front door, taking two steps at a time, slamming the gate that always gave a neat click like Grannie's false teeth.

"Hi, Rita," you said, tentatively.

But Rita was already crossing the street to her own house. She tripped and almost stumbled on the pile of manure that lay fresh and unmashed on the kerb. Eaton's horse had performed there, while he stood nibbling the few sparse leaves of the boulevard oak tree. Poor thin little tree, you thought, aching a little. It never seemed to grow. You would have liked to push away the horse from gulping at the tree, but he was too formidable, with his large glittering eyes. Eaton's driver never cared even if his horse climbed right off the kerb and onto the grassy boulevard.

RITA had picked herself up, was heading for her front steps.

"Hey Rita! Your mother's gone down town," you shouted.

"Shut up," Rita's lips said, as she tossed her back towards you. She must have been whispering, for the words had no sound. All the same, they bounced hard against your face. You turned into your own garden, abruptly. Rita never cared about you or Peggy. It was if she had cobwebs on her face and kept stroking them aside, trying to see out into the world. But you were smaller, you could see the world clearly, the flawless sky, the sunshine a great golden roof vaulting the street. Nothing on the pavement but hot white light, ribboning the dull boulevard. Nothing moving; except that in the hollowed, concrete ditch near the sewer some sparrows were having a dusty bath.

You sat down on the garden grass, looking for four-leaf clovers. Rita would be coming out of her own house soon, quickly like a thief, her straw hat on her head and her scratched leather valise pulling her sidewise as she struggled with it down the street. There was Rita now, just like that, coming down her steps and setting down her burden as she reached the green railing. She looked towards the bedroom window and waved a gloved hand upwards.

Your mother was there, leaning out of her window, smiling but a little tearful. Her hand gave that quick flick upwards, that cocky movement which always made you feel mother was not sure of herself. If *you* felt that way, it was because you had been bad. And if *you* flicked your hand, it was rapped sharply with a pencil.

SO your mother flicked her hand, and Rita waved. Then Rita hurriedly picked up her valise, and turned the corner. She was heading the opposite way, towards the park.

You would remember these details, remember them in flush and guilt, as if you had been a party to them, when that evening Peggy's mother cornered you in her side alleyway.

"Where's Rita?"

"I don't know." The hung head, the pounding heart.

"Did you see her go?"

Silence.

"Did you? Did you? Tell me, you little imp." Peggy's mother almost seemed to be upon you, shaking you.

"Yes." A scared gulp.

"Where did she go, then?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know! Peggy says you saw her. She was talking to your mother."

"Then why don't you ask my Mummie?"

"Your mother is supposed to be sick—not to be disturbed. But if she's interfering with my family, I'll see to her, I will!"

And the door slammed, as Peggy's mother went in by the side entrance, dragging Peggy with her.

You lagged homewards, across the street. The cool was coming down, a chill blind. Bedtime loomed. It would be hard, getting to sleep. Tossing and tossing. Not able to cry.

ADVICE TO ARTISTS

THE youth whose ambitions are wholly aesthetic
Should shun every chance of acquiring wealth.
His friends should be utterly unsympathetic,
His habits designed to endanger his health.

His journey through life should get constantly tougher,
For grim is the path that the artist must tread.
The artist who wants to be great has to suffer,
And if he wants fame, it will help if he's dead.

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QUEST

No Love in Britannica

By LISA VALYIOVA

TO SOME people encyclopedias are a means towards an end, a source of information, no more and no less. To others a blessed pastime full of surprises, where wandering from topic to topic is a rare treat. A treat which can even be refined, spiked so to speak, by getting the corresponding volumes of two encyclopedias and comparing the gossip. On and on, too weak to stop, greedy for more, it is a vice almost; highly respectable, but still a vice.

It was in the course of duty though, not lust, that I looked up Mr. Elijah Lovejoy the other day, in two encyclopedias. Finished with him I meandered back as far as Lovat, Simon Fraser, 1667-1747, 12th Baron, whom Encylopedia Americana calls a "Scottish chieftain" . . . and Britannica a . . . "Scottish chief and Jacobite Intiguer, born c. 1667" . . . circa, how distressing I thought, to be doomed posthumously to an approximate existence.

After poor Mr. Lovat there appears in alphabetical order Love-Bird, and it seemed to me then that something was missing. Love. I should have liked to see what Britannica would have to say about it. I had anticipated delicious things, a fine definition, clear and to the point, to end once and for all my doubts and conflicts. One just cannot go on believing in rosebushes and violets in this day and age. But alas, there was nothing, not even a cross-reference. "Britannica does not deal with the abstract," one of the librarians told me when I complained. He might as well have said that serious books will have no truck with that kind of rubbish. "Try some of the foreign encyclopedias." It was as lovely a pretext as any, a most pleasant afternoon.

Amour, Amour!

As for Germans, "Meyer's Lexikon" calls love the "feeling which is the opposite to hate" and goes on in this manner, giving a bibliography headed by Stendhal's great work, "De L'Amour." Brockhaus claims that love is the "Collective name for a manifold quantity of human emotional associations." Their bibliography is even more voluminous, including Stendhal again. The modern Russian encyclopedia, "Bolshaia Enciclopedija", ignores love. The old Czarist "Enciclopedisheski Slovar", approaches the subject in a romantic as well as scientific manner. "Love . . . the attraction exercised by one being (Soul) toward another . . . is manifested in three forms: amor ascendens, amor aequalis, amor descendens."

As for the French—the Encyclopédie Universelle du XX siecle tells us that "Amour-s.m. . . . sentiment d'affection vive . . . is a rare phenomenon." Larousse devotes twelve huge pages of tiny print, four columns, to the feeling which "according to authorities well acquainted with the subject . . . transports the soul towards that which is beautiful, great, just. . ."

The Enciclopedia Universal Illustrada does illustrate, fully. There are statues and pictures of Venus, Amor and Psyche, and love is defined as "un' affecto que nos mueve." The Nuova Enciclopedia Italiana indulges in subdivisions, "Amore mitologico, archeologico, etico, fisiologico, medico." The medico I suppose refers to the jokes told on the subject by medical students.

My favorite among the encyclopedias, though I do not understand the language, is the Enciclopedia Italiana. It is lavishly illustrated, and for the most part self-explanatory. After years of looking through Italiana I have managed to pick up a bit of Italian, aside from geographical, proper names and first lines of arias. I looked up love and found a bonanza, page upon page, written with gusto, yet reverence. Love is described as "Bellissima emozione . . ." which serves to inspire . . . "membra mortali da agli uomini dolci pensieri e unioni beati . . ." sweet thoughts and happy unions. . . It goes on much like a symphony, into a crescendo of poetic fervor, "L'amore . . . eroico furore delle anime grandi . . . bellezza divina . . ." true to Italian fashion, and oh how lovely it sounds! In the end however the writer of these inspired lines comes down to earth a bit, and admits, that love has "aspetti infiniti," infinite aspects, and that I knew before I started.

That did not help very much since I wanted a simple statement, an equation x=z, not lavish square roots and integrals adding to my confusion, leading to the inevitable climax. Fearing worse yet, I turned to the Grande Encyclopédie. Eight pages. I almost gave up, ready to write to Dorothy Dix, when I came across a quotation which reduced the monster to its right proportion. It was a definition from the memoirs of the great soldier and statesman Marcus Aurelius, who called love "Une petite convulsion."

At this point I ended my research, free once more to go roaming through Britannica, though I doubt whether things will in future be quite the same between us.

• •

LONG, LONG AGO

TELL me the tales that I'm longing to hear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Songs of the days ere the meats were so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Sing of the good days, the lost days of yore
When you could buy any meat in the store
Not at a price multiplied by a four,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Though I believe you, it sounds like a fake:
(Long, long ago, long, long ago)
Three times a week you had porterhouse steak
Long, long ago, long ago!

Pity this man who is meatless, forlorn—
Comfort me, please, as I brokenly mourn:
Why, tell me why was yours truly not born
Long, long ago, long ago?

J. E. P.

To each her own...
How lovely grey hair looks
with those Tooke shirt colours!
Man-tailored shirts in the most feminine
of colours . . . subtle shades, sharp, clear hues,
white . . . in striped or one-tone cottons! With the
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slip out of their pockets when you launder your shirt
. . . that slip in again and stay in again
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CONCERNING FOOD

When the Game Is Over

By MARJORIE THOMPSON FLINT

PERCHANCE you live your life blissfully unaware of the world of sport and all its turmoils, leaving that sort of thing to your husband. Then one day he announces that a certain week-end there is to be a class reunion (for both of you) and one of the major events will be the rugby game. Elaborating on this theme he suggests that it would be very nice to see some of your friends and suggests that both of you attend this event. This meets with your approval and a rather pleasant old school tie feeling develops. At the end of the day, an idea which has been buzzing around in your head takes shape and you decide to entertain about ten of your special friends after the game.

You haven't seen most of these people for quite a few years although you have had every intention of entertaining them since you were married. Some of them, old classmates of your husband, you have never met. Quite naturally you want to have home and entertainment as attractive as possible and you make plans to accomplish this purpose.

You achieve a major scoop when you line up a very efficient woman to help you with food and dishes the day of the game and you make sure that your lady-by-the-day will be on hand for the previous two days. The menu you plan has to be substantial enough to satisfy appetites which have been sharpened by fresh air, snow, sleet or rain, and the food should be of the variety which can wait patiently since you have no idea when the guests will arrive. You want the service informal and smooth and you rule out the set dinner table and the eat-off-the-lap methods. You decide to use the dining table for the food, set up bridge tables in the living room and make full use of the tea wagon for passing the food. This helps to eliminate the general confusion of people in motion.

Here is your menu—

Hot Buttered Rum
Appetizers:
Dried Beef Rolls Wiener Snacks
Crackers with Smoked Fish Spread
Potato Chips, Olives, Gherkins
Casserole of Beef, Tomato and Rice
Green Salad or Coleslaw
Mustard Bean Pickles
Bread and Butter Pickles
Hot Cheesed French Bread
Hot Buttered Tea Biscuits
Individual Orange Chiffon Tarts
Hot Mince Tarts
Coffee

Hot Buttered Rum

½ gallon fresh cider (substitute apple juice if you can't get the cider)
1 cup brown sugar
2-3 long pieces of stick cinnamon
1/3 cup butter
Jamaica rum

Heat this mixture to boiling point and keep over low heat until ready to use. Heat a 1½ quart earthenware pitcher with hot water (don't forget to throw out the water) and pour in 1½ cups (use 8 oz. measuring cup) Jamaica Rum and add 5 cups hot cider mixture. Serve in punch cups or heat resisting glass cups which are very inexpensive but useful since the saucers provide parking space for the appetizers. This quantity will yield 10 servings. It is approximately ¾ oz. rum to 4½ oz. cider per serving. This is a hot drink so serve quickly and don't let your guests dilly-dally over it too long.

Dried Beef Rolls

For 24 rolls use—
24 slices dried beef
2-3 oz. pkgs. cream cheese
2 tsp. bottled horse-radish
2 tsp. finely minced onion
Salt

Combine cheese, horse-radish and onion and then add salt to taste. Spread each slice of dried beef with this mixture and roll up tightly. Secure with a toothpick if necessary. Cover with wax paper and slightly dampened towel and store in refrigerator until needed. Bologna or cooked ham (thin slices) can be used in place of the beef.

Wiener Snacks

Cook 6 wieners in boiling water 5 minutes. Drain and cut in quarters. Make an incision in each piece of wiener, not quite all the way through. Spread the inside with prepared mustard. Then arrange a quarter of a gherkin cut lengthwise. Insert a toothpick through the centre to keep the cut edges together. Makes 24 snacks.

Casserole of Beef, Tomato and Rice

This is a variation of a dish known as American Chop Suey which doesn't seem to us to be the appropriate name. However since we can't seem to think of a better one to describe its contents and deliciousness perhaps we should have left the title alone.

3 tbsp. cooking fat
4 medium sized onions, chopped
1 lb. minced round steak
2 cups tomato juice
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. (or more) chili powder
2 cups cooked rice

This is a dish which is much better for being well ahead of time and the flavor allowed to "ripen".

Cook onions and minced beef slowly in hot fat stirring with a fork to keep beef well separated. Stir and shake pan until both are nicely browned. Add tomato juice and seasonings and let this mixture simmer gently for 30 minutes. Combine with cooked rice and taste for seasonings. Add any more if necessary keeping in mind that the chili powder should not dominate the other seasonings. Before baking taste again and add more tomato juice if your mixture seems dry. Put in 2 quart greased casserole and bake in 350°F oven for 30 minutes. Sufficient for 4 generous servings or 6 average ones.

Note: If you desire, top the mixture with thin slices of processed cheese before baking.

Since this is to be the main dish you will make four times the above recipe for 12 people. This allows you more than enough but you never know when somebody may feel like eating two complete meals at one sitting.

The French bread and tea biscuits are buttered for convenience and served piping hot. The pickles are homemade and suit the hot dish admirably.

The tarts should be individual pie size using tins about 3¾" in diameter, and you allow one of each variety per guest. This involves quite a bit of pastry making but it can all be done the day before. Since you haven't refrigerator space for the dozen chiffon tarts you have the shells all ready to bake the morning of the party and make the filling which will be sufficiently chilled by serving time. You plan to garnish these tarts with fresh orange sections and chopped almonds, tinted pale green and omit the whipped cream.

Orange Chiffon Filling

3 large egg yolks
¾ cup granulated sugar
1/3 tsp. salt
1½ tbsp. grated orange rind
½ cup orange juice
1½ tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. unflavored gelatine
1/3 cup cold water
3 large egg whites
¼ tsp. cream of tartar

Beat egg yolks in top part of double boiler and add half of the sugar (6 tbsp.), orange rind, unstrained orange and lemon juices and salt. Cook over boiling water stirring occasionally until the mixture thickens (about 10 minutes). Soak gelatine in cold water and add to the orange custard and dissolve thoroughly. Cool this mixture until it just begins to stiffen.

Beat egg whites until frothy and add the cream of tartar and continue to beat until stiff. Add remaining sugar gradually. Fold this meringue into orange mixture which has been beaten slightly. Pile in cooled baked tart shells. Chill for at least 2 hours. Yield: 6 large individual tarts.

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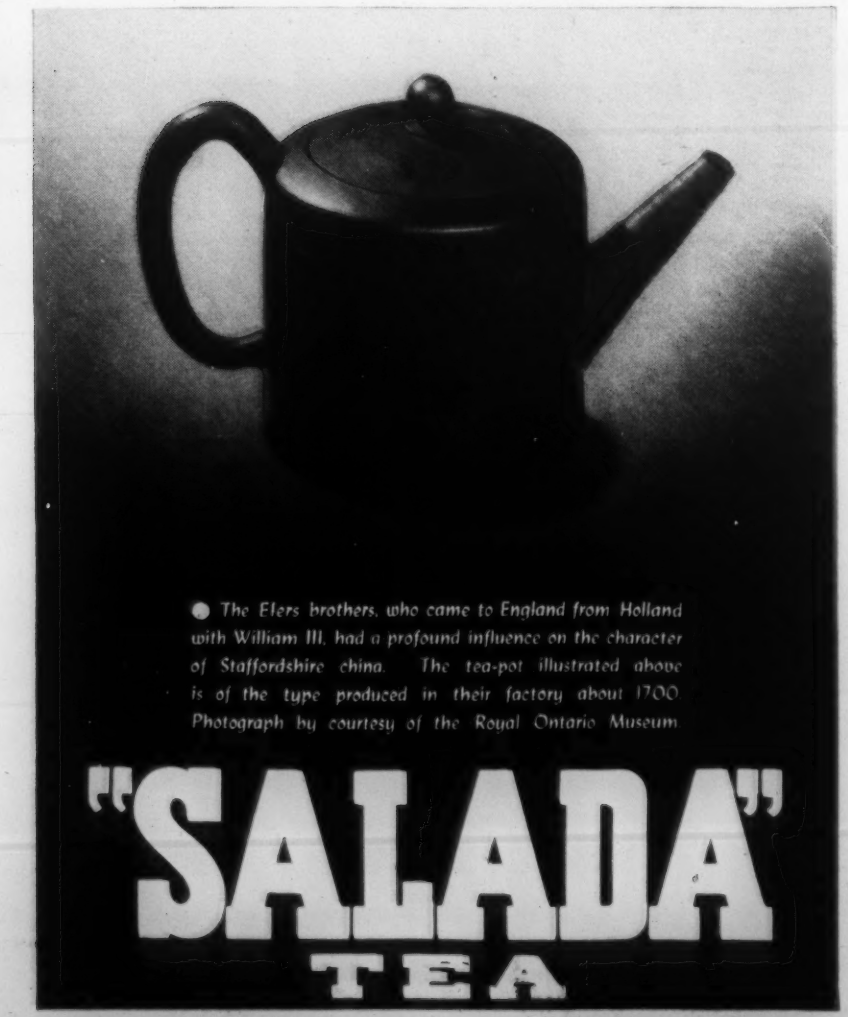

● The Elers brothers, who came to England from Holland with William III, had a profound influence on the character of Staffordshire china. The tea-pot illustrated above is of the type produced in their factory about 1700. Photograph by courtesy of the Royal Ontario Museum.

"SALADA" TEA

Photo by Max Reichmann

Winnipeg-born Donna Grescoe will be guest artist at the Toronto Symphony Orchestra Pop concert No. 19.

GIFT PARCELS

"Britain Says Thank You"

By MARY GOLDIE

London.

"BRITAIN Says Thank You." Those are the words over the door of the Commonwealth Gift Centre in Oxford Street and those are the words which are drawing the crowds from one of the busiest of all London streets. If any enter those doors without any particular knowledge or interest except a vague idea that parcels *do* come from Australia and Canada from South Africa and New Zealand to the people of this country, they will know a great deal more when they leave the exhibition for they will have learnt some very interesting details.

Although, as I overheard two people say when I visited the exhibition yesterday, "none of this seems to come our way," they cannot help but be moved by the photographs (excellent ones) showing the arrival of some of these parcels at their destinations and the look of joy on the faces of the old people as they open them, nor by the sometimes sad and pathetic letters of thanks from all parts of the country which are there, behind a glass wall panel, for all to read. A letter signed by H.R.H. The Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh expressing thanks for the food sent her as a wedding gift is displayed as is also her personal letter, which is enclosed in each of the parcels which she has re-distributed among the poor and needy of this Island.

The great revolving globe which stands in the entrance hall of the exhibition is flanked on one side by a display board setting out some startling and interesting figures. From this display board I read the long, long list of donors from Canada, including societies, churches and individuals and from the Information Desk in the entrance hall I learnt the astounding fact that from December 1945 to March 1948 Canada has sent over 54,000,000 lbs. of food to England in bulk, this amount being the largest received from any of the Dominions or Colonies in that period. Australia comes next on the list with a total of 36,000,000 lbs.

Two Pounds Per

Since 1940 Canada has sent a total of 10,929,000 parcels to Great Britain, all of which have been handled by the General Post Office here, to whom all praise is due. This dispatch of bulk food from Canada is equal to 2 lbs. of food for each member of the United Kingdom population, a fact of which Canada may well be very proud. The individual gift parcels sent from Canada in 1945, 1946 and 1947 also equal something over 54,000,000 lbs., which is almost exactly the same as the amount of food sent in bulk during that time.

The distribution of these gift food parcels is the job of the Ministry of Food which bears all freight, warehousing and delivery charges from the time the food leaves the country of origin. Distribution plans were fully discussed with representatives of the Dominions and Colonies who agreed that the Commonwealth Gift Centre of the Ministry of Food should be responsible for allocation to all parts of the United Kingdom.

Seventy per cent of all gifts are sent to local authorities for distribution to the aged, sick and lonely people in their areas; the remaining 30 per cent is allocated direct to hospitals and charitable institutions. If a donor specifies a particular organization or hospital, the parcel is sent direct to that organization, usually working through the local authority. Up to date the number of donors in Canada amounts to 123. The bulk food sent to H.R.H. The Princess Elizabeth as a wedding gift has been packed into 130,000 individual parcels and, with the Princess's consent, distributed in various ways.

I was very impressed by the list of the churches which have sent parcels from Canada. It is a very long list indeed. They and the Royal Society of St. George and the Rotary Clubs of Canada may well be proud of their generosity. Some $3,000 worth of chocolate has just been distributed to Children's Homes by the kindness of the Calgary and Winnipeg Rotary Clubs who operate through the Hudson Bay Company. The National Kinsmen Food for Britain Fund now sends gifts of food to the Gift Centre for distribution to aged and needy persons.

Morale Builders

These are only, of course, a few of the many kind people in Canada who add so much to the comfort and happiness of the people here. I wish they could see some of the photographs which I saw at the exhibition. It would help them to realize just what a tremendous thing they are doing. Not only do the parcels themselves bring happiness but, to those living alone in this difficult age, it is perhaps an even greater happiness to know that they are remembered by their fellow men in the far off lands of the Commonwealth.

In concentrating on Canada's efforts, I do not wish to overlook the tremendous effort made by all other members of the Commonwealth and by the United States of America. The Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe (C.A.R.E.) which is the latest organization to work from that country has alone, from May 1947 to May 1948, been responsible for the receipt in Britain of parcels worth $2,500,000. I am personally able to testify to the magnificence of the parcels from this organization as I have been fortunate enough to receive one, a marvel of packing and imagination in the choice of ingredients.

It is impossible to send adequate personal thanks to all the kind people from all over the world, although the many letters I saw yesterday do give one a most vivid idea of the gratefulness of those fortunate enough to receive parcels. But this "Britain Says Thank You" Exhibition will do a great deal towards expressing the thanks of the people of Great Britain to the donors of such gifts. Her Majesty the Queen has visited the exhibition and, while the Empire Conference was being held in London, the Prime Ministers of the Empire had an excellent opportunity of seeing the results of the efforts of their people at home.

And so the many people who turn in from busy Oxford Street are, by paying a visit to the Commonwealth Gift Centre display, showing in some small way their gratitude for the kindness of their friends from the great Commonwealth and the United States of America.

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OTHER PAGE

Will Foxhunting Survive?

By ROBERT VAN DEN BERGH

THERE was a time in the history of foxhunting in England, when the Master of Foxhounds not only owned the pack of which he was master, but also owned the land over which his hounds hunted. In those days no-one ever thought to question the survival of foxhunting. It was taken for granted as one of the popular amusements of the countryman. Indeed at a much later date, when higher cost of living and higher taxation, and a generally changing world, had turned the private pack into a subscription pack, foxhunting was still regarded in the same light, as part and parcel of the regular life of the English countryside.

It was the coming of the steam locomotive, and the building of the network railway system, that first caused the foxhunting man to question the survival of his sport. Many prophesied that the railway would put an end to it. They were wrong to an extraordinary degree. The effect of the railways on foxhunting was to increase the number of participants in the sport. People who previously had lived so far away from a foxhunting "country" as to make it impractical for them to go out hunting now boxed their horses over by train, the horse box very often being attached to the same train as that in which they themselves were travelling to the meet.

Thus if foxhunting never had to survive anything more serious than railway systems, there could have been no real questioning of its survival. Unfortunately it had to survive two world wars.

THE first world war nearly brought foxhunting to an end in England. All hunt establishments were immediately and drastically reduced. Four-day-a-week packs became two-day-a-week packs. Where there had been 75 couple of hounds in kennel, there now remained but 25 couple. Many Masters sent the greater part of their packs over to the United States for the duration. Old hunt servants came out of their retirement to look after hounds and to hunt them, while women whippers-in were to be seen everywhere. Thus the men on active service were replaced and hunts kept staffed. The feeding of hounds became a real problem and also the cause of some bitterness. Many people declared that in wartime and with a grave food shortage threatening the nation, no one had the right to keep packs of hounds for the purpose of sport, implying that hounds were eating a great quantity of food that could have been used for human consumption. In point of fact, oatmeal, the usual and basic hound food, became altogether unobtainable, and hounds were fed almost entirely on flesh which was unfit for human consumption.

By the methods just described, in particular the drastic cutting down of hunt establishments, foxhunting was kept alive, and at least it earned one good mark from those who felt that it had no place in wartime life, inasmuch as it gave untold pleasure to a great many officers, who spent their leave, almost literally, in the hunting field, getting in just as many days as they possibly could before their return "to the front". Hunting may be said to have only just survived the first world war. Had it not been kept going it is probable that it would never have been re-started; as it was, it went on to enjoy the greatest boom foxhunting has ever known, during the between-war years. After the first world war more people than ever before went out hunting, and in the fashionable "shire" countries, fields of between two and three hundred followers were the rule of the day.

The second world war again played havoc with foxhunting. More resentment was shown towards it than had been the case during world war one, even some foxhunting people refusing to have anything to do with it during war time. At least two thousand hounds were put down within the first weeks of the war; the same difficulties were met with as in the first war, feed for both horse and hound was very scarce, and in addition the War Agricultural Executive Committees had taken over the farming of the English countryside. Vast acreages of grass became arable, wire fences were erected in great numbers, and damage to crops became, in grim fact, a question of life and death. In the face of such difficulties it was indeed a wonder that foxhunting survived, but survive it did. As in world war one it was carried on, on a very reduced scale, and in consequence the number of foxes increased, while at the same time the losses in poultry caused by foxes were now a really grave matter.

The War Agricultural Executive Committees organized fox shoots, but the results were surprisingly disappointing, and it was realized that foxhunting did keep down foxes. This fact won over many of those who were critical of foxhunting in war time, and in particular some of the less enthusiastic amongst the non-hunting farmers. This was most important to foxhunting, and during world war two and especially after it the farmer, more than anyone else, kept the sport alive.

NOW, after world war two, foxhunting in England is beset with more and greater difficulties, and cannot hope to see a repetition of the boom that followed on world war one. There is the reduction in private wealth, and the emergency restrictions, (imposed during the war and still in existence), to mention only two of these difficulties.

It speaks much for the virility of the sport that it is able to continue in such difficult times. That it does still flourish is largely due to the support of the farmers. During the war itself, farmers kept several packs from closing. Since the war a good number of packs have been taken over entirely by the local farmers, while every pack now has a few farmers on the committee, and there are a number of farmer Masters of Foxhounds. With the farmer's support and the fading out of the fashionable follower, in favor of the genuine lover of the sport, I feel that foxhunting in England has a very fair chance of survival; shall we say a 70 per cent chance?

Now to turn to an altogether different picture; the survival (or otherwise) of foxhunting in Canada. Be-

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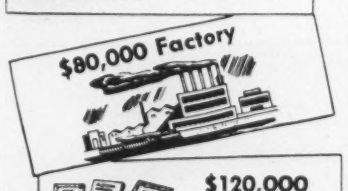

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fore expressing any opinion, I must stress the fact that I have only had one season of foxhunting in Canada, and have hunted with only two of the existing packs. It is obvious that austerity plays no role over here, and I imagine that general conditions, for keeping horses, hounds, and in fact for hunting, are about as good now as they were before the war. As I see it, it is lack of support that is most likely to end foxhunting in this country. (In using the term foxhunting, I am including drag hunting, since most of the Canadian packs hunt both fox and drag.)

AS in England, the cost of running a pack of hounds has gone up considerably since the war. The subscription lists here in Canada, however, have not gone down as they have in England, but they haven't increased either. It seems that a large number of new followers have come into the game since the war; these however are offset by the fact that a good number of the pre-war subscribers of middle age or over, have not started again since the war temporarily stopped the sport. (It should be noted, that in contrast to England, hunting stopped altogether in Canada during the later years of the war.)

It is probable therefore that the number of followers is much the same as before the war. Can the sport not attract more followers? Here in Canada it seems to me that hunting is more of a sport for the rich than it is in England, because, owing to the severe winter, the season is very short, lasting only some four months, which means that the subscriber does not get a great deal for his money.

Then, before one can go foxhunting a greater degree of proficiency in riding is needed in Canada than in England, since here one cannot get across country after a pack of hounds without jumping fences. (In England one can; there are gates and gaps.) This means that those who are starting to ride will take longer to graduate into the hunting field, and many who can ride may be put off for a while, for fear of not being able to negotiate the obstacles.

It seems to me, therefore, that at the moment in Canada, foxhunting is the sport of the few, and it may take some while before the number of those riding to hounds is increased to any great extent. The result is that subscriptions do not meet expenses, and therefore some rich enthusiast has to carry the hunt. This is not a really healthy state, as it means that hunting depends on one or two men to see it through season by season. (Remember also that here there are no point-to-point meetings in the English manner, to bring in some $2,000 a season to the hunt funds.)

THE crying need, if foxhunting is to survive in Canada, is for more subscribers, and since the season is so short, in order to attract these new subscribers, there must be some other sort of hunt activity, to take the place of foxhunting, when the winter conditions put a stop to it. Most of the Canadian hunts are organized on "club" lines, which surely should make it possible to fill in the gap which winter weather makes in the actual foxhunting, by some other attractive club activity.

Finally the farmer: at the moment there seem to be very few foxhunting farmers in Canada. A great pity, since it is so much the more pleasant to ride over other people's land, if it is known that the owner is also out enjoying the fun. Furthermore, if the owner is out enjoying the fun, he is hardly likely to complain of any damage done on his land! If the farmer does not hunt himself however, it is most important that he should be known by many of the subscribers.

But, unfortunately, most subscribers with Canadian packs are city men by occupation, and as a result do not know the farmers through everyday acquaintance. From my observation in the field, few farmers are known to the followers, and one does not see that happy little greeting which passes between the farmer and the members of a hunt, as the hunt goes by, which is quite a feature in English hunting, and helps so greatly to secure the farmer's support of the sport. That the Canadian farmer does support foxhunting is shown by the great number of farms ridden over in the course of a day's hunting out here, but Canadian hunting would be in just that much stronger position if the farmer-hunt member relationship were more carefully cultivated.

If foxhunting in Canada is to survive, it needs more riders to hounds and a closer relationship between the farmer and the foxhunting man. It has little or none of the difficulties that English foxhunting is experiencing at present, and its own difficulties, I feel, are in no way so real. Therefore I would say that Canadian foxhunting has a better chance of survival than foxhunting in England; shall we say an 85 per cent chance.

• •

GREETINGS

I HAVE nothing against postcards in general, it's not that;
It's only people getting cute with them who pin my shoulder to the mat.

I guess there's nothing wrong with it, in a way,
To greet one's niece, one's aunt, or even one's sister-in-law's cousin, twice removed, on Mother's Day;
But I *am* mildly harried
To get an excruciatingly bright card "For Dad" and me not even married.

I suppose the comic Valentine has its place
(However questionably high up in the fraternization of the human race),
And I have no *casus belli* with the wag who gluts his whimsy to the hilt
By sending me St. Patrick's blessings when he knows I'm Scottish as a kilt;
But I do find my regard for him to whom I've penned a chatty Christmas letter quite congealed,
If he sends back a jolly sleighing scene, not even sealed.
I also find said fervor something less than hot
For him who makes reply with "Happy New Year", sealed or not.

I think no harsher than I do of them who quip me, "See you in the funnies",
Of them who send me kiddies' greetings, rife with Easter bunnies;
Nor am I thrown irreparably out of gear
By the quaint old wish that I were there, or you were here.
But I have much the same reaction to a piece of halibut not quite new
As I have to those gay captions, in a hand familiar as my own, "Guess who?"
And blot out my transgression if I think the wit has nothing special on the ball
Who sends me, on the day I'm forty, something stating, "Pal, it happens to us all!"
So far, however, I have made no harsh retort;
Though it may kill me, I will be a sport.

For this one, though, I *have* reply:
The one which, when your temp is high,
Say your fracture throbs, and you're fit to die,
Chides coyly, "Hurry and get spry!"
Dear Friend: "In riposte to your dime,
I'll take my darn good-looking time."
And, further, nurse, please end the letter:
"I'll lay *you* low when I get better."

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THE BUSINESS FRONT

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 13, 1948 *Rodney Grey, Asst. Financial Editor*

Commonwealth Planning Is Needed For Economic Cooperation

By ALASTAIR BUCHAN

The economic future of the Commonwealth was a problem confronting the Dominions' Prime Ministers meeting in London a short time ago. It seems clear that the shortage of dollars suffered by the sterling area members of the Commonwealth is the most important factor to be dealt with.

Alastair Buchan, a son of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, a Governor-General of Canada, is now on the staff of the London *Economist*. He argues that broad planning for a common economic policy would be profitable.

TRADE relations and economic policy was continually to the fore in the recent conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London. The decision of Eire to cut her last link with the Crown and Commonwealth by repealing her External Relations Act, has underlined the fact that membership of the Commonwealth has distinct practical advantages.

When she becomes a foreign country, her citizens will become aliens in the Commonwealth, which will cause great disruption in the private lives of many Irishmen domiciled or working in Great Britain. But of greater importance, her preferential trade treaty for agricultural produce with Britain (which contains extremely favorable prices) will have to be abandoned. If either side tries to maintain it it will arouse the strongest possible opposition of Denmark who could demand an equal preference on the "most favored nation" principle and of Canada and New Zealand who, as continuing Commonwealth countries, would be entitled to better treatment.

The discussions of economic policy found all the nations of the Commonwealth on one side of the table and Great Britain on the other. Every dominion is predominantly a producer of primary products and in greater and lesser degree dependent on Great Britain as its main market. All are anxious in their interests of the economic stability of their farmers, miners, fishermen, lumbermen and so on to establish the largest possible term contracts (in some cases twenty contracts were mooted) with Britain. All are equally interested in purchasing as much as possible of their essential imports from this country to conserve their supply of U.S. dollars or because they are members of the sterling area dollar pool.

Overall Plan?

It was naturally suggested by some countries that the degree of trade between the United Kingdom and the rest of the Commonwealth should be made the subject of an overall Commonwealth economic plan. The principles laid down at the Ottawa Conference of 1932 should be reinforced by the technique of international planning within the Commonwealth.

To this position the United Kingdom was very sympathetic. Long term contracts for food and raw materials might give her an advantage in price over short term ones, and would enable her suppliers to expand their production in safety. Moreover she is equally interested—faced with the rebirth of the Japanese textile industry and the certainty of stiffening competition in other world markets—in having assured markets in the expanding economies of the Dominions.

But the situation is now a great deal more complicated than it was in 1932. Although there is still a natural balance between the United Kingdom and the Dominions—Britain remains the largest single market for most of the latter's primary products and raw materials, and the Dominions are among the best markets for British goods—there are many new factors involved, which rule out the possibility of a straightforward Commonwealth trading plan.

E.R.P. First

First and most important are the demands of the European Recovery Program. The draft of the United Kingdom's four year plan is at present being laid before O.E.E.C. in Paris; it contains provision for substantial British exports of machinery and commodities to Europe. Britain, as a large beneficiary under the Marshall Aid program and as a leading partner of the United States in the fight against Communism, is absolutely committed to making E.R.P. work as effectively as possible. Although the level of her commitments to Europe was decided without ignoring her commitments in the Commonwealth and elsewhere. it does mean that her freedom of action as a partner in Commonwealth development is thereby limited.

In plain terms it means that Welsh coal, which might have gone to Montreal and thus saved Canada's necessity to use U.S. dollars to buy it from Pennsylvania, will have to go to Rouen or to Genoa. A British tractor that might have been making irrigation ditches in Sind or Queensland may have to be sent instead to Normandy or Westphalia.

In the second place, Britain has her balance of payments problem to deal with. Any agreement to deal exclusively with the Commonwealth members of the sterling area would seriously jeopardize her chances of settling her accounts with the non-sterling countries. Moreover it would prejudice the payments position of those Commonwealth countries who are members of the sterling area. She is bound to direct a large percentage of her suitable exports to countries like Argentina, and the United States, where sterling is not acceptable.

She is indeed bound to devote a large proportion, particularly of textiles, to Canada. Canada occupies a completely different position from any of the other Commonwealth countries, as she is outside the sterling area. Britain is morally, financially and economically committed to increasing her exports to Canada. In fact, from the point of view of the balance of payments, too much of Britain's exports are still directed towards the sterling area countries and not enough towards the non-sterling countries, as the accompanying table demonstrates.

Needs Of Colonies

The third competitor to an exclusive two way flow between the self-governing countries of the Commonwealth and the United Kingdom is the latter's urgent need to develop the Colonies. This is not a purely economic need. As the attempts to expand the sphere of Russian domination and influence come up against greater opposition in Europe, it is certain that the Kremlin will devote an increasing effort to stirring up trouble in South East Asia, the West Indies and particularly in Africa.

But the capital cost of colonial development is very great and the rewards of investment slow in maturing. The British White Paper of last February estimated an expenditure of $720 million on schemes of overseas development, most of which were for the colonies. But more important than money, colonial development competes with the kind of machinery which the Commonwealth nations, especially Australia, New Zealand and India, would like to expand their agricultural production.

If I have discussed Commonwealth economic relations largely in terms of the United Kingdom, it is because it seems that its economic potentialities remain the key to the situation, as it was when the Ottawa agreement was drawn up in 1932. If Britain cannot continue to be the main market of the other Commonwealth nations then they may have to curtail their plans for economic expansion in the field of primary products, and thereby plans for immigration and expanding populations. Or, they may seek new markets; they may throw their whole weight behind a movement for freer trade, including the reduction of the United States tariff. Although there are possibilities of expansion between the various dominions—as is evidenced by a new agreement between South Africa and Pakistan for an exchange of coal for jute—no Commonwealth country provides a sufficient market for any other except the United Kingdom.

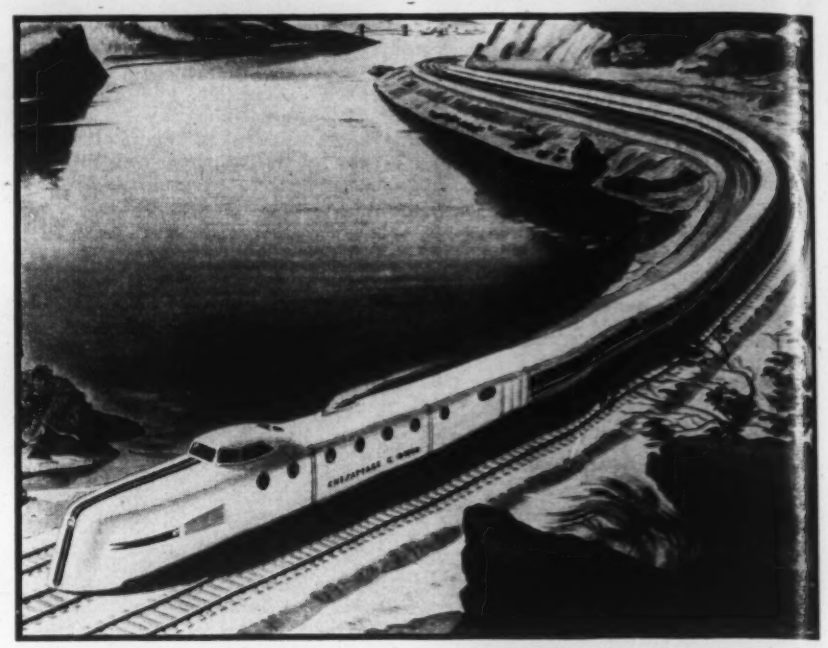
Canada is at the moment experiencing great difficulties in reorientating her exports from the traditional direction of the United Kingdom towards the United States; and the readjustment would be not merely painful but crippling to Australia.

The economic factors which will shape the future of the Commonwealth represent an intricate network of forecasts and decisions between the eight nations. On the one hand, the long-term needs of expanding economic activity and increased food production must be balanced against Britain's short term need of a return in food for her exports. In other words, are tractors to go to Queensland or the Transvaal to be bartered for food, or to be used for joint development schemes in whose eventual benefits Britain will share? On the other hand, how are her more valuable products—mostly in the engineering field—to be divided between the competing claims of E.R.P., the dollar area, home development, the Colonies, and the countries of the Commonwealth? Both problems present a fruitful area for broad planning in which I believe closer Commonwealth consultation would be greatly worthwhile.

BRITAIN'S OVERSEAS TRADE

Area	Imports in July 1948		Exports in July 1948		Balance of Visible Trade Jan. to July 1948
	Percentage of Value	*Millions of $*	*Percentage of Value*	*Millions of $*	*Millions of $*
United States	8.62	64.0	4.23	25.6	—283.6
Canada and Newfoundland	11.26	83.6	5.48	33.2	—386.0
Argentina	6.19	46.0	3.34	20.4	—176.4
Rest of W. Hemisphere	8.55	63.6	3.92	24.0	—201.2
Union of South Africa	1.20	8.8	7.47	45.2	+203.6
Rest of Sterling Area	34.24	254.4	41.09	250.0	—167.6
European Countries	23.55	174.8	28.76	174.8	— 12.0
Other Countries	6.39	47.2	5.71	34.8	—110.8
TOTAL	100.00	742.4	100.00	608.0	—1134.0

Source: Records and Statistics Supplement of The Economist, *London.*



This is an artist's drawing of the new lightweight train planned by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Operating as a single unit, it will be capable of speeds up to 150 miles per hour. There will be no doors between cars; they are replaced by a continuous enclosed passageway.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Southern Holiday

By P. M. RICHARDS

SINCE this department appeared last my wife and I have been down to New Orleans and in most of the southern states on a motoring holiday. We had a very good time. The weather was perfect and the new car behaved excellently, except that a few minor parts fell off from time to time for no good reason. We were surprised by the South's abounding prosperity (that is, along the highways; you can find Tobacco Road if you travel the byways) and by the questions asked us about Canada.

Most southerners seem to know very little about this country. "If you're from Canada, why haven't you got 'Canada' on your licence plates?" They confused Mackenzie with George VI and wanted to know if Canada would ever get its independence (they meant from Britain, not the U.S.)

But some others knew enough to ask why Canada didn't have universal military service, why it wasn't sharing in the Berlin airlift, and whether its people thought they were doing all they should to meet the world crisis. Two businessmen seemed to think that Canada was definitely slacking and that the U. S. should punish us by buying less from us. But they were all kind and hospitable and unfailingly invited us to "come back and see us," in charming southern accents.

U. S. Better Equipped

Less debatable than the quality of Canada's current contribution to the cause of democracy was the superiority of U.S. roads and tourist accommodation over Canadian. The worst road I encountered on the whole trip was, coming home, our own No. 2 from Kingston to Oshawa, Canada's most travelled through highway. Across the border, both north and south, highways or stretches of highway like our Queen Elizabeth Way are common, as are also clover-leafs and similar modern traffic devices.

In the south we stayed, many nights, in well-equipped "motor courts", a type of accommodation which exists in Canada, so far as I know, only in British Columbia. For the very moderate price of $2 per head and up (but mostly not up), we had the equivalent of a first-class hotel room with service, in an attractive and convenient set-up beside the highway. Again and again I thought that Americans accustomed to this sort of thing would not take kindly to the usual run of Canadian tourist accommodation, far inferior in quality though priced as high if not higher and coupled with our relatively poor Canadian roads. However, we met a southerner who had been to Peggy's Cove in Nova Scotia and wanted nothing so much as to go back there to live.

My wife and I were continually astonished by the evidence of prosperity we saw in most southern towns. Not merely the odd new store or movie house or office building but plenty of them on the main business blocks, all of modern design. And on the outskirts of these towns one saw attractive, modern little homes, looking as if they would have all the up-to-the-minute conveniences, and generally having a fair amount of space around them. They looked something like glorified, permanent, all-year-round summer cottages.

Across The Tracks

But down by the freight yards one would see rows of light frame one or two-room habitations, drab and unkempt, in which negroes lived. The standard of living of many negroes seemed to be shockingly low. However, after a time one noticed that the negroes, adults and children, appeared to be healthy and reasonably happy, and one began to suspect that low living standards were not due solely to economic pressure.

The building of new industries in the south, better prices for cotton and other agricultural products, the operations and expenditures of the great T.V.A., have all contributed mightily to the bettering of southern conditions. But one got the impression that "tourism" had a lot to do with the generally lush look of the south. That lushness is such that, in comparison, the north looked grim and drab.

Everywhere in the south tourism is big business. Generally speaking, the standard of accommodations was much higher than in Canada, and the cost lower. Perhaps sharp competition has brought about lower-than-normal prices; one wondered how some of those places would do in the event of a sharp business recession. But as things are, one felt it was high time that Canada set about improving its own tourist standards. It should be possible to have scenery without discomfort. And—this is a point that we Canadians tend to overlook—the truth is that other parts of the continent have scenery too.

Decision On John East Case Empowers Labor Board

By IRENE FLINT

The Privy Council recently upheld the right of the Saskatchewan government to set up a Labor Relations Board which can enforce its decisions. This is an important decision — it reinforces the argument that administrative boards are better in labor disputes than courts, and it shows more clearly what C.C.F. labor policy will be if the C.C.F. is elected to power either nationally or in one of the other provinces.

THE RECENT decision of the Privy Council in the John East Iron Works Case upholding the Saskatchewan Trade Union Act as valid legislation is a decided victory for the C.C.F. government in power there. The Act was passed in 1944 to fulfill that party's election promise that it would pass the best labor legislation in Canada. The C.C.F. deems it to be just that; it includes provisions regarding collective bargaining which are felt necessary for the furtherance of industrial peace.

Although the Saskatchewan industrial labor force is small, and the Act covers relatively few people, it is important because it indicates C.C.F. labor policy, and is regarded as a model for future legislation by that party should it come to power nationally—or in another province. The collective bargaining legislation it may pass will follow this Act. It was drafted by C.C.F. leaders who have had experience in labor litigation, notably E. B. Joliffe and Andrew Brewin, in consultation with trade unions and the Saskatchewan Department of Labor.

The Canadian Congress of Labor endorses the C.C.F. as its political arm, so it may be presumed the basic pronouncements of this Act are also subscribed to by this body, and represent what a large section of Canadian labor wants from the law.

A brief review of the Act will give an idea of the type of labor code the C.C.F. favors. As described in the Act itself, it is legislation respecting trade unions and the right of employees to organize in trade unions of their own choosing for bargaining collectively with their employers. Primarily, the Act is concerned with promoting effective collective bargaining, and the prompt settlement of industrial disputes. Collective bargaining is made compulsory between the employer and a certified union. A trade union is certified by the Labor Relations Board set up to administer the Act when it is found to represent a majority of employees in an appropriate bargaining unit; any employer who refuses to bargain with representatives elected or appointed by any such trade union is committing an unfair labor practice.

This provision is intended to prevent the costly strikes and disputes which result when a union must struggle for recognition. The C.C.F. attitude is that industrial relations reach a more mature and stable level when management is forced to recognize a union and bargain collectively with it. Issues are then decided in joint conference, and are not resolved by industrial warfare at the expense of the community.

Union Security

Union security is granted by the voluntary revocable check-off. An employer must deduct union fees from a worker's wages at the worker's written request, and turn them over to the union. This also promotes collective bargaining — the union gains financial stability and need not dissipate its energies in drumming up membership and collecting fees.

Labor has long felt that labor matters should not be dealt with by the regular courts. Speedy settlement is essential in labor cases, and court procedures have been found to be lengthy and costly. The emphasis on technicalities is largely to blame, plus the fact that the judiciary appears ill-equipped to deal with industrial disputes. The Board, on the other hand, is composed of representatives both of labor and management—men who have had wide experience in such matters, and are able to deal with them more effectively.

The C.C.F. has given the Saskatchewan Labor Relations Board complete jurisdiction in labor matters. There is no appeal from its rulings. Its powers include the authority to order an employer to bargain collectively; to require any person to refrain from violating the Act or engaging in unfair labor practices; and to require an employer to reinstate any employee discharged for union activities, and pay him back wages. Orders are filed in the Court of the King's Bench, and thereby become enforceable as if they were a judgment of order of the court itself. It was these very powers of enforcement which were challenged before the Privy Council.

The case recently settled came up when the John East Iron Works of Saskatoon dismissed 6 employees for union activity. The Board found there had been discrimination on the part of the employer contrary to the Act, and ordered reinstatement and payment of back wages.

The company refused to comply with the order, challenging the Act on the grounds that the province had exceeded its authority under the British North America Act by granting judicial powers to a provincial board, inasmuch as its orders could be enforced as if they were orders of a court. When the Court of Appeal ruled the Act *ultra vires* on this basis, the Sakatchewan government, supported by Ontario and Nova Scotia, appealed to the Privy Council.

Province's Power

The Privy Council upheld the Act, declaring the powers conferred on the Board to order reinstatement and payment of back wages were powers which could be validly granted by the province. Their lordships stated that the mere exercise of judicial functions in some circumstances did not necessarily make an administrative board a court under the B.N.A. Act, rendering it invalidly constituted. The main elements and functions of the Saskatchewan Labor Relations Board do not make it a court exercising judicial power. The province does have the right to vest the Board with powers to enforce its decisions. The John East firm has been directed to reinstate the discharged men.

The decision seems a definite victory for those who maintain that labor matters should be dealt with outside the courts by some body specialized in, and especially set up to deal with, labor affairs.

The courts may be more liberal in supporting the legality of adminstrative boards than they have in the past. With the vast amount of administrative work being taken over by provincially appointed boards, it is necessary that these boards be enabled to carry out their functions properly. This applies especially to labor, where lengthy disputes are costly; the welfare of the community demands quick and effective action in the settlement of industrial problems.

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LAKE SHORE MINES LIMITED

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DIVIDEND NO. 115

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Eighteen Cents per share on the issued capital stock of the Company, will be paid on the fifteenth day of December, 1948, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the fifteenth day of November, 1948.

By order of the Board.

KIRKLAND SECURITIES LIMITED
SECRETARY

Dated at Kirkland Lake, Ontario, October 30th, 1948.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817

NOTICE is hereby given that an extra distribution of TWENTY CENTS per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the year ending 30th October, 1948, payable on and after MONDAY, the THIRD day of JANUARY, 1949, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 30th NOVEMBER, 1948.

By order of the Board,
GORDON R. BALL.
General Manager.

Montreal, 26th October, 1948.

NEWS OF THE MINES

United Keno Hill Mines In Yukon Boosting Silver-Lead Output

By JOHN M. GRANT

ASSURANCE of an improvement in transportation conditions gives promise of unusual activity during the next decade in the development of the mineral resources of the Yukon Territory, and the rich Mayo-Keno district is expected to particularly benefit. Having already produced in excess of $25,000,000 in silver, lead and gold, in spite of the handicap of poor transportation facilities, as well as low prices for silver and lead, the Keno area stands out as the most important lode mining section of the Yukon Territory to date. Today the Canada-Alaska highway makes the Yukon easier of access, and this along with provision within a year of an all-weather truck road by the Dominion government from Mayo to Minto and Carmacks, should greatly increase exploration and development of the Yukon's natural wealth. This improved road will tap and greatly assist numerous small high grade operations which are yielding ore rich enough to be bagged and shipped out without treatment, and give the Mayo district direct entrance to the Pacific port of Haines via the cut-off from the Alcan Highway. As a result, trucks hauling ore to Haines will be able to return with equipment and supplies thus providing a saving not only in transportation costs, but in time. Evidence of the growing interest in the Yukon Territory in 1947, when prospecting generally across the Dominion was at a low ebb, was the staking of 2,856 claims, not including 94 place claims recorded, as compared with 500 claims in 1946.

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An all-weather truck road will be of considerable benefit to United Keno Hill Mines—second largest silver-lead producer in the Dominion, and the district's principal lode operator, as well as other mining companies who have acquired extensive holdings in the Keno section, and have been shipping high grade ore direct to the smelters while arranging for large scale development and milling facilities. United Keno withholdings of over 160 claims, approximately 100 of which were acquired from the liquidators of Treadwell Yukon Corporation, is currently milling around 150 tons daily, but expects to have this up to 250 tons next summer. Eight additional flotation cells should raise capacity to 200 tons before the end of the year, and a cyanide mill now at the property, which is to be erected next spring, will further increase capacity to 250 tons daily. The expansion plans of the company have the objective of stabilized production of 250,000 ounces of silver and 500,000 pounds lead monthly, which at prevailing prices would be worth over $300,000 monthly. September production reached a new high of 209,000 ounces silver and 454,000 pounds lead, valued in excess of $250,000. United Keno Hill is controlled by Conwest Exploration Company and Frobisher Limited, with the former company providing the management.

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Up to the end of September, United Keno Hill Mines has this year shipped to the smelter 5,500 tons of crude ore and concentrates for a total value of $1,968,750. Ore reserves at December 31, 1947, were 63,000 tons averaging 45.8 ounces silver and 7.2% lead, and it was officially stated early in October that reserves had been well maintained and sufficient ore was indicated to justify the present expansion. A net profit of close to $700,000, or 35 cents per share, is unofficially estimated as possible this year, after allowing for write downs of approximately $50,000, whereas $22,000 was written off for nine months' operating in 1947. Substantially higher profits are expected in 1949, and the advance of two cents in the price of lead last week should mean an addition of close to $10,000 a month on current production. It is possible consideration might be given in the latter half of 1949 towards initiating

SIGNPOSTS FOR BUSINESS

The cost-of-living index continued to move upward during September, but the point increase was only half that of August. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics index advanced to 159.3 at October 1 from 158.9 on September 1. Higher prices for eggs, meat and citrus fruits accounted for the rise in the food index. Clothing and home-furnishings and services also rose. The earlier increases in autumn lines of merchandise showed a tapering-off.

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Employment in Canada at the beginning of September was at an all-time high, with 5,042,000 persons employed, according to the D.B.S. 12th quarterly survey of the labor force. Unemployment in the first week of September was 67,000, as against 73,000 a year ago. There are only small changes in regional employment—a slight increase in Quebec and a drop in the prairie provinces.

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Industrial activity in September rose to 156 on the Bank of Commerce index (1937=100). Gains were registered in food and beverage, motor vehicle, heavy iron and steel groups.

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More vessels arrived at and departed from Canadian ports during 1947 than in any year since 1941. (D.B.S.)

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Gold production during August passed the 300,000 ounce mark for the first time since June 1943 (D.B.S.)

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Steel ingot production in Canada during September was less than August production, but ahead of 1947 September figure of 225,457 tons. (D.B.S.) There is still a gap between demand and supply caused by the reduction of imports from U.S. (D.B.S.)

Canadian merchandise trade, imports and exports, showed a favorable balance for the first eight months of 1948 of 197 million dollars, compared with a balance of 122 million dollars for the equivalent period of 1947. (Bank of Montreal *Business Review*). Truman's win means Canadian foreign trade will continue to be supported by E.R.P. dollars.

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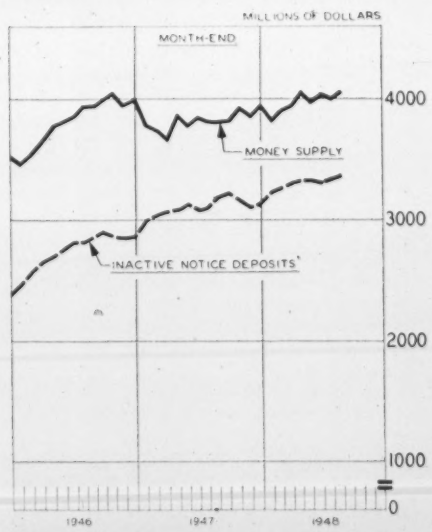
Canadian wheat stocks in store or in transit, October 28, were 184,014,000 bushels, up 34,906,000 bushels from last year's corresponding figure. (D.B.S.)



Fluctuating volume of money is a measure of inflation. The trend of money supply and inactive notice deposits in chartered banks for three years is upward, with seasonal swings.

(Bank of Canada Statistical Summary, Sept. 1948)

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Notice to Shareholders and the Holders of Share Warrants

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 25 cents per share in Canadian currency has been declared, and that the same will be payable on or after the 1st day of December, 1948, in respect of the shares specified in any Bearer Share Warrants of the Company of the 1929 issue upon presentation and delivery of coupons No. 71 at:

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
King and Church Streets Branch, Toronto 1, Canada.

(For convenience coupons are also negotiable without charge at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada).

The payment to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1948, and whose shares are represented by Registered Certificates of the 1929 issue, will be made by cheque, mailed from the offices of the Company on the 30th day of November, 1948.

The Transfer books will be closed from the 16th day of November, 1948, to the 30th day of November, 1948, both inclusive and no Bearer Share Warrants will be converted into other denominations of Share Warrants during that period.

The Income Tax Act of the Dominion of Canada provides that a tax of 15% shall be imposed and deducted at the source on all dividends payable by Canadian debtors to non-residents of Canada. The tax will be deducted from all dividend cheques mailed to non-resident shareholders and the Company's Bankers will deduct the tax when paying coupons to or for accounts of non-resident shareholders. Ownership Certificates (Form No. 600) must accompany all dividend coupons presented for payment by residents of Canada.

Shareholders resident in the United States are advised that a credit for the Canadian tax withheld at source is allowable against the tax shown on their United States Federal Income Tax return. In order to claim such credit the United States tax authorities require evidence of the deduction of said tax, for which purpose Registered Shareholders will receive with dividend cheques a Certificate of Tax Deduction and Bearers of Share Warrants must complete Ownership Certificates (Form No. 601) in duplicate and the Bank cashing the coupons will endorse both copies with a Certificate relative to the deduction and payment of the tax and return one Certificate to the Shareholder. Forms No. 601 are not available at local United States banks, they can be secured from the Company's office or The Royal Bank of Canada, Toronto.

Subject to Canadian regulations affecting enemy aliens, non-residents of Canada may convert this Canadian dollar dividend into United States currency or such other foreign currencies as are permitted by the general regulations of the Canadian Foreign Exchange Control Board at the official Canadian Foreign Exchange control rates prevailing on the date of presentation. Such conversion can be effected only through an Authorized Dealer, i.e., a Canadian branch of any Canadian chartered bank. The Agency of The Royal Bank of Canada, 68 William Street, New York City, is prepared to accept dividend cheques or coupons for collection through an Authorized Dealer and conversion into any permitted foreign currency.

The Secretary will on request and when available forward to the holder of any Bearer Share Warrant of the Company a copy of the Company's annual report for the fiscal year.

BEARER WARRANT HOLDERS SHOULD PARTICULARLY NOTE THAT COUPON NO. 70 WAS BY BOARD RESOLUTION DECLARED NOT AVAILABLE FOR DIVIDEND PURPOSES BUT WAS REQUIRED TO BE SURRENDERED AS EVIDENCE OF THE ISSUANCE OF RIGHTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE RECENT SALE OF THE COMPANY'S HOLDINGS IN INTERNATIONAL PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED AND IN CONSEQUENCE COUPON NO. 71 IS DESIGNATED FOR THE PURPOSE OF THIS DIVIDEND.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,
COLIN D. CRICHTON,
General Secretary.

56 Church Street,
Toronto 1, Ontario
November 3rd, 1948.

dividends. The company is understood to have no debts and a working capital position of around $1,000,000. Options outstanding on 300,000 shares will increase working capital $300,000 when exercised.

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What is described as a "major new discovery" is reported from the Keno Hill section on a wholly owned claim of United Keno Hill Mines. The find has been stripped by bulldozers for a length of 400 feet and averages 11 feet in width. Bulk sampling of 10 tons of oxidized materials gave an average of 20% lead, 15% zinc, 100 ounces silver and .4 ounce gold, or a value of over $200 to the ton. Ore was extracted from subsidiary veins in previous developments in this general area. The new discovery is well protected for at least a half mile in all directions and is regarded as of outstanding importance. It can be developed by an adit on the 200-foot level. The property holdings of United Keno Hill Mines stretch along 12 miles and embrace several mines, five of which are currently being developed. The Hector property has been developed on three levels, with the 300-foot horizon the most advanced, some 700 feet of continuous high grade ore having been opened. The combined value of the silver and lead is estimated at $62.73. A winze is now 120 feet below the 400-foot adit level on the Calumet property and a cross-cut at 50 feet cut the vein at the 450-foot horizon, with an average of 100 ounces silver over six feet. The floor on the 400-foot level assayed 81.1 ounces over 7.0 feet for 215 feet. A high grade orebody opened on the 200-foot level on the Elsa mine, averaged 120 ounces silver over three feet for 135 feet.

•

Murmac-Lake Athabaska Mines which holds a 60% interest in a 16-claim group in the Keno Hill area, Yukon Territory, has arranged finances to the amount of $150,000 to start development of the silver-lead possibilities of the property this fall. Another property held by Murmac on the north shore of Lake Athabaska, about 7,000 feet west of the Nicholson Mines claims, has been acquired by Conwest Explorations, Ltd. A new company, Tazin Mines, Ltd., is being formed with a capitalization of 3,000,000 shares, and Murmac receives 1,000,000 shares as vendor. Conwest is making preparations for an extensive and systematic Geiger counter survey of the possibilities of the three claims and six fractions for radioactive minerals. A survey last year with a Geiger counter located several areas which gave indications of intensive radioactivity. Original exploration was for gold and a number of showings of heavy visible gold were uncovered.

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Shares of Anacon Lead Mines Ltd. were recently listed for trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The company owns what was formerly the Tetrault mine in Portneuf County, Quebec, operated during the war years by Siscoe Metals, Ltd. under a contract with the Dominion government. Additional adjoining ground has been acquired on which an active diamond drilling program has been proceeding with high values in both lead and zinc reported. The mill has a rated capacity of 430 tons daily and installation of new equipment is expected to raise this to 500 tons. With machinery and equipment reaching the property much earlier than anticipated it is hoped to have the mill turning over about the middle of this month. The last ore reserve estimate in May, 1948, showed a total of 309,934 tons of positive and probable ore, exclusive of the 75,000 tons since indicated by drilling on the newly acquired Shawinigan property.

•

The nickel-copper industry of Ontario, notwithstanding the fact that lower grades of ore are being treated, increased its production of nickel by 11% and that of copper by 5% during the first nine months of this year, it is made known by the Statistical Branch of the Ontario Department of Mines. Production includes that of the International Nickel Company and Falconbridge Nickel, Nickel output amounted to 190,477,103 in the three-quarter period of 1948 against 170,776,213 pounds in the like period of last year. Copper output was estimated at 183,488,310 pounds this year as compared with 174,529,644 in the first nine months of 1947.

APPOINTED DIRECTOR

M. W. McCUTCHEON

J. William Horsey has announced, on behalf of the Board of Directors of Dominion Stores Limited, the election of M. W. McCutcheon to the Directorate of the Company. Mr. McCutcheon is Vice-President and Managing Director of Argus Corporation Limited and a Director of a number of other companies. *

W. M. V. ASH

The Directors of the Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited have announced the appointment of W. M. V. Ash as President. Formerly General Manager of United British Oilfields, Trinidad, B.W.I., Mr. Ash succeeds P. M. Fowlie, President of Shell since 1929, who will undertake new administrative duties in London, England. During 1944 and 1945 Mr. Ash was a member of the Supplies Committee of the Petroleum Administration for War in New York.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Fundamentals Unchanged

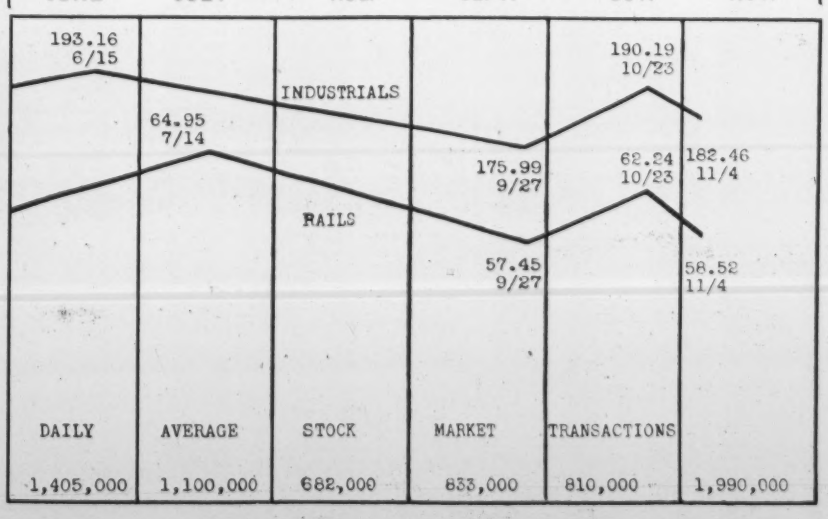
BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM NEW YORK AND CANADIAN MARKET TREND: Primary trend upward. Barring war, movement could extend well into 1949. Intermediate trend downward since the June-July high points to late September, with turnabout now being attempted.

In the American general newspaper puzzlement as to why the polls and the betting odds on the election went so completely wrong, no one has yet pointed out that the stock market refused to join in a pre-election Dewey celebration. Whether the market would have put on a bullish display of note, as many assumed would be the case, had the Republican candidate been elected cannot be known, of course. In any event, that it did not prematurely demonstrate for Dewey may be seen in the fact that its year's high, to date, as concerns the more active industrial list, was established on June 12, Industrials 193.16—some ten days before the Republicans had determined on their choice as candidate for the Presidency.

Minor advance of the past month started from September lows. Test of the market will be whether, on the post-election selling of stocks by those who were disappointed in the results, one or both averages will be able to hold, on closing prices, at or above such points. Ability to hold, after due backing and filling, would suggest renewal of the advance. Decisive downside penetration by both averages would call for another test of the year's lows established in the first quarter. Reelection of Mr. Truman, as we view the matter, does not change the business fundamentals or lessen the inflationary pressure, both of which forces have been bull points for the market. Would therefore continue long-term stock positions.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



Our Monthly Review and Securities List for November is prepared in an entirely new form with features of special interest to bond and stock investors.

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Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Company, payable January 1st, 1949, to shareholders of record at the close of business November 30, 1948.

By Order of the Board.
W. C. BUTLER, Secretary.
Toronto, November 3, 1948.

CONIAURUM MINES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NO. 33

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of Three Cents (3c) per share has been declared by the Directors of Coniaurum Mines Limited payable in Canadian funds on December 10th, 1948, to shareholders of record November 15th, 1948.

By Order of the Board,
A. G. FULTON,
Secretary.
November 2nd 1948.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Policyholders Have Predominant Interest In Life Profits

By GEORGE GILBERT

It is not always realized that one of the peculiarities of the life insurance business is that in the case of mutual companies all the profits belong to the policyholders, and that even in the case of stock companies the shareholders have only a small interest compared with that of the policyholders.

IT IS WELL KNOWN by those in the business that modern life insurance originated with a mutual society which charged higher premiums than subsequent experience proved to be necessary. This resulted in the creation of a surplus which, as the undertaking was a mutual one, had to be distributed among the members, and it was in this way that the system of granting dividends or bonuses to policyholders had its beginning. Companies formed subsequently, whether mutual or stock, in order to meet competition, were forced to adopt the practice of issuing participating policies, as the idea of receiving a dividend or bonus evidently made a strong appeal to insurance buyers from the very beginning of the business.

At present the great bulk of the business transacted by Canadian life insurance companies is done on the participating plan. At the end of 1947 the total participating funds of these companies amounted to $2,959,752,300 on a revenue basis, while their total non-participating funds were $768,488,149.

It is provided under the Dominion insurance law that in the case of companies which have a capital stock "the directors may from time to time set apart such portion of the net profits as they deem safe and proper for distribution as dividends or bonuses to shareholders and holders of participating policies, ascertaining the part thereof which has been derived from participating policies and distinguishing such part from the profits derived from other sources; and the holders of participating policies shall be entitled to share in that portion of the profits so set apart which have been distinguished as having been derived from participating policies (including a share of the profits arising from the sale of securities in the proportion of the mean participating fund to the total funds), to the extent of not less than ninety per cent thereof."

It is further provided that "before fixing or arriving at the amount of divisible profits, interest on the amount of unimpaired paid-up capital stock, but not including any premiums or bonuses paid thereon or in respect thereof, which have been expended in the establishment, prosecution or extension of the company's business or applied to making good any impairment of capital, and on any other sum or sums from time to time standing at the credit of the shareholders may be allowed or credited to such shareholders at the average net rate of interest earned in the preceding year, or other period under consideration, upon the mean invested funds of the company; such shareholders to be, however, charged with a fair proportion of all losses incurred upon investments or other losses of a similar character in proportion of the mean shareholders' fund to the mean total funds."

Non-Par Profits

It is also enacted that the rights of the participating policyholders to share in the profits realized from the non-participating branch of the business of any company in which such policyholders are so entitled under the Acts relating to such company in force on May 4, 1910, are not interfered with by the foregoing provision.

It is apparent that the life insurance business occupies rather a peculiar position. Where it is carried on by mutual companies, all the profits belong to the policyholders, but even where it is carried on by stock companies, the shareholders have only a small interest in the profits compared with that of the policyholders.

Every life company operating under Dominion registry is required at all times to retain in Canada and under its own control assets of a value at least equal to the amount of its total liabilities to its policyholders in Canada, and of such assets an amount at least equal to two-thirds of its total liabilities in Canada must consist of investments in or loans upon Canadian securities.

To enable the Superintendent of Insurance to determine the liabilities of life companies operating under Dominion registry, every company must deposit and keep deposited with the Superintendent a copy of its established premium rates for all plans of insurance, together with particulars concerning the several equities, if any, guaranteed under each plan of insurance, in event of surrender or termination of premium payment at any time, and in respect of special plans of insurance the company must deposit like information on request by the Superintendent; and also copies of all forms of policy contracts issued in Canada.

Deposit Requirements

Canadian and British life companies operating in Canada under Dominion registry are required to maintain a deposit with the government at Ottawa of the market value of $50,000 in securities of or guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada, or in securities of or guaranteed by any province of Canada, or in securities of or guaranteed by the United Kingdom or any British Dominion or colony. If any other than the aforesaid securities are offered as a deposit, they may be accepted at such valuation and on such conditions as the Treasury Board may direct.

United States and other foreign life companies transacting business in Canada are each required to make a deposit of $100,000 for a certificate of Dominion registry and also to maintain at all times assets in Canada in respect to their Canadian life business of an amount at least equal to their liabilities to policyholders in Canada. Any registered company may at any time deposit with the government any further securities beyond the sum required to be deposited, and such securities are held and dealt with as if they were part of the sum required to be deposited.

In every annual statement of Canadian business required to be filed by these foreign life companies, the bonds, debentures, stocks and other securities are taken into account at the market values applicable to the securities at the date of the statement or, in the discretion of the Superintendent of Insurance, at a date not more than sixty days before the date of the statement. The liabilities in the annual statement in respect to their Canadian business must include a reserve for all unmatured obligations guaranteed under the terms of their policies, which reserve must be computed in accordance with the requirements set out in Schedule 2 of the Foreign Insurance Companies' Act.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you furnish me with any information about the Individual Underwriters, the New York Reciprocal Underwriters, and the Affiliated Underwriters, with executive offices in New York City, and of which Ernest W. Brown is attorney and manager?

C. W. A., Yarmouth, N.S.

These three reciprocals are regularly licensed in Canada and have deposits with the government at Ottawa for the sole protection of Canadian subscribers. Their plan of operation consists of exchanging inter-insurance contracts between individuals, firms and corporations coming up to their requirements as preferred risks against loss by fire, windstorm and sprinkler leakage. Those who join in this exchange are known as subscribers, and the limit of liability of a subscriber on a single risk is an amount equal to one and one-half times his own annual premium, while his maximum liability, no matter how many risks are involved in a single fire, is limited to ten times his annual premium. Total assets of Individual Underwriters in Canada at the end of 1947 were $437,056, while their total liabilities in this country amounted to $89,988, showing an excess of assets over liabilities of $347,068. Total assets in Canada of New York Reciprocal Underwriters were $314,430, while their total liabilities in this country were $71,471, showing an excess of assets over liabilities of $242,959. Total assets in Canada of Affiliated Underwriters at the end of 1947 were $580,928, while their total liabilities in this country amounted to $188,824, showing an excess of assets over liabilities of $392,104. Their head office for Canada is situated at Toronto, and their government deposits are: Affiliated Underwriters, $264,430; Individual Underwriters, $128,420; New York Reciprocal Underwriters, $101,580.

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NOTICE

is hereby given that the China Fire Insurance Company Limited having ceased to carry on business in Canada, has reinsured its liabilities in Canada, in the Union Insurance Society of Canton, Limited, which is registered under the Canadian and British Insurance Companies Act, 1932, as amended, to transact business in Canada, and will apply to the Minister of Finance for the release on the 29th day of November, 1948, of the securities on deposit with the Minister of Finance; and that any Canadian policyholder opposing such release should file his opposition thereto with the Minister of Finance, Ottawa, on or before the 29th day of November, 1948.

Dated at Toronto, Ont., this 13th day of August, 1948.

COLIN E. SWORD
Chief Agent for Canada

The year was 1866...

. . . the leaders in Canada's confederation movement met in London and argued a knotty problem: *what to name the new nation*. "Colony" fell far short of suiting the temper of Canadian thinking. It is recorded that Sir Leonard Tilley of New Brunswick finally pointed out the aptness of the biblical quotation:

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea."

There is a lesson for every Canadian in this story from the past. By the very origin of the name, "Dominion" can never mean "domination." "Domination" would never be accepted by Canadians. But the Dominion of Canada is the Dominion of a free people . . . men and women who are privileged to express their will through the ballot box.

When YOU cast your secret ballot at every election—municipal, provincial, federal—you exercise a duty and privilege planned, worked, and fought for by your forefathers. Your vote protects the future of your children. To fail in this duty is to be less than a good citizen.

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Waterfront of the Town of York (now Toronto) in 1832
Gooderham & Worts Mill in foreground

U.K. Must Expand Production In Basic Industries

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

It is becoming increasingly clear that the main hope for Britain in a gradually shrinking sellers' market is to expand production in basic industries, particularly those that will provide capital equipment. Men must be diverted from the industries which produce luxury goods.

Mr. Marston points out that isolated examples of British capital expansion cannot hide the fact that Britain must put more of her income into capital.

London.

IT HAPPENED that when the first meetings of the Anglo-American Productivity Council were being held the capital development of Britain was attracting more than usual attention. The pattern of the nation's economy had been outlined in the memorandum submitted to the Organization for European Economic Co-operation in connection with the first year's Marshall aid.

Progress in modernization and development had been carefully investigated by *The Times*. The biggest capital plan in Britain, the Margam project of the Steel Company of Wales, had been visited by Dominion representatives and by a party of publicizing journalists. Preliminary arrangements had been completed for the erection by an American combine of the largest oil-refinery in Britain. Numerous smaller projects were intruding into the news. The problem of inadequate mechanical equipment is only a part of the Productivity Council's investigations, but it is an important part. On a general impression, one would say that good progress was being made in repairing the ravages of war and continuing Britain's industrial evolution.

After the foreign exchange crisis of August-September 1947 drastic cuts in expenditure were planned, involving not only imports from abroad but also, at home, consumption and capital expenditure. These economies have not been successfully enforced. As regards capital expenditure, the 1947 rate of $8,000 million is being approximately maintained, although by the end of 1948 authorized expenditure was to have been cut to an annual rate of $5,280 million.

However, the maintained rate in terms of money represents appreciably less in terms of equipment, for prices during the year have continued to rise. At any rate, the $8,000 million represents about one-fifth of the national income, and, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has warned, it cannot be provided without aggravating inflation unless industry and the general public are willing to save with more determination than hitherto.

Nil Investment

In the first two postwar years, 1946 and 1947, "re-equipment" was somewhat below the pre-war rate, and net new investment was *nil*. This year there will be a surplus of perhaps $200 million after allowing for replacement. By end-1949 the scheduled development will allow re-equipment at only about 5 per cent above the pre-war rate (roughly corresponding with the increase in the population); and net investment will remain below the pre-war rate.

The imagination of British (and many oversea) industrialists has been captured by the immense $240 million steel-works project at Margam. But such developments give an entirely false idea of Britain's industrial resurgence. The cold figures show that not nearly enough is being done to make good the ravages of war, which eliminated something like a third of the nation's real capital.

Five industries—steel, coal, oil, electricity, and chemicals—account for the whole of the net industrial investment program for the next year or so. Their investment programs reach a peak of some $1,000 million annually in 1949 and thereafter ease. This is, no doubt, a perfectly logical method of dealing with a big problem when resources are limited. In the early 1950's capital should be available to a fairly wide range of industry. Some of the secondary industries are, of course, modernizing and developing already; but others have actually to let their real capital deteriorate, because the resources needed are not yet available.

The calls on British industry are stronger than ever before. Committed by the Marshall Plan to a big part in the industrial recovery of Western Europe, Britain will be exporting increasing quantities of coal and capital goods to the continent. The Dominions look to Britain for a large part of the capital equipment needed for their own industrialization. Large-scale (though not, in most people's opinion, sufficiently ambitious) plans are in hand for capital development of the Colonial areas.

Foreign countries, particularly the South American states, with which Britain has traditional commercial ties, want industrial and transportation equipment from Britain. And across the "iron curtain" (in countries to which Britain may have sooner or later to turn for supplies of food and raw material) there is a persistent demand for just these capital goods.

Britain's concentration on a few basic industries seems wise. It is questionable whether the process is being carried far enough. Great effort is still being expended on textiles which can be made almost anywhere. A profusion of light industries pours its wares upon a world market which is increasingly reluctant to buy them.

Meanwhile recruitment of labor to the basic industries is making no headway whatever, while the distributive trades, already more than sufficient to cope with the limited supplies of goods available, continue to swell. Few people have much confidence any longer in the ability of British industry as a whole to expand its output, with or without the advice of the Productivity Council. The case for concentrating on essentials is therefore very strong.

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FRIGIDAIRE equipment which can perform your refrigeration requirement better and at lower cost of operation, is available right now for practically every commercial need.

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roblem . . . . . Frank Flaherty 38

FROM EDITOR'S CHAIR

(*Continued from Page* 10)

portfolios and leave Quebec unrepresented in the Dominion cabinet. Meanwhile in Ontario the Dominion government was being attacked in the provincial legislature on the exactly opposite ground of lack of energy in fighting the war, so that in both the major provinces the most violent attempts were being made to hamper and defeat the efforts of the national government to preserve a measure of national unity. Those who were at that time anxious to destroy Mr. King were not particular what allies they worked with in the attempt. But Mr. King was not detroyable.

It is easy to maintain that Mr. King could have governed Canada better than he has, that he could have given its policies more vigor and more definiteness, especially in international matters, that he could have been a greater aid to its friends and a greater deterrent to its enemies. Those who maintain this have to show that Mr. King would have been allowed to do all these admirable things and would still have been kept in power as Prime Minister. The same charge can be brought against Franklin Roosevelt, and even more strongly against President Wilson—who when he did try to make the United States a greater aid to its friends and deterrent to its enemies was promptly repudiated by the American people. Canada even more than the United States is a melting-pot nation, in which the melting process is far from complete and the product has not fused. In such a nation it is dangerous for leaders to put more definiteness into the national policies than the nation will stand. Canada has not been committed to much during Mr. King's term of office, but she has not failed to come up to scratch when required without any commitments. She has not made many alliances, but the world knows where she stands. She has seldom embarked upon any serious course until the circumstances compelled her to do so, but she has compensated for the delay by embarking upon it with the minimum disruption of her national unity, and by persisting in it with all her strength.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

(*Continued from Page* 8)

Roosevelt called the ill-clothed, ill-fed and ill-housed.

There is considerable interest in how he will "pay off" disloyal members of his immediate family. It is likely that there may be four new faces among his nine cabinet advisers, although he may give them time to resign on their own.

It won't be all clear sailing for the Democrats. The party was badly split during the campaign, and it is divided on most issues excepting foreign policy. Two issues that can nullify those House and Senate majorities and block Mr. Truman's Legislative good intentions, are the Taft-Hartley law and the civil rights question.

It all depends on how well Mr. Truman handles himself from here on out. If he does as well as he did in the campaign, he will be safe.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

AT THE 34th annual convention of the Association of Canadian Advertisers in Toronto, October 27 to 29, the Annual Advertising Awards were made at a closing dinner. The Gold Medal, highest award, went to G. Alec Phare, director of R. C. Smith and Son of Toronto. The award is for the most outstanding contribution to Canadian advertising by anyone in advertising or any of its allied [illegible] Four Silver Medals were [illegible] the Silver Medal for an outstanding contribution to Canadian advertising by an executive in the media fields went to Horace T. Hunter, president of Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co. Ltd., of Toronto. A new award, a Silver Medal for an outstanding contribution to Canadian advertising by anyone engaged in the graphic arts industry was inaugurated this year. It was awarded to Roydon Barbour, manager of Saturday Night Press, Toronto. The 1948-49 president of the Association is George S. Bertram, advertising manager of Swift Canadian Co. Ltd., Toronto.

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CULMINATING a business career of 41 years, W. H. Stewart, secretary-treasurer and a director of Anaconda American Brass Ltd., announced his retirement on October 1, 1948. On May 8, 1928, he was appointed secretary of the company, elected a director on November 4, 1935, and appointed secretary and treasurer on April 2, 1941, which post he held until his retirement.

To fill the vacancies created by Mr. Stewart's retirement, A. R. McGinn, formerly assistant secretary and comptroller has been appointed secretary-comptroller and E. J. Bairstow, formerly assistant treasurer, assumes the post of treasurer. William A. Moffatt, Waterbury, Connecticut, and Lt. Col. Gault McCombe, Montreal, were elected directors filling the vacancies caused by the retirement of Mr. Stewart and the death of John A. Coe, Sr., of Waterbury.

•

C. W. HADDEN, president of Kelvinator of Canada Ltd., announced that Wilfrid E. Watson, who has been with the company in the capacity of assistant to the president, has resigned his position to accept the important post of general manager of Kelvinator Ltd. of London and Crewe, England.

•

WILLIAM B. GAY, vice-president and comptroller, International Harvester Co. of Canada, Ltd., has been elected to the firm's board of directors. He joined the organization's accounting department in 1925; in 1935 he became general auditor for Argentina and Uruguay and during 1944 he was promoted to general auditor and financial officer for all operations in South America. Mr. Gay came to Canada as company comptroller February 1, 1945, and was elected a vice-president December 7 of the same year.

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helps protect the skin if applied before the long, hard game. No worry about sun or wind burn.
White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

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[illegible] Four Silver Medals were
November, [illegible] the Silver Medal for an out-
on deposit [illegible]ibution to Canadian ad-
Finance; and [illegible]vertising manager
policyholder opposing [illegible]ng depart-
lease should file his [illegible] public
thereto with the Minister [illegible] of
Finance, Ottawa, on or before the 29th day of November, 1948.
Dated at Toronto, Ont., this 13th day of August, 1948.
COLIN E. SWORD
Chief Agent for Canada

[illegible] of or [illegible]
dom or any British [illegible]
ony. If any other than [illegible]
securities are offered as [illegible]
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